

Louis Vuitton

Larry Tee

Got a young chick from the hood, south side
Pops never let her outside
Nigga knew the type of shit she was up against
Little did he know the shit was gon backfire
Cause she act quiet, got baptized
Sang in the choir, but the thing she desired
Was a older nigga to show her how to be a freak
The young girl's in heat, it's deep
She sneaking out, off the leash
On the streets at night when the freaks is out
Butterfly tat on her back that she tried to hide
Until her father found her secret out
Now he flipping out, he kicked her out
She living on her own and it's vicious out
Years go by, now I got her in my room
And I'm thinking of the best way to kick her out
Cause all she ever talks about is Louis, Louis
All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more
I said Louis, Louis, all she ever talk about is Louis, Louis
All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more
I told the bitch somebody stole my Rollie
She talking about "Me too"
I came through with the brand new Louis bag
She talking about "Me too"
LA on my next flight, you guessed right
She saying "Me too"
Now everybody being Miss "Me Too"
Goddamn, be you
And if that is you, you so shallow
You're on a boat that won't travel
Won't float and won't paddle
If I go broke, it won't matter
This stupid ass shit don't make me
I been poor, it won't break me
You're so caught up on material shit
We both knowing that you can't even get
Cause all she ever talks about is Louis, Louis

All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more
I said Louis, Louis, all she ever talk about is Louis, Louis

All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more
She was standing at the baggage claim
First thought: Gotta bag this dame
Not knowing she was one of them
Check-what-your-baggage-name types
Anyway, I'm happy that it came off the belt
Damier joint same as the belt
She look like she came on herself
Shawty, you should be ashamed of yourself
I'm checking out her cute face
Thin little waist line
She checking out my suitcase
Like the bitch half canine
Could've took her number
That'd be like taking bad advice
When you look at her, you're looking at a price
As I walked away, she said "That's a nice..."
Louis, Louis

All she ever talk about is Louis, Louis
All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more
I mean Louis, Louis
All she ever talk about is Louis, Louis
All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more
You know the ones that'll order the lobster, go for the champagne
Don't care what you do, but you better do the damn thing
If you wanna win the campaign
Cause her company just ain't cheap
What y'all probably ain't peep
You can't keep a shallow bitch if your pockets ain't deep
So I try to be slick, ain't reserve no dinner
Ain't take you to the club, had her meet me at the bar
Let her walk in, peep her from afar
Gotta let her know, can't keep her in the dark
Cause she will run the tab up if you let her
And I thought I knew better
'Til she say "Let me start with a double shot
Hey, bartender, let me get a..."
Aye just in case you didn't know that

That Louis XIII is like \$150 a shot
I can't fuck with her no more man

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