

# DJ Antoine vs Timati, Welcome to St. Tropez (feat. Kalenna)

Welcome to St. Tropez

Get fresh, gotta stay fly  
Get the jet I gotta stay high  
High up like a la la la  
Ain't nothin here that my money can't buy  
Dolce, Gucci and Louis V  
Yacht so big I could live out in the sea  
You for real you can't see me  
In these Euro frames the whole world change  
Mad bitches so much brought  
Feel the life when I wanna fuck them all  
Get mad brain in my very fast car  
Ferrari V12 Marilena on my arm  
Ladies can't resist the charm  
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don  
And we do this all day, welcome to St. Tropez

Woah, party now  
Too much money in the bank account  
Hands in the air make you scream and shout  
When we're in St. Tropez  
Woah, party now  
Spending money in a large amount  
Hands in the air make you scream and shout  
When we're in St. Tropez

Welcome to St. Tropez

We make money, money we spending'  
Get mad Henny, swimming and women  
Imported linen, Egyptian cotton  
The party just started, the party ain't stopin'  
Keep shit poppin', poppin these bottles  
Haters keep hatin', fuckin' these models  
So much money like we own the lotto  
Pull up to a club in a white Murcielago  
He don't make dollars, he don't make cents  
He don't make you rich, he don't mean shit, shit  
We the shit. I mean how much better can it get  
Harleys, Maserati, Gallardos, we make too much do'  
And we spend it all day, welcome to St. Tropez

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