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 colour
Can I be your type, yeah?
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, yeah
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch
You know I'm lookin for these niggas if these niggas is rich
He got creme for ya colour and a blue eye too
Hi, wanna get your number for your 212 line?
Maybe we can slumber
We can woo woo woo
Why, I 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 mizzat mustache at [?]
Huh, I bet you been extra gassed
I bet you wanna touch up on the molasses ass

I 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 skrillac to make
And the dick don't fuck up any skrillac for Banks
No issues pickin money over, haha, ya beige in her
She just wanna see the best in Greece and 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 rum and ting
Niggas
These 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, yeah
Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Who-ooo

Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Ooo-oo-ooo
Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Can I hear it?

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