

Baby Huey, Closet Full Of Clothes

Chorus (4x):

Nig got a closet full of clothes
Nig gotta stay fresh for the hoes

Verse One:

Yeah, nigga got a closet full of clothes
I ain't 21 but got a bottle full of Moe
Cool in the summer but I'm hotter in the snow
Fresh Force Ones in my closet at the door
Your Diesel jeans, I'm top of the line
Your Diesel tees, a watch that could blind
Four carats a piece up in each ear
Have two of the baddest bitches up in each hurr
There's fur in the atmosphere, of course he's nurr
Like my nigga Trell said I'm fresher than John Durr
But back to the basics
Bows with the straps

I'm done with the daytons
I'm going with the flaps
So many brown Pradas
Red and white strips
Red and white fitted with the red and white kicks
Leave out of town with an STL bitch
Just to let you know I'm on some STL shit, bitch

Chorus (4x)

Verse Two:

You know kid got the cuddy (?) on fours
Spend a couple grand, got the charm on froze
Keep it so fresh, ridin on low pros
Eyes stay open like I'm takin No-Doz
Prada, fit red and white trim, so (?)
Know I got the Prada low soles, so cold
Closet lookin like a warehouse, so swoll