

Soulja Boy

"Gold Chains & Vintage"

Visit "[Gold Chains & Vintage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Gold chains and vintage, gold chains and vintage
Gold chains and vintage
I don't care the price I spend it
Gold chains and vintage, gold chains and vintage
Gold chains and vintage
I'm flying round and I'm getting it x 2

I get a lot of money nigga so you know I spend it
Snap back and tattoos, gold chains and vintage
Riding and getting it in a private jet
Flying through the clouds vintage on my chest
Niggas know that I'm paid, check your bitch to get laid
Sod what I made, niggas working like slaves
Talking down you get hate, talking down...
This heat on my waist,... you know I got taste man
Your girl yeah we take that, all the money we scrape
that
We take the car and we scrape back
It's big money, big watches and ear rings
Take your girl and I do my thang
Sod niggas out with lean, yeah

Gold chains and vintage, gold chains and vintage
Gold chains and vintage
I don't care the price I spend it
Gold chains and vintage, gold chains and vintage
Gold chains and vintage
I'm flying round and I'm getting it x 2

I went to fucking paris, had a ball main
Had some denim man new jacket, that's ball main
All white, with the spikes
And a brand new zipper on me bitch I think I might
Flexing go hard with your bitch
She know she taking suck dick
She say she wanna take a pic
I give her more than a pic
I gave her more than this dick
It's sod who I'm with
We riding round getting paid
Sod our game, I cashed up for real dawg

I designed this fashion
I... to go from platinum, them diamonds worth we
stacking
I did kill the game, came back and revived the game
Came through with the gold chain
And the vintage all with chanel frames, oh

Gold chains and vintage, gold chains and vintage
Gold chains and vintage
I don't care the price I spend it
Gold chains and vintage, gold chains and vintage
Gold chains and vintage
I'm flying round and I'm getting it x 2

I know my fashion dog, I know the streets
Xx covers the magazine
I go hard everyday on shopping sprees
Every time I cop they blog about me
Brand new shades, cost 4 stacks
Louie briefcase cost gold rack
Ride around and flying round
Everybody know I'm flying round
The king's here, give me a title now
I'm seat back and I'm pouring loud
Everywhere I go dog you know that I spend it
Plus this kush I smoke got me air... that generous
Soulja boy tell them I kill every rapper
You say that you fresh up but homie I'm...
Look dre I kill this, this is incredible
You go see rappers that looking so edible
I eat them, hell yeah I eat them
These niggas unborn, something like fetus
Catch me going hard on your girl with penis
Nigga I'm on fire, smoking weed...

Ok, shit hard on the rap game,
2 straps like max payne, I'm going hard for my
campaign
It's sod in the fast lane
Going hard on the booth main,
Soulja boy got the juice maine
But I got on 4 chains, but much respect to 2 chainz
Soulja boy... shittin on the beat main
I hit the block and everything up on the beat
Complete main, from the feat main...
To my watch main, and my ear dog
I'm coming in, every year dog
I don't think you hear me, sipping on this henny
Sippin on this... everything on the floor
... on my 23 million, I'm hurting somebody's feelings
Gold chain and bitches

Visit [Soulja Boy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.