

Versace

Migos

Versace, Versace, Medusa head on me like I'm 'Luminati
This is a gated community, please get the fuck off the property
Rap must be changing cause I'm at the top and ain't no one on top of me
Niggas be wanting a verse for a verse, but man that's not a swap to me
Drowning in compliments, pool in the backyard that look like Metropolis
I think I'm sellin' a million first week, man I guess I'm an optimist
Born in Toronto but sometimes I feel like Atlanta adopted us
What the fuck is you talkin' 'bout? Saw this shit comin' like I had binoculars
Boy, Versace, Versace, we stay at the mansion when we in Miami
The pillows' Versace, the sheets are Versace, I just won a Grammy
I've been so quiet, I got the world like "What the fuck is he planning?"
Just make sure that you got a back up plan cause that shit might come in handy
Started a label, the album is comin' September, just wait on it
This year I'm eating your food and my table got so many plates on it
Hundred inch TV at my house, I sit back like "damn I look great on it"
I do not fuck with your new shit, my nigga, don't ask for my take on it
Speakin' in lingo, man this for my nigga that trap out the bando
This for my niggas that call up Fernando to move a piano
Fuck all your feeling's cause business is business, it's strictly financial
I'm always the first one to get it, man that's how you lead by example
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Word to New York cause the Dyckman and Heights girls are callin' me "Papi"
I'm all on the low, take a famous girl out with me, no paparazzi
I'm trying give Halle Berry a baby and no one can stop me
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'Luminati
I know that you like it, Versace, my neck and my wrist is so sloppy
Versace, Versace, I love it, Versace the top of my Audi
My plug, he John Gotti, he give me the dozen, I know that they're mighty
Shoes and shirt Versace, your bitch want in on my pockets
She ask me why my drawers silk, I told that bitch "Versace"
Cheetah print on my sleeve, but I ain't ever been in the jungle
Try to take my sack, better run with it, nigga don't fumble
You can do Truey, I do it Versace
You copped the Honda, I copped the Mazi
You smoke the mid, I smoke exotic
I set the trend, you niggas copy
Kick in the door like I work at Hibachi
Look at the watch, blow it, hot like some Taki

Come in my room, my sheet Versace
Go to sleep, I dream Versace
Medusa, Medusa, Medusa
You niggas they wishin' they knew yeah
They coppin' the Truey, remixing the Louie
My blunts is fat as Rasputia
Feet and same shirt like I'm Tony the Tiger
I'm beating the pot, call me Michael
Lot of you niggas that copy
Look at my closet Versace, Versace King of Versace, Medusa my wifey
My car is Versace, I got stripes on my Mazi
I'm dressin' so nicely they can't even copy
You'd think I'm Egyptian, this gold on my body
Money my mission, two bitches, they kissin'
My diamonds is pissing, my swag is exquisite
No offset no preacher but you niggas listen
Them blue and white diamonds, they look like the Pistons
Codeine sipping, Versace I'm gripping them bands in my pocket
You know that I'm living
I'm draped up in gold, but no Pharaoh
Rockin' handcuffs, that's Ferragamo
Bricks by the boat, overload
I think I'm the don, but no Rocko
This the life that I chose,
Bought out the store, can't go back no more
Versace my clothes while I'm selling them bows
Versace took over, it took out my soul

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>