

Fashion Killa

A\$AP Rocky

Her pistol go, her pistol go,
I said her pistol go,
'Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a trendy nigga
I said her pistol go, her pistol go,
I said her pistol go,
'Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a jiggy nigga I said

Rockin', rollin', swaggin' to the max
My bitch a fashion killa, she be busy poppin' tags
She got a lotta Prada, that Dolce & Gabbana
I can't forget Escada, and that Balenciaga
I'm sippin' purple syrup, come be my Aunt Jemima
And if you is a rider, we'll go shoppin' like maÃ±ana
Her attitude Rihanna, she get it from her mama
She jiggy like Madonna, but she trippy like Nirvana
'Cause everything designer,
Her jeans is Helmut Lang, shoes is Alexander Wang
And her shirt the newest Donna, Karan
Wearin' all the Cartier frames
Jean Paul Gaultiers 'cause they match with her persona

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I see your Jil Sanders, Oliver Peoples
Costume National, your Ann Demeulemeester
See Visvim be the sneaker, Lanvin or Balmain
Goyard by the trunk, her Isabel Marant
I love your Linda Farrow, I adore your Dior
Your Damir Doma, Vena Cava from the store
I crush down with that top down, bossy how I ride 'round
Mami in that Tom Ford, Papi in that Thom Browne
Rick Owens, Raf Simons, boy she got it by the stock
She ball until she fall, that means she shop until she drop
And Versace, got a lot, but she may never wear it

But she save it so our babies will be flyer than their parents and

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Scoop back tees, breeze in the coupe
Smiling is your treasure, you're so well put together
Bags an' links, jeans and shoes
Spikes and patent leathers if the fabric makes you different
You and me, me and you
Go away together, we could get away forever
All emotions clashing, thrashing, someone turned the light out
Iâ€™m at my baby, stretched my passion, on my fashion night out

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