

Welcome to St. Tropez (Hard Rock Sofa Remix)

DJ Antoine & Timati

Welcome to St-Tropez! Oh yeah! Get fresh, gotta stay fly
Get the jet, I gotta stay high
High up like a la la la
Ain't nothin' here that my money can't buy
Dolce, Gucci and Loui' V
Yacht so big I could live out in the sea
You, for real? You can't see me
In these Euro frames the whole world change
Mad bitches, so much brought
Fill the life when I wanna fuck them all
Get mad brain in my very fast car
Ferrari v12 Maranello on my arm
Ladies can't resist the charm
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don
And we do this all day, welcome to St Tropez Wild, Wild enough Too much money in the bank
account
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When we're in St-Tropez
Wild, Wild enough Spending money in a large amount
Hands in the air make you scream and shout When we're in St-Tropez
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Welcome to St-Tropez
(Oh yeah)
We make money, money we spending Get mad honey, swimming and women
Imported linen, Egyptian cotton
The party just started, the party ain't stoppin'
Keep shit poppin', poppin' these bottles Haters keep hatin', fuckin' these models
So much money like we own the lotto
Pull up to a club in a white Murcielago
He don't make dollars, he don't make cents He don't make you rich, he don't mean shit
Shit... we the shit. I mean how much better can it get?
Harleys, Maserati, Gallardoes, we make too much dough
And we spend it all day... Welcome to St-Tropez Wild, Wild enough

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Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, all the way from Moscow, Russia
Give a warm welcome for heavy weight rap champion B smooth
So make some noise for the one and only, Mr. Black Star!
Get it up, don't stop your body
Come on ladies, let's get naughty
Get it up, now everybody
Come on girls, here comes the daddy
Get it up, don't stop your body
Get it up, again your body
Get it up, now everybody
Get it up for music!
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Oh yeah!

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