

LV

K CAMP

They say they want Camp back
Like I went somewhere or something I'm the boy but you knew it
Fuck what you thought
Kick that game to you niggas
I spit propane to you bitches
I go insane for these riches
Bought me a chain off these benjis
Stay in your lane, I'm not friendly
Just bought my bitch a new Bentley
I got to deal with so many, I like my hoes in they 20's
I might just fuck off her Remy, fill up my cup with that Henny
Might make you mine, please don't tempt me
No new friends, don't need any
Just might go Blanco like Benny
One time for my nigga Kenny
I'm so cold, free my niggas down the road
I'mma ball on you hoes
Never fall for the code, I would never sell my soul
I'd rather sell a bitch
Fuck you niggas, I'm rich
Champagne and Louis V, I'm taking my pick
Walk into the Louis store
Seen that, spent that
Walk into your bitch's crib
Seen that, killed that
Walk into the bank door
Seen that, flipped that
I can't trust no lame ho
Seen that, did that I'm in LA in that black truck
Feeling like the president
Windows down, vibing
Please don't take me out my element
Only thing changed 'bout a nigga is the residence
Fuck you lame hoes, I ain't buying if you selling it
Stop playing games nigga, I ain't got no time for it
I feel like just spoiling her, I might buy her Tom Ford
I can see that money with my eyes closed, blindfold
You can say whatever motherfucker, yeah I grind for it
I ain't cutting no slack, promise I won't go back
These niggas ain't playing fair, pretty sure you know that
Camp what's that you smoking nigga? I call this the gold pack
Walk inside of Louis, bought the whole rack

Walk into the Louis store
Seen that, spent that
Walk into your bitch's crib
Seen that, killed that
Walk into the bank door
Seen that, flipped that
I can't trust no lame ho
Seen that, did that Run that money up, run that money up
Run that money up, run that money up
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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