

# Me, Myself, My Money

Iggy Azalea

They'd buy my shit if they could  
Damn I make it look good  
I'm bound to paper like wood  
Oh you hating? Yeah, you should  
Cause it's just me, myself, my money  
These Margielas is killing my feet  
Versace shades 'cause I'm feeling low key  
Case of Ace 'cause the homies with me  
No ID they know me  
I.G.G. bitch, why you starin?  
Chic Lazana I ain't carin  
Might put Daytons on my McLaren  
Like damn that white bitch crazy  
My son is signed?, yeah fuck you payin?  
They pay me more 'cause I get shit you one hundred six four  
Six oh oh don't slam that door  
Wash MC's they white like sheets  
Crack rock flow bitch cook that dough  
Put it in the streets say took that dough  
I cook that dough, throw it to the ceiling  
It fell on the floor, Iggy you killin? I already know  
Can't tell me nothing if you already broke I'm already on  
Aiming for the stars I'm already gone  
Gotta have dinner with a man on the moon  
Married to the shit and the money's my groom  
I'm swirving that shit, I ain't grabbing that broom  
They'd buy my shit if they could  
Damn I make it look good  
I'm bound to paper like wood  
Oh you hating yeah, you should  
Cause it's just me, myself, my money  
All wins no losses, life for the boss bitch  
All I need is an office, I'm turning shit off  
All I need is a coffin  
Ridin' circles while they weezin' and coughin'  
Let the bullshit walk, let my money do the talking  
  
Put up runner walk 'cause there's my target  
Roll day driving yeah that's my target

Pull up, park it no keys shit  
Push it start it  
shrimp cocktails  
In Neiman Marcus  
Nuts and cashews, I came with Ben and Andrew  
We might just 'cause a scandal  
Find out that we menage our Nicki's handle  
Yeah that's my ammo, I'm on fire  
Just lit the candle, head in sky  
Bitch I'm the shit, you should think so too  
G shit, just gimme my money, ammo why make money over you  
They'd buy my shit if they could  
Damn I make it look good  
I'm bound to paper like wood  
Oh you hating yeah, you should  
Cause it's just me, myself, my money  
It's just me, myself, my money  
In the land of the milk and honey  
I came with some Playboy Bunnies  
And Hef just said he's coming  
This shit right here's about dollars  
To stunt on hoes is my honour  
And a bitch must be in hell  
If the devil wears Prada  
Keep it real they don't want nada  
Getting cheese like enchiladas  
You ain't talking 'bout that money what the fuck you sayin?  
I'm cashing out what the fuck you playing, playing, playing  
You ain't talking 'bout that money what the fuck you sayin?  
They'd buy my shit if they could  
Damn I make it look good  
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