

Chanel - Frank Ocea Lyrics

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"Chanel"

My guy pretty like a girl
And he got fight stories to tell
I see both sides like Chanel
See on both sides like Chanel
Swimming laps through pool water
Heated like I'm underworld
Hide my tattoos in Shibuya
Police think I'm of the underworld
12 treat a nigga like he twelve
How you looking up to me and talking down? (Yeah)
Can't you see I am the big man? (Big man)
God level, I am the I am (Whoa)
Now film it with that drone cam, in the pink like Killa Cam
Put a zoom on that stick, Noé, up so close I'm on that kill
Remote controller on your lower back, yes, the good
Dick could roll the eyes back in the skull
Rolling when you ride, popping

Rolling when you ride, ride the Rodman
Got one that's straight acting
Turnt out like some dirty plastic (Ride)
2016: burnt some discs (Dope)
2017: ideas playing off a Walkman
This a cult, not a clique on the net
With a cup in a cup, Actavis
That's a double edge, "issa knife" (Knife)
And I don't like to fight 'til I'm fighting (Fighting)
Revenge in the air makes my lungs sick
Chopper in the sky like a gun trick (Pow)
Clips on clips like Mikey (Hello)
It's really all
I see both sides like Chanel
See on both sides like Chanel
It's really you on my mind
It's really you on my mind
It's really you
It's really you on my mind

V both sides of the 12

Steam both sides of the L
Freeze smoke rings and they hail
Sleet snow grind for the wealth
Whole team diamonds is real
Showed 'em how to shine by themselves
You need a cosign for your health
I need that bitch to grind on my belt
I know you need to try for my belt
I know you seen it driving itself
No matte black on the ride 'cause it's stale
But it's stealth

I see both sides like Chanel

I see both sides like Chanel

My pockets snug, they can't hold my 7
They banned my Visa, my Amex and Mastercards
I got new money, and it's all cash
I got new bags, and they're all collabs
I rubber band a bunch of thousand-dollar Delta gift cards
(I mean my baby bi)
Amazing, the cash online unknown
(I mean my baby bi)

Blazing the dash, counting money at home

My pockets snug, they can't hold my 7

They banned my Visa, my Amex and Mastercards

I got new money, and it's all cash

I got new bags, and they're all collabs

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