

# Cake Like

## Lady Gaga

[Verse 1: Lady Gaga]

Stuntin' all day, swag on 100 million

Private plane like Lady Gaga

Sip champagne like Lady Gaga

Sold-out show like Lady Gaga

Big bank-roll like Lady Gaga

Iced-out wrist, iced-out chain

I'm deep up in the fucking game

Everybody knows my name

Diamond ring like Lady Gaga

Diamond ring in your face

Fuck your face, trick bitch

Fuck your life, trick bitch

I'm shook up and I'll fuck your wife

Fuck your life you bitch ass trick[Hook]

I'm posted in the trap, strapped with an AK

Aiming at your fitted cap, cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

I'm posted in the trap, strapped with an AK

Aiming at your fitted cap, cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga

Cake like Lady Gaga[Verse 2: Lady Gaga]

I roll all the good shit

You rollin' on that Reggie Bush

I roll like Lady Gaga, Lady Gaga in this bitch

I roll all fucking day

Donatella on your hoes

Donatella got them clothes

Donatella dat's fo'sho

Chop her in the chopper, on a way to a sold-out show

Lady Gaga bitch ass trick

I put that on my Papa Joe, I mop you all across the floor

Snatch a fucking weave out bitch

In front of paparazzi, singing "Paparazzi" in this bitch[Hook][Verse 3: Lady Gaga]

Fuck the world like Lady Gaga  
Run the world like Lady Gaga  
Phantom Pearl like Lady Gaga  
Burqa swag like Lady Gaga  
Twitter on 30 million, under 30, hundred million  
30 million fans straight, fanning like my children, chiling  
Ask my man, Hedi at Yves about EMI, ask anybody  
I'm rich, homie I got á¹—lenty  
Shut you down like Lady Gaga  
Iced-out crown and Miuccia Prada  
I son, you son, ask your father  
Spell tattoo "I hate your daughter"[Hook][Verse 3: Lady Gaga, Mugler Remix]  
Ay yo, I'm Lady Gaga  
You know I'm Lady Gaga  
Laser cut up ladder mesh  
Mugler show I'm Lady Gaga  
Bad bitches gonna walk the runway  
Walk bitches like Lady Gaga  
Ortenberg, you can suck my dick  
Walk bitch, you ain't Lady Gaga  
Nicopanda got style, trick  
Cathy Horyn, your style ain't dick  
Walk a mile in these foot high heels;  
I run in these, you ain't running shit  
You chew beef, I wear meat and stay on top  
I'm gettin' fat and so is my bank  
I'm on a soldï»¿ out world tour bitch[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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