

Fancy

Reagan James

First thing's first, I'm the realest (realest)
Drop this and let the whole world feel it (let them feel it)
And I'm still in the Murda Bizness
I could hold you down, like I'm givin' lessons in physics (right, right)
You should want a bad bitch like this (huh?)
Drop it low and pick it up just like this (yeah)
Cup of Ace, cup of Goose, cup of Cris
High heels, somethin' worth a half a ticket on my wrist (on my wrist)
Takin' all the liquor straight, never chase that (never)
Rooftop like we bringin' '88 back (what?)
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 L.A. 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 that 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 the 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 L.A. 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
Yeah, 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
Ow...Still stuntin', how you love that?
Got the whole world asking how I does that
Hot girl, hands off, don't touch that
Look at it I bet you wishing you could clutch that
It's just the way you like it, huh?
You're so good, he's just wishing he could bite it, huh?
Never turn down nothing,
Slaying these hoes, gold trigger on the gun like I'm so fancy
You already know
I'm in the fast lane
From L.A. 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-I-G-G-Y
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y
Blow Who-who-who-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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>