

The High Kings

"I Love Clothes"

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I do not talk, I am just a rapper

Nigga, I'm the capper
Rapper slash not actor
Cause I could never act the part of being fakey
You should really thank me
Who else would do this shit?
All that fucking wishing and waiting

These niggas are mistakin
You don't speak my language
Dressed like I'm cambridge
Bowtie make me muslim
Switch for suspenders
Two at least
Clickin through our hyperbeast
Tom Brown, Hells Bells, Kitsune, Jay L

I don't wear your shirt unless it got a logo
Now it's to go out and walk around soho
All high schools showing out, Pay less.
Man fuck that, yo I earned this.

I love clothes.

Go to top man
That's the hot spot
Check Kayne's blog for the high tops
Check shake appeal lookbook right quick
They hooking up with ambush, that's it
Sperry top cider with a black trim
Pink leather jacket, gotta get him
New t-shirt and I put it all
On a charge card
Burning through my go yard
And it's so dumb, but it's so tight
Ain't nothing like new shoes every night
And it feels so good in the new jeans
And the new shirt, it's addicting
I'm an addict

I don't want help, I'm a die in my brand new Louis belt.
But not Louis, it's too gaudy
Check the lime green frames this girl bought me
Billionaire boys club, I'm living it
One shirt, eight dubs
I'm spending it
Got shoes that I know I won't wear
And the problem is I don't really care
Got money, but nothing is forever
Every time I gotta buy I new sweater
By 211 I'll be dead broke
I'll be the homeless dude in a peacoat.

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