

DJ Antoine vs Timati, Welcome to St. Tropez (feat. Kalenna)

Welcome to St. 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
Feel the life when I wanna fuck them all
Get mad brain in my very fast car
Ferrari V12 Marilena on my arm
Ladies can't resist the charm
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don
And we do this all day, welcome to St. Tropez

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

Welcome to St. Tropez

We make money, money we spending'
Get mad Henny, swimming and women
Imported linen, Egyptian cotton
The party just started, the party ain't stopin'
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, Maserati, Gallardos, we make too much do'
And we spend it all day, welcome to St. Tropez

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