

# High Fashion (feat. Mustard)

## Roddy Ricch

Mustard on the beat, hoShawty made that ass clap, she don't need no applause  
High fashion, like  
Goyard

G-Wagen or the Rover?

I put some ice on you 'cause you got a cold heart

I know I gotta keep my shawty on go, go, go

Drop that ass to the floor-floor, yeah

Aa-ah, wo-oah

You ain't gotta deal with none of these niggas no more  
If we hop in the Benz is that okay?

Is it okay if I call you my Prada bae?

I ain't no player, I just got a lot of baes

But let me tell you, I like you a lot, bae

I wanna start at the top and the bottom, bae

Know you want the shoe with the red on the bottom, bae

You know I like when you ride at the top, bae

She want Chane'-ne', Dio'-o'

I'm only doin' cash, I don't need promo

I pull up to the high rise, I'm in the four-four

Inside cocoa

If I got a feeling, I keep it inside my heart

And I keep a Patek, too, 'cause I don't do Versac'

You see my diamonds even when I'm in the dark

And since you got it, it make you go and do anything you want to  
Shawty made that ass clap,  
she don't need no applause

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Know you want the shoe with the red on the bottom, bae

You know I like when you ride at the top, bae  
If I hit it from the back, she gon' hit the sidewalk

If she got a best friend with her, take her back to my loft

Got her five in the mornin', wildin', wildin'

And her name ain't Megan but she a stallion, stallion

Better keep my hoes divided, 'member I was pullin' up in the valley

And you know I take her soul when she ridin'

Sweater and her sneakers are Kenzo  
Shawty know to drop it low like a limbo every time we kick it like Timbo  
Woah, woah,  
woah  
Shawty made that ass clap, she don't need no applause  
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