

Me, Myself, My Money

Iggy Azalea

Theyd buy my shit if they could
Damn I make it look good
Im bound to paper like wood
Oh you hating? Yeah, you should
Cause its just me, myself, my money
These Margielas is killing my feet
Versace shades cause Im 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 aint 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 dont slam that door
Wash MCs 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
Cant tell me nothing if you already broke Im already on
Aiming for the stars Im already gone
Gotta have dinner with a man on the moon
Married to the shit and the moneys my groom
Im swirving that shit, I aint grabbing that broom
Theyd buy my shit if they could
Damn I make it look good
Im bound to paper like wood
Oh you hating yeah, you should
Cause its just me, myself, my money
All wins no losses, life for the boss bitch
All I need is an office, Im 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 theres my target
Roll day driving yeah thats 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 Nickis handle
Yeah thats my ammo, Im on fire
Just lit the candle, head in sky
Bitch Im the shit, you should think so too
G shit, just gimme my money, ammo why make money over you
Theyd buy my shit if they could
Damn I make it look good
Im bound to paper like wood
Oh you hating yeah, you should
Cause its just me, myself, my money
Its 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 dont want nada
Getting cheese like enchiladas
You aint talking bout that money what the fuck you sayin?
Im cashing out what the fuck you playing, playing, playing
You aint talking bout that money what the fuck you sayin?
Theyd buy my shit if they could
Damn I make it look good
Im bound to paper like wood
Oh you hating yeah, you should
Cause its just me, myself, my money

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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