

# BIA, Milano (feat. Sfera Ebbasta, Fivio Foreign)

Give you good look, but it don't know what to do with it (Aziz)

Buongiorno

Hey, papà, hey

Hey, papà, hey

Hey, papà, hey (I wanna go to Milan)

Hey, papà (go to Milan)

I wanna go shop in Milano, take all my paesanos (hey)

Drive in a Ferrari, it's just a couple dollars (cash)

You know that's my motto, I'll see you tomorrow (hey)

I came with my family, it's a mafia

I wanna go shop in Milano, take me to the opera (hey)

Margherita pizza, you know I like pasta (hey)

I want your attention, fumo marijuana (hey)

Everybody eats here (Money Gang), everybody mangia

Sai che Italia è uguale a pasta (ah, oh), Prada e Sfera Ebbasta (oh)

Metti 100K (cash) sopra la bilancia

Vogliono farmi la pelle (grr), piccoli piranha

Piangeva mia mamma, ero più in strada che a casa

Sul mio display (brr), la tua bitch fa lo strip per le tips, ehi (mwah)

Niente kiss, la sua pussy è una cheesecake

Vuole il bis, tu vuoi il beef, non so chi sei

Ti sei fatto il film, ehi

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Everybody eats here, everybody mangia

Hey, papà, I gotta stay in my bag (rrah)

How could I finish in last?

I made these bitches come out of Bottega with tags (tags)

Uh, I can't go out sad (skrrt)

Whether the Lamb' or the 'Rari, I'm keepin' my foot on the gas (skrrt)

And I keep a deal on my neck too (uh)

I'm who they dyin' to get next to (uh)

I'm at the Vatican, bless you

Matter fact, I'm on shenanigans

I'm with my killy and he brought the scammers in (huh)

Uh (yeah)

I got a hot one on me and it's melting my hand again (baow, uh, huh)

We see him hot and he turned to a mannequin

Uh, huh (huh)

I pray to God we run into that man again (yeah)

They see my face and start panickin'

Only get happy, they tell me they damaged him

Don't make me put them shooters in that van again

I don't need nobody, I see 'em, I handle 'em (baow)

I don't even sweat, but I'm hot as ever (uh)

I like my Prada, Italian leather

All my linen exotic for fire weather

And nigga, you probably wear polyester (huh, huh)

Throwin' up signs, talkin' with my hands

Them niggas rattin', talkin' on the stand

How I'm supposed to focus on my fans when niggas keep tough talkin' on the 'Gram?

I'm on the island, focused on a tan

My bitches bad, focused on a glam

Nigga a opp (nigga a opp)

Boy, you'll die walkin' with that man (baow, baow)

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Everybody eats here, everybody mangia (uh)