

Dirty Shoes (feat. Gunna)

Young Thug & Young Stoner Life Records

Yeah, yeah slime
Gucci bag for my shoes, they look dirty
Gucci bag for my shoes, they look dirty
Yeah, yeah
My nigga Wheezy, you know what I'm sayin' I can't do nothin' with that bitch, the way she
flodgin'
Wrapped a million up, ain't none of my dogs starvin'
Rolly-polly with that TEC-9, the carbon
Couple hoes they ménage à trois me
Gucci bag for my shoes, they look dirty
I got thirty new bitches like I'm Curry
Bought the Rolls Royce and came through Bleveland swerving
I just wiped my dick off with the Rolls Royce curtains
Okay if you seen her with me you know she workin'
Okay I just spent a quarter mil on purses
I have never settled for a bitch that swerves me
Oh yeah, oh
Yeah Balenciaga, triple-S the first whip
My niggas call me CVS, I keep the syrup with me
Purple Act, purple kush, purple percs nigga
I tote Fear of God by the jeans, with the skirts nigga
I wore Balmain way before your church niggas
I know Chanel personal work, Celia
I know, I'm the GOAT, I know
All four my pockets got the Klumps, I'm Eddie Murphy
Gucci bag for my shoes, they look dirty
I got thirty new bitches like I'm Curry
Bought the Rolls Royce and came through Bleveland swerving
I just wiped my dick off with the Rolls Royce curtains
Yeah, I can't do nothin' with the bitch, just know she stalkin'
Wrapped a million up, ain't none of my niggas starvin'
Rolly-polly with that TEC-9, the carbon
Couple hoes they ménage à trois-in' I done had my trunk for the whole engine (for the whole
engine)
I'm tryna see if my pockets can fit a whole million (a whole million)
Niggas be plottin', the reason I tote a semi (tote a semi)
YSL my partners, we back to back in these Bentleys (YSL)
You niggas you stealin' my drip,
I'ma need a percentage (I'ma need a percentage)
Just got some head from your bitch,
I ain't even wanna hit it (I ain't even wanna hit it)
Mix Hi-Tech red with this Act,

I feel like like a chemist (feel like like a chemist)
Pop a jaw to your dome, bring it back, yeah slatt business (slatt)
Slime was the first to take me 'cross the border ('cross the border)
Walked inside of Saks and spent a quarter (spent a quarter)
Ride on the back of your ho like a spoiler (I'm a spoiler)
Young Gun' wanna a goat, in that order (in that order)
Me and Buggalo 'bout to go to Bora Bora (Bora Bora)
Rode the four door Porsche and it had my voice hoarse (voice hoarse)
Went to fifty states and back on a world tour (world tour)
Hundred racks, I came a long way from Diadoras (Diadoras)I just made one of my bitches take
my other bitch some paper out in LA
Yeah, I just made one of my girls
take my other girl some paper out in LA
Told me got me to too, wait 'til I arrive
Told me have her too, wait 'til I arrive, yeah
Oh my god, it's mob ties (hey)Gucci bag for my shoes, they look dirty
I got thirty new bitches like I'm Curry
Bought the Rolls Royce and came through Bleveland swerving
I just wiped my dick off with the Rolls Royce curtains
Yeah, I can't do nothin' with the bitch, just know she stalkin'
Wrapped a million up, ain't none of my dogs starvin'
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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