

Fabulous

"Louis Vuitton"

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Got a young chick from the hood, south side,
Pops never let her outside,
Nigger knew the type of shit she was up against,
Little did he know she was going to back fire.
But she act right, got baptized, stayed in the quire,
But the thing she desired was a older nigger show her
how to be a freak
A young girl is in heat, is deep.
She sneaking out after loose, in the streets at night
when the freaks are out.
Butterfly tattâ' on her back that she tried to hide until
her father found the secret out.
Now he flipping out, he kicked her out,
She living on her own in this vicious south,
Years go by, now I got her in my room
And Iâ'm thinking at the best way to kick her out.

â'cause all she ever talks about is Louie, Louie,
All she ever talks about is Louis Vuitton,
And nigger, I canâ't fuck with her no more.

I said Louie, Louie, all she ever talk about is Louie,
Louie,
All she ever talk about is Louie Vuitton,
And nigger, I canâ't fuck with her no more.

I told the bitch somebody stole my Rolliâ', she talking
about me, too.
I canâ't do with the brand new Louis bag, she talking
about me, too.
LA on my next flight and guess right, she sent me to
And everybody gonna miss me, too, goddamn be you.
And if that is you, youâ're so shallow, you on a boat
that wonâ't travel,
Wonâ't float and wonâ't paddle if I donâ't go broke it
wonâ't matter.
Itâ's stupid ass shit donâ't make me, a big pole
wonâ't break me,
Youâ're so caught up on material shit, we both know
that you canâ't even get.

I mean the Louie, Louie,
All she ever talk about is Louie, Louie,
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And nigger, I can't fuck with her no more.

I said Louie, Louie.
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She's standing at the back, is clean,
First store got a bag this day,
Not knowing she was one of them check
With your bags name types.
Anyway, I'm happy that it came off the bill,
Got me enjoy saying as the bell,
She look like she came on herself, shawty, you should
be ashamed of yourself.
I'm checking out her true face, thin little waist line,
She checking out my suitcase, like the bitch have
canon.
Could've took her number, that be like ticket bad
advice,
When you look at her you're looking at a price
As I walked away, she said "that's a nice

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You know the once that are all for the laps on,
Go for the champagne, don't care what you do,
But you better do a damn thing if you wanna win the
campaign.
'Cause her company just ain't cheap,
What you probably ain't been,
You can't keep a shallow bitch if your pockets ain't
deep.
So I try to be slick and reserve no dinner,
Take you to the club, had to meet me at the bar.
Let her walk in, people from afar, gotta let her know,
can't keep her in the dark.
'Cause she will wanna tamp up if you let her, and I
thought I knew better,
'Cause she say "let me start with a double shot",

Hey, bartender, let me get a

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