

Saint Laurent Mask

HUNCHO JACK, Travis Scott & Quavo

Yeah, yeah
It's like a whole different world, ooh
Budda bless this beat Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, Saint Laurent Mask, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, pull up with the broad doing street sweep (sweep sweep)
Shit did it this cece (coco)
Swag on repeat (drip it drip it), day by the day (day by the day)
Counting that bag on the low (bag)
Count that bag on the floor (bag)
Stack it up til' you get mo' (stack it up)
Stack it up til' you get mo' (stack it up)
Stack it up til' you get mo'
Stack it up til' you get mo'
Ain't giving out no freebee's
Swipe with the digital cece
Come get high, my Tipi
Take that bar, no 3G
Live fast, live life easy
Put a drop in my sweet tea
X-rated, no PG
Your ex-nigga on creepy She don't wanna keep 'em
She fuck 'em then leave 'em (smash)
She hope I hit her (brr brr)
She hope I beep her (hope I beep her)
She want me to get her a bag, a house, maybe a Beamer (skrrt skrrt)
I might say some shit out of my mouth but still won't leave her (still, still) I might say some shit
out of my mouth, call my paralegal
I did done some shit in my life right in that Regal
Go Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, that shit lethal
Can't live backwards, live life, that shit evil
Master grab the safe (master)
I bet you niggas can't re-up (no)
Bulletproof Wraith, safe (bulletproof)
Recline, I let my seat up (no)
Huncho Jack, we the robbers (brr)
Huncho Jack, got a chopper (Huncho)
You might want to keep this film rolling
Huncho Jack, won an Oscar (ey) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, Saint Laurent Mask, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, pull up with the broad doing street sweep (sweep sweep)
Shit did it this cece (coco)
Swag on repeat (drip it drip it), day by the day (day by the day)
Counting that bag on the low (bag)
Count that bag on the floor (bag)

Stack it up til' you get mo' (stack it up)
Stack it up til' you get mo' (stack it up)
Stack it up til' you get mo'
Stack it up til' you get mo' Stack it, stack it, stack it
Stack it, stack it, stack it
Wrap it up, put it in plastic
Wrap it up, wrap it up, put it in plastic She don't wanna keep 'em
She fuck 'em then leave 'em
She hope I hit her
She hope I beep her
She want me to get her a bag, a house, maybe a Beamer
I might say some shit out of my mouth but won't leave her

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>