

Yung Rapunxel (Live at Coachella 2015)

Azealia Banks

Who's cooler than this, witch
Maneuver then dip, hip like the ruger, this clip
Bitches zooted and sipped, I'm suited and zipped
Make a move or get skipped, sis ya "who it," and hit
Like, who is this bitch
Who was fooding this fish let ya hoof n' it slip,
I'll swoop in and split
Take two of this tit, d-do-do-dit dit
Keep grooving this bitch, like ya new with this pip
Stay true to this shit
Macking moves in this bitch, whitey hoot for this sis
If these niggas is rich, if these niggas insist
I'ma dig 'em and dip, take a whiff of this mist
I'm used to this chip
Spit ya fluidest, bitch nigga, you could get bent
Remov-ed and spent
I'm a shoe in this shit shaker, you was just tricked
Perusing his dick
Come feud with this Fif, face two of this lit
He's souping his drip, from the roof of this clitBrr-brr-brr-brrat, bitch better quit that quit that chit chat
If you strapped nigga, dare you ta, dare you ta brr-brrp-brrp-brrp
Just let me pop my shit, let me hit that weed
And sip that, aye niggas? What?
What the fuck
Dare you ta, dare you ta, brr-brrp-brrp-brrp-brrp
Let a bitch nigga drop, bet the bitch ain't barkin' like me
Well niggas? What the fuck?
Dare you ya, dare you ta, brr-brrp-brrp-brrp
Just let me pop my shit, let me hit that
And sip that, aye niggas, what
What the fuck
Dare you ta, dare you ta brr-brr-brr-brrp-brrp! Show me which niggas out, tryna risk they all with the witch AB?
Az's on the block, straight cheese on the chop
Az stay talking that sick, sadistic shit
These niggas think they grew up too tough
I'll rip your niggas head off like he who what who pop?
I'll send him to Jehovah like he flew up who got the - (I got a situation to here)Brr-brr-brr-brrat, bitch better quit
that quit that chit chat
If you strapped nigga, dare you ta, dare you ta brr-brrp-brrp-brrp

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And sip that, aye niggas, what
What the fuck
Dare you ta, dare you ta brr-brr-brr-brrp-brrp!

Songwriters

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