

# Versace

## Migos

Versace, Versace, Medusa head on me like I'm 'Luminati  
This is a gated community, please get the fuck off the property  
Rap must be changing cause I'm at the top and ain't no one on top of me  
Niggas be wanting a verse for a verse, but man that's not a swap to me  
Drowning in compliments, pool in the backyard that look like Metropolis  
I think I'm sellin' a million first week, man I guess I'm an optimist  
Born in Toronto but sometimes I feel like Atlanta adopted us  
What the fuck is you talkin' 'bout? Saw this shit comin' like I had binoculars  
Boy, Versace, Versace, we stay at the mansion when we in Miami  
The pillows' Versace, the sheets are Versace, I just won a Grammy  
I've been so quiet, I got the world like "What the fuck is he planning?"  
Just make sure that you got a back up plan cause that shit might come in handy  
Started a label, the album is comin' September, just wait on it  
This year I'm eating your food and my table got so many plates on it  
Hundred inch TV at my house, I sit back like "damn I look great on it"  
I do not fuck with your new shit, my nigga, don't ask for my take on it  
Speakin' in lingo, man this for my nigga that trap out the bando  
This for my niggas that call up Fernando to move a piano  
Fuck all your feeling's cause business is business, it's strictly financial  
I'm always the first one to get it, man that's how you lead by example  
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace  
Word to New York cause the Dyckman and Heights girls are callin' me "Papi"  
I'm all on the low, take a famous girl out with me, no paparazzi  
I'm trying give Halle Berry a baby and no one can stop me  
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace  
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Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace Versace, Versace, Medusa head on me like I'm  
'Luminati  
I know that you like it, Versace, my neck and my wrist is so sloppy  
Versace, Versace, I love it, Versace the top of my Audi  
My plug, he John Gotti, he give me the dozen, I know that they're mighty  
Shoes and shirt Versace, your bitch want in on my pockets  
She ask me why my drawers silk, I told that bitch "Versace"  
Cheetah print on my sleeve, but I ain't ever been in the jungle  
Try to take my sack, better run with it, nigga don't fumble  
You can do Truey, I do it Versace  
You copped the Honda, I copped the Mazi  
You smoke the mid, I smoke exotic  
I set the trend, you niggas copy  
Kick in the door like I work at Hibachi  
Look at the watch, blow it, hot like some Taki

Come in my room, my sheet Versace  
Go to sleep, I dream Versace  
Medusa, Medusa, Medusa  
You niggas they wishin' they knew yeah  
They coppin' the Truey, remixing the Louie  
My blunts is fat as Rasputia  
Feet and same shirt like I'm Tony the Tiger  
I'm beating the pot, call me Michael  
Lot of you niggas that copy  
Look at my closet Versace, Versace King of Versace, Medusa my wifey  
My car is Versace, I got stripes on my Mazi  
I'm dressin' so nicely they can't even copy  
You'd think I'm Egyptian, this gold on my body  
Money my mission, two bitches, they kissin'  
My diamonds is pissing, my swag is exquisite  
No offset no preacher but you niggas listen  
Them blue and white diamonds, they look like the Pistons  
Codeine sipping, Versace I'm gripping them bands in my pocket  
You know that I'm living  
I'm draped up in gold, but no Pharaoh  
Rockin' handcuffs, that's Ferragamo  
Bricks by the boat, overload  
I think I'm the don, but no Rocko  
This the life that I chose,  
Bought out the store, can't go back no more  
Versace my clothes while I'm selling them bows  
Versace took over, it took out my soul  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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