

# Opulence

## Brooke Candy

Say my name  
You got a ring  
Hiding in my dam in front Tiffany's  
Make it you clappy, could place in for me  
I'm listening, I'm listening Yeah I won that  
You can't afford, you can't afford  
I'm maxing out on Forbes list  
Yo, I bet you never seen a black card, back off  
I could fetch you a condo on my backyard  
I'm a grown queen, doing grown things  
Tryna find my hand underneath the gold rings  
Make you get in line  
Better recognize opulence, opulence  
Recognize  
Opulence, opulence  
Opulence, opulence  
Recognize opulence, opulence, opulence  
I own everything baby I kick it up and take it down  
They can get the ring  
But they'll never take the crown  
It end over till the valet take a bow  
I'm catching up  
I'm catching up  
She's in Nikes and sweater  
I wore it last season better  
They're chasing after Brooke Candy  
Cause they don't know how to get her  
It's my ride on the front  
It's my queen of Celine  
Got these bitches so jealous  
I hope they look and get green  
I'm on everyone's radar  
I bet that's why they hating  
I'm in red bottoms baby  
But I'll slip on my flavour  
Couple shots, it's a blur  
Someone call me a cab  
And this twist is so icy  
Gucci Mane is like Bart I'm a grown queen, doing grown things  
Tryna find my hand underneath the gold rings  
Make you get in line  
Better recognize opulence, opulence

Recognize  
Opulence, opulence  
Opulence, opulence  
Recognize opulence, opulence, opulence  
I own everything baby I'm pulling up in that no-no  
What?  
Bet you wish that I know you  
Brooklyn off in that new no  
Getting paper  
Make that thing your coddles Opulence, opulence  
Opulence, opulence  
Recognize opulence, opulence, opulence  
I own everything baby

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>