

360**"Vanity"**Visit "[Vanity](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

feat. Waka Flocka Flame

If I want it I'm gonna grab it for all the nights I ain't have
shit

Pockets was on rabbit they ain't let us get to those
carrots

Fresh to death in this wardrobe, kill 'em with these
fabrics

Splurging out on Sacks Fifth it's hard to break these
habits

I'm a slave to this fashion ashamed to say but I'm
ratchet

Growing up without a thing and then everything comes
rapid

First chance you'll flash it, flaunt it, toss it, stack it
Make it rain with rainy day stashes

My own music blasting while I'm passing you in slow mo
Care free like promo

You got that, I must compete, I cop that like Robo
Top off like go-go, this a blood sport with these blood
diamonds

They blind you like Bolo

My eyes on a mule I'm waiting for my 40 acres

I ask for reparations, they pass me a respirator

I'm carrying traditions, ancestors had chains, too

Flexing on you niggas every time I get the chance to

I want it all

I want everything in this life

Money, cars, clothes and a thick wife

You hoping that we end up in them pinstripes

Since you ain't believe I'mma rub it in your face like

Look what I got, I want it all

Look what I got, I want it all

Look what I got, I want it all

'Cause I came from the bottom, ain't nobody gave me
nothing, nigga

Check me out when that check get in

Step out, see the steppers I'm stepping in

Fresher than a motherfucking peppermint
Five star spots you ain't never been
I can't wait, I need it now, tryina walk before I crawl
Run up on your bitch ass like I want it all
I want it all, I don't want the store I want the mall
Vanity, you lose your sanity just tryina ball
Tap into my savings and go on a little shopping spree
Never had much so a little is a lot to me
Gas gage approaching E but I got them Js though
I ain't even paid my rent but I got them Js though
Stood online for about a week but I got them Js though
Maybe later, right now I ain't tryina change, hoe
Polo this and Polo that, yeah, I'm on my high horse
Everybody gonna think I'm broke, yeah, I'm on my Shad
Moss
I was like 21 with a bunch of money
Blew it all, looking back it I was a fucking dummy

I want it all
I want everything in this life
Money, cars, clothes and a thick wife
You hoping that we end up in them pinstripes
Since you ain't believe I'mma rub it in your face like
Look what I got, I want it all
Look what I got, I want it all
Look what I got, I want it all
'Cause I came from the bottom, ain't nobody gave me
nothing, nigga

Thousand dollar garments, sweating out my arm pits
Don't know why I buy I,t my conscious say it's nonsense
Can it be the vanity that got me hating my family
Or you mad 'cause all them hoes that ran from you ran
to me

I want more money, more cars, more clothes
More bitches, less friends, more foes
Stunting on 'em, how long? Lord knows
I'm paid now and I'mma let it all show

I want it all
I want everything in this life
Money, cars, clothes and a thick wife
You hoping that we end up in them pinstripes
Since you ain't believe I'mma rub it in your face like
Look what I got, I want it all
Look what I got, I want it all
Look what I got, I want it all
'Cause I came from the bottom, ain't nobody gave me
nothing, nigga

I want it all
I want it all
I said I want it all

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