

Tom Ford

JAY-Z

Clap for a nigga with his rapping ass
Blow a stack for your niggas with your trapping ass
Clap for a nigga with his rapping ass
Blow a stack for your niggas with your trapping ass Tom Ford, Tom Ford, Tom Ford
Coming up, coming down
Riding clean fix your hair in my Crown
Bad bitch, H town
Keep it trill, y'all know y'all can't fuck around Paris where we been, pard' my Parisian
It's Hov time in no time, it's fuck all y'all season
Piss Bordeaux and Burgundies, flush out a Riesling
When Hov's out, them hoes out, y'all put y'all weaves in
Clap for a nigga with his rapping ass
Blow a stack for your niggas with your trapping ass
Spent all my euros on tuxes and weird clothes
I party with weirdoes, yeah Hov, yeah Hov
I don't pop molly, I rock Tom Ford
International bring back the Concorde
Numbers don't lie, check the scoreboard Tom Ford, Tom Ford, Tom Ford
Hands down got the best flow, sound I'm so special
Sound boy burial, this my Wayne Perry flow
Y'all know nothing about Wayne Perry though
District of Columbia, guns on y'all Tumblrs
Fuck hashtags and retweets, nigga
140 characters in these streets, nigga
Pardon my laughing, y'all only flagging on beats, nigga
Pardon my laughing, I happen to think you sweet I don't pop molly, I rock Tom Ford
International bring back the Concorde
Numbers don't lie, check the scoreboard Tom Ford, Tom Ford, Tom Ford, Tom Ford
Oh, man, homie
So throwed Coming up, coming down
Riding clean fix your hair in my Crown
Bad bitch, H town
Keep it trill, y'all know y'all can't fuck around Coming up, coming down
Riding clean fix your hair in my Crown
Bad bitch, H town
Keep it trill, y'all know y'all can't fuck around Hold up I don't pop molly, I rock Tom Ford
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>