

Chief Keef, Designer

I got love for some designer
I-I got love for some designer

My bitch tatted, I call her designer
Parallel shit bitch don't get lined up
Bitch I'm tatted, I'm designer

I got love for some designer
My bitch tatted I call her designer
When I get that check, buy nothing but designer
Pop the kush, swisher blunts, rolling nothing but designer
Shoot his face off, bitch we designer
Might be mixed matched but everything designer
Drinking fiji water, I call that designer
We them glory boys, bitch we be designer

I got love for some designer
Parallel shit bitch don't get lined up
Ugh, ugh
Sosa on his prow
I'm that nigga, shit you get that all the time ugh
Yeah, I buy nothing but designer
Lotta kush, lotta blunts
I'm designer
Shoot his face off, I'm designer
And I'm trued down, but I'm designer
Bitch I'm tatted, I'm designer
OTF stuff, you know where to find us
They be cutting up like designer (bang bang)
Off a lot of dope, Bitch I be high as fuck (bang bang)

Designer, Homicide put me in the line up
CMG, they tryna define us
Say it stand for Cars, Money, Grinders
I-I-I'm true to my religion bitch so start praying
The doors to the trap is open, Amen
Me and my nigga Sosa about to start (blah!)
A hundred shots coming out that black van (blah!)
Van, bullets gon design ya (Murder)
Run out with that work we gon come find ya
I rock Gucci, Louie, Prada like the song say
My money don't fold up, I keep it long ways (ways)