

Fashion Killa

A\$AP Rocky

[Hook]

Her pistol go (bang bang boom boom pop pop)
Her pistol go (bang bang boom boom pop pop)
I said her pistol go (bang bang boom boom pop pop)
Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a trendy n*gga
I said her pistol go (bang bang boom boom pop pop)
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I said her pistol go (bang bang boom boom pop pop)
Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a jiggy n*gga
I said

[Verse 1]

Rockin', rollin', swaggin' to the max
My b*tch a fashion killa, she be busy poppin' tags
She got a lotta Prada, that Dolce & Gabanna
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 ma'±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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[Verse 2]

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, boys see 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

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[Verse 3: A\$AP Rocky]

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

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Lyrics submitted by Matthew.

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