

Chanel Slides (feat. Kash Doll)

Dreezy

[Verse 1: Dreezy]

I'ma pull up in a Masi', me and the whip got a body
'Cause shit, I don't need a colonic, I count up a check in a bonnet
Kehlani I got a tsunami, put it on when they get a new line in
All this drip, don't need no stylist, hellcat pussy low mileage She got to wad up her tab
Graduated from the U of finesse
Your nigga hit me, wanna give me a check
Got niggas in line, bitches depressed, yeah
I'm fly and finesse
He pay when he callin' collect
Lil' copy go back to your desk
I'm hurting these bitches, I ain't even dressed
This t-shirt, Versace
This two piece, Cavalli
He eat me, hibachi
Now that's some sloppy toppy
Ride like a Kawasaki, this Chanel now, no Huaraches
Talk your shit, I'm on your block and we ain't pullin' no Tekashi2018 when I bag it up
Versace gold leaf, this is madded up
I don't know why niggas mad at us
Drag a bitch right out her Acura
Left him, his wallet ain't that enough?
Throwin' out ones, you can add it up
Bet he gon' eat it like Dracula
This ain't a war, but I'm actin' up
[Pre-Chorus: Dreezy]
You'll get popped, no Pennywise
Money get stacked up ceiling-high
Weekend coupe, no enterprise
Got 'em right now, no gettin' back
Brand new drip, Chanel slides
Them mothafuckas hurt, but they still fly
No pressure, you ain't gotta sell that
Wake up next day I'm still high [Chorus: Dreezy]
Chanel bag, Chanel tag
These weak bitches gon' steal swag
Chanel slides, Chanel fly
Bitch goin' broke tryna get fly
Chanel bag, Chanel tag
These weak bitches gon' steal swag
Chanel slides, Chanel fly
Bitch goin' broke tryna get fly [Verse 2: Kash Doll]

I'ma pull up in the Porsche
Me and money married, no divorce
Makin' bitches sick with no remorse
You just gotta let it run its course
See I got the drip like its coke
Snortin' D, I'm runnin' down your throat
Hands down you won't get a vote
Yogi bears, they don't want no smoke
My neck game match my wrist game
Flaunt a victory like I'm Liu Kang
Your ex-boyfriend is my new man
And I'ma slurp it up like its lo mein
Face it, big big checks I chase it
Double C's even when I'm naked
Sittin' pretty ready for the taking
And I'm waiting
A 100 grand wrapped in a rubber band
Hit Saks Fifth I'ma pop that
Spent 20 grand on Chanel bags
Such a bad habit, need to stop that
Ain't nothing changed but the money
Stack it 'till it starts spillin' on me
I'm the Shug Avery of this, honey
And y'all hoes sure is ugly [Pre-Chorus: Dreezy]
You'll get popped, no Pennywise
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