## **Fancy (feat. Charli XCX)**

## **Iggy Azalea**

First thing's first, I'm the realest (realest)

Drop this and let the whole world feel it (let them feel it)

And I'm still in the Murda Bizness

I could hold you down, like I'm givin' lessons in physics (right, right)

You should want a bad bitch like this (huh?)

Drop it low and pick it up just like this (yeah)

Cup of Ace, cup of Goose, cup of Cris

High heels, somethin' worth a half a ticket on my wrist (on my wrist)

Takin' all the liquor straight, never chase that (never)

Rooftop like we bringin' '88 back (what?)

Bring the hooks in, where the bass at?

Champagne spillin', you should taste that

I'm so fancy
You already know
I'm in the fast lane
From L.A. to Tokyo
I'm so fancy
Can't you taste this gold?
Remember my name
'Bout to blow

I said, "Baby, I do this, I thought that you knew this."

Can't stand no haters and honest, the truth is

And my flow retarded, they speak it depart it

Swagger on super, I can't shop at no department

better get my money on time, if they not money, decline

And swear I meant that there so much that they give that line a rewind

So get my money on time, if they not money, decline

I just can't worry 'bout no haters, gotta stay on my grind

Now tell me, who that, who that? That do that, do that?

Put that paper over all, I thought you knew that, knew that

I be the I-G-G-Y, put my name in bold

I been working, I'm up in here with some change to throw

I'm so fancy You already know I'm in the fast lane From L.A. to Tokyo I'm so fancy
Can't you taste this gold?
Remember my name
'Bout to blow

Trash the hotel

Let's get drunk on the mini bar

Make the phone call

Feels so good getting what I want

Yeah, keep on turning it up

Chandelier swinging, we don't give a fuck

Film star, yeah I'm deluxe

Classic, expensive, you don't get to touch

Ow...

Still stuntin', how you love that?

Got the whole world asking how I does that

Hot girl, hands off, don't touch that

Look at it I bet you wishing you could clutch that

It's just the way you like it, huh?

You're so good, he's just wishing he could bite it, huh?

Never turn down nothing,

Slaying these hoes, gold trigger on the gun like

I'm so fancy
You already know
I'm in the fast lane
From L.A. to Tokyo
I'm so fancy
Can't you taste this gold?
Remember my name
'Bout to blow

Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y
That do that, do that, I-I-G-G-Y
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y
Blow

Who-who-who that, who that, I-G-G-Y
That do that, do that, I-G-G-Y
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y
Blow

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