

Welcome to St. tropez

DJ Antoine

Welcome to Saint-Tropez!

Get fresh, gotta stay fly
Get the jet, I gotta stay high
High up like a la la la
Ain't nothin' here that my money can't buy
Dolce, Gucci and Louis V
Yacht so big I could live out in the sea
You, for real? You can't see me
In these Euro frames the whole world change
Mad bitches, so much brought
Spendin' like when I wanna fuck them all
Get mad brain in my very fast car
Ferrari v12 Maranello on my arm
Ladies can't resist the charm
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don
And we do this all day, welcome to Saint-Tropez

Whoa, party now
Too much money in the bank account
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When we're in Saint-Tropez
Whoa, party now
Spending money in a large amount
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When we're in Saint-Tropez

Welcome to Saint-Tropez
(Oh yeah)

We make money, money we spending
Get mad honey, swimming and women
Imported linen, Egyptian cotton
They party just started, the party ain't stoppin'
Keep shit poppin', poppin' these bottles
Haters keep hatin', fuckin' these models
So much money like we own the lotto
Pull up to a club in a white Murcielago
He don't make dollars, he don't make cents
He don't make you rich, he don't mean shit, shit
We the shit. I mean, how much better can it get?
Harleys, Maseratis, Gallardos, we make too much do'
And we spend it all day, welcome to Saint-Tropez
(Oh yeah)

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Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, all the way from Moscow, Russia
Give a warm welcome for heavy weight rap champion B smooth
So make some noise for the one and only, Mr. Black Star!

Get it up, don't stop your body
Come on ladies, let's get naughty
Get it up, now everybody
Come on girls, here comes the daddy
Get it up, don't stop your body
Get it up, again your body
Get it up, now everybody
Get it up for music!

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