

Liquorice

Azealia Banks

Look, niggas really wanna beat they chest
For B.A.N.K.S.
These niggas be gorillas for the pin-k flesh
These niggas 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 bitches get with your vanilla friends?
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch
You know I'm lookin for these niggas if these niggas is rich
I make hits muthafucka
Do you jiggle your dick when
Ya bitch pop singin' 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, yeah?
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your
Lady in my my color
Can I be your type, yeah?
I can set you right, woah!
How are you tonight, sir?
All up in my life, oh
Hope you feel alright, yeah Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch
You know I'm lookin for these niggas if these niggas is rich
He got cum fifty colors and a blue eye too
Hi, wanna get your number for your 212 line?
Maybe we could slumber
We could woo woo woo wine
Don't do yay' but if you want to, fine
Your fantasy can get that pitch black
Cause it's gone erupt when ya slip in-betwixt that black snatch
Your like blizzak-ker-black-cat ema-nem-minatin
Where ya minat mizzatach at?
Huh, I bet you been extra gassed
I bet you wanna touch up on the molasses ass
bet you really wanna tongue up on her kizzat is shaved
Cause her kizzat s-shaved

You wanna cuddle with your bitch after, eh?
 But I gotta dip
 I gotta get at the cake
 Lot of skrillic to make
 And the dick don't fuck up any skrillic for Banks
 No issues pickin money over, haha, ya beige in her
 She just wanna see the best in Greece, see 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 this breeze
 Sip a little bit of rum and ting
 Niggasah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ahhhhh
 ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ahhhhhhhhThese bitches know that I be on my black girl shit
 The black girl pin-up with that black girl dip
 With that black girl spin up on ya wack girl tip
 Ain't official til I been up in that black girl kit
 And put out ya mans and attack real quick
 I'm a hit em with that venom and that rap girl hip
 I flip out the denims know that black girl fit
 Get that Remy in a did and hit that black girl switch
 Bitches better tan for the summer
 And for the haters,
 Quit that chit-chat and get your paper
 Quote the cinnamon and cherry melange bitch verbatim
 When I speak about your face in the clams with the flavors
 You get that?
 And stimulate her
 Take a lick up on my genital
 And sit to savour
 Do ya mans and his liquorice interest a favor
 I could be the right girl
 Tell me if you like your
 Lady in my my colour
 Can I be your type, yeah?
 I can set you right, woah
 How are you tonight, sir?
 All up in my life, oh
 Hope you feel alright, yeahWho-ooo
 Who-ooo
 Who-ooo
 Who-ooo
 Who-ooo
 Ooo-oo-ooo
 Who-ooo

Who-ooo
Can I hear it?

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>