

Liquorice (Remix)

Azealia Banks

Look, n****s really wanna beat they chests, for b-a-n-k-s
These n****s be gorillas for the pin-k flesh
These n****s be vanilla, the chips be legitimate
They just want the pumpernickel sis in the linens with em
So since you vanilla men spend, can my hot fudge b****es get with your vanilla friends?
Hey, I'm the liquorice b****, you know I'm looking for these n****s if these n****s is rich
I make hits ,motherf****er, do you jiggle ya dick when ya b**** pop singing on the liquorice hit,
Ya know?Can I catch your eye, sir?
Can I be what you like, yeah
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your lady in my-my color
Can I be your type? yeahCan I catch your eye, sir?
Can I be what you like, yeah
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your lady in my-my color
Can I be your type? yeahI could set you right, whoa
How are you tonight, sir?
I'm living my life, ooh
Hope ya feel alright, yeahHey, I'm the liquorice b****, you know I'm looking for these n****s if these n****s
is rich
Ya got creme for ya colors and a blue eye too
Hi, I wanna get the number to ya two-one-two line, maybe we could slumber, we could woo woo woo!
Why I don't do yay, but if you want to, fine
Your fantasy could get that pitch black
Cause it's gon' erupt when ya slip in betwixt that black snatch
Ya like blizzack-ker cat, ema-nem-manating where ya mizzat-mustache at?
Huh, I bet ya been extra gassed, bet ya really wanna touch up on the molasses a**
Bet ya really wanna tongue up on her kizzat today
'Cause her kizzat sh-shaved, you wanna cuddle with ya b**** after, eh?
But I gotta dip I gotta get at the cake
Lotta scrilla to make, and the dick don't f*** up any scrillac for banks
No issues picking money over ha-ha, ya beige in her
She just wanna see the best in Greece with some gentlemen and check these beats in the sun
He just wanna see the wet-wet weave when I'm swimmin' in the west indies
Then I sit up and catch these breeze, sip a little bit of rum and ting, n****These b****es know that I be on that
black girl s***
That black girl pin-up with that black girl dip
Put that black girl spin up on ya whack girl tip
Ain't official till it been up in that black girl kit

Pick out ya mans and attack real quick, I'ma hit him with that venom and that rap girl hip
I slip out the denims, know that black girl fit, get that Remy in a did and hit that black girl switch
B****es better tan for the summer, and for the haters, quit that chit chat, and get ya paper
Quote the cinnamon, the cherry-melange b**** verbatim when I speak about ya face in the clam with the flavors
Ya get that? And stimulate her
Take a lick up on my genital, then sit to savor
Do ya man's and his liquorice interest a favor Can I catch your eye, sir?
Can I be what you like, yeah
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your lady in my-my color
Can I be your type? Yeah

Songwriters

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