

Van Vogue

Azealia Banks

Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
Dolce crop top, my play close down
Those Cline wedges are way downtown
Best dressed up, better, you best dressed down
Oh, it's me, fella, the banji gets out
All females fledge to bambi style
Light my wrist up, flex and glow
Vamp me up, turn her down
Amp me up, sugar, it's like mm-ow
We got the good-good, the yum-yum, wow
Oh, it's so supple the ass so round
Trust, there's no trouble, the king go down
Bust your bitch bubble, where's my crown
Banks, flame hot, Rapunzel style
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
If she ain't know, the bitch know now
It's the one, miss, the cunt is out
Flip the scripts, so your bitch hoax styles
Did that first, but your bitch know now
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
If she ain't know, the bitch know now
If she ain't know, the bitch know now[Hook 1]
Boy (boy) don't fill yourself too much on her
Boy (boy), your friends will laugh at you now, now, now[Verse 2]
In that, you been did that, you been with that, you been-been that, bitch
But they all forget you when I spin this shit
Better dance for this and get your skin wet, bitch
It's the champ, miss it, so cinammon young pimp
Making plans to get your little bammers dick
If she ain't legit you better send that witch
If the mens is rich, you better spend that chip
Better quit that envy, get that, get that benji,
Bitch, you know you never looking pretty princey
Pretty princey, pretty pretty princey
Bitches wanna come and look at pretty AB
Pretty AB, pretty pretty AB
Damn, little bam, you could get it maybe

But these bitches always fronting like they in the A-Z
I'm just doing me but these bitches can't breathe[Hook 2]

All them hoes

All them haters

All them hoochies

All them players

All them rolls and escalades

All them roses

All them flavors

[4x][Bridge]

Gonna sip that sip, and hit that dip

Damn little bam, you a real bad bitch

When I twist that hip, and lick that lip

Damn, where ya man when she look like this

The men that rich, the rich that rich

Hands on the gram, better get that grip

If you built like this, you built like this

Dance with it, dance for me

[X2]Oh, yo yo yo, these bum ass bitches with these raggedy ass shoes

I see you, bitch. With your Pell Grant refund, I see you coming out of NYU

Spitting that refund check, getting fly rainbows and shit

Tryna' come out of Forever 21 stunting on me

Don't want to see none of your whole foods and shit

I see you, motherfucker. Let me get some of that kombucha drink, bitch

Let me get some...shit. I want some. I want some

You stepped it up. You not in McDonalds, you in Chipotlefuck outta here!

Fuck outta here. So what, you know where the ?? spot at. You still aren't a rap bitch

And you tryna' stunt on me. Yeah, you out the hood. And yeah yeah yeah, so what

You out the hood now, I feel you. I feel you

They got government grants and shit like that that get you outta here

Equal opportunity education programs and shit that got you outta these streets

Now you up in there, you a freshman at UNCC, UNY, whatever, somewhere, studying some shit about political science

And you tryna' do your shit on the side. And you downtown in these clubs

And you all lat and you having a good time. But when I see you, bitch, just light me up

You know it's me! Light me up. know what im saying, When I ask you, just light me up

You know me. Don't front now. Don't front now

Oh, Naw, I don't smoke blunts no more. I don't smoke no blunts no more. Bamboo now.

You got on some white boys, I feel you! And now you don't wanna light me up when you see me come through

We don't drink Henney no more? Oh, nah, you don't drink Henny white wine. Wahahahah. White wine, bitch,

okay

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