

# Blasé

Ty Dolla \$ign

You know what's going on  
Over there and over there, okay

Cut it up

Ordered up a hundred Rosés, need a benz like blasé, blasé  
I'm just, whipping Maserati (skurr, skurr, skurr, skurr)  
I'm just, blasé, blasé  
I'm just, blasé, blasé, blasé, blasé  
Ordered up a hundred bottles in the club like blasé, blasé  
Whipping Maserati (skurr, skurr, skurr, skurr)  
Ohh, blasé, blasé, blasé, yeah, yeah

Blasé, blasé, blasé, all I drink is Bombay  
When I'm with my niggas, I might drink that Henny  
Smoking kush in public, motherfuck the police  
I ain't scared to die, on them dead homies  
Hit them licks, wh-whipping the bricks  
Still with the shit, I'm young and I'm rich, young and I'm rich  
I got hoes nigga, I got hoes in different area codes  
I think I'm Nate Dogg  
I started from the ground I'm that nigga now  
I stay with the loud, can you hear me now?  
And my bitch cold, she a centerfold  
Put her on a stand, and she never told

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Ohh, blasé, blasé, blasé, yeah, yeah

I break the bank like an athlete, hon  
Shawty krunk drunk, fucking up her new Louboutins  
If I let her in my Masi she might be a trending topic  
Before she gotta ride it, bust it, pop it, blasé, blasé  
Been spent your rent and I'm still blowing big faces  
Something 'bout them Ben Franklins make any bitch get naked  
Crew got the juice, bitch you don't need no chasers  
Ball on these niggas, I need knee replacements

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Ohh, blasé, blasé, blasé, yeah, yeah

Sipping out the jug until I feel it in my body  
I was, uh, hoping you were salty when you saw me  
Keep her rowdy, seen around me, all we do is dip and dab  
Got twin turbos on twin turbos and them bitches really smash  
It's a 50/50 chance I might, ditch ya (ditch ya)  
It's a 50/50 chance that these niggas didn't pitch in

I'm pouring up 'til I can't no more  
I swear everything I see slo mo'

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Ohh, blasé, blasé, blasé, yeah, yeah

Alcohol and chronic, yeah, that's all we want  
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