

Jimi Jump

"Dolce & Gabbana"

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[Music]

Uh

[Chorus]

Dolce and Gabbana

Dolce and Gabbana

Got my haters blockin'

Dolce and Gabbana

Fresh pair of Pradas

Got me lookin proba

And my haters block it

Dolce and Gabbana

Dolce and Gabbana

Dolce and Gabbana

Got my haters blockin'

Dolce and Gabbana

Fist full of dollars

Them girls wanna holler

[Girl]: What cologne you got on boy?

[Jimi]: Dolce and Gabbana

You smell it?

[Verse 1:]

Pitch black

Can't see

Got my suna shades on

And my brand new fit

Got a fit for it, yup

Got the stunt for the chicks

A stack on this

Just a stunt for the b.tch

Gotta look good

If I continue with some this

Keep a 5.5 every time I get a hit

My beat it bend list since I step in the building

Won't hit the dance floor cause' sweating is for
children

Look, I be chillin'

In the shadows

Puffin' on my beat it

While I'm messin' with the bad pros

Look, I always had those
I'm just tryin' to get more
Keep my team fresh like my chest keep a new low
No, this time I'm rockin'
What the hell I got a front for?
That's what I got VIP heavy stunners for
Where I'm from it's the dumb way straight with tuto
Keep your blockers on
If you hatin' then you wont know

[Chorus:]

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[Girl]: What cologne you got on boy?

[Jimi]: Dolce and Gabbana
You smell it?

[Verse 2:]

Hell yes.
My sit is the best
My shoes don't point
My stunners is don't hit
My girl in the club
She's starting for the blike
Spying on the brother
Cause' she's craze about to kick
My pockets on this tank
Four leather tick
Got me feeling like baby flippin' burrs, movin' bricks
Sick
Piss them off
I ain't talkin'
I ain't see
I'm talkin' bout the way I run games when I'm off speed
We pros fall
B.tch 'em to the leak, oh
Mill I'll get some of them
Cover flow

Action people
I people like guys who wanna be those
Baby girl, I can see you
You are see-through
Ima see two more before the night close
Take her home
Girl, you groan
Show your night clothes
Those are the buns
Sittin' fire on my knows
Gotcha all over my face like I'm a model
Me and my homies
Believe it
Pop bottles
Believe it
Drink til you faint
That's our motto.
BALLIN!!
Don't mind me
I'm just talkin', kid
Take me as that name
He just drop me another hit

[Chorus]
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