

# Fancy (ft. Charli XCX) – Iggy Azalea

First things first, I'm the realest  
Drop this and let the whole world feel it  
And I'm still in the Murda Bizness  
I can hold you down, like I'm givin' lessons in physics  
You should want a bad bitch like this  
Drop it low and pick it up just like this  
Cup of Ace, cup of Goose, cup of Cris  
High heels, somethin' worth a half a ticket on my wrist  
Takin' all the liquor straight, never chase that  
Rooftop like we bringin' '88 back  
Bring the hooks in, where the bass at?  
Champagne spillin', you should taste that  
I'm so fancy  
You already know  
I'm in the fast lane  
From LA to Tokyo  
I'm so fancy  
Can't you taste this gold  
Remember my name, 'bout to blow  
I said baby, I do this, I thought that, you knew this  
Can't stand no haters and honest, the truth is  
And my flow retarded, they speak it, depart it  
Swagger on super, I can't shop at no department  
Better get my money on time, if they not money, decline  
And swear I meant that there so much t  
Hat they give that line a rewind  
So get my money on time, if they not money, decline  
I just can't worry 'bout no haters, gotta stay on my grind  
Now tell me, who that, who that? That do that, do that?  
Put that paper over all,  
I thought you knew that, knew that  
I be that I-G-G-Y, put my name in bold  
I been working, I'm up in here with some change to throw  
I'm so fancy  
You already know  
I'm in the fast lane

From LA to Tokyo  
I'm so fancy  
Can't you taste this gold  
Remember my name, 'bout to blow  
Trash the hotel  
Let's get drunk on the mini bar  
Make the phone call  
Feels so good getting what I want  
Keep on turning it up  
Chandelier swinging, we don't give a fuck  
Film star, yeah I'm deluxe  
Classic, expensive, you don't get to touch  
Still stunting, how you love that  
Got the whole world asking how I does that  
Hot girl, hands off, don't touch that  
Look at that I bet you wishing you could clutch that  
Just the way you like it, huh?  
You're so good, he's just wishing he could bite it, huh?  
Never turn down money,  
Slaying these hoes, Gold trigger on gun like  
I'm so fancy  
You already know  
I'm in the fast lane  
From LA to Tokyo  
I'm so fancy  
Can't you taste this gold  
Remember my name, 'bout to blow  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
That do that, do that, I-G-G-Y  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
(Blow)  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
That do that, do that, I-G-G-Y  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
(Blow)



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

