

# Fancy (feat. Charli XCX) [DJ Wizz Kidd Remix]

## Iggy Azalea

Listen to this jam, show 'em what you got  
Inbox, freshFirst things first, I'm the realest (realest)  
Drop this and let the whole world feel it (let 'em feel it)  
And I'm still in the murder business  
I can hold you down, like I'm givin' lessons in physics (right)  
You should want a bad bitch like this (ha)  
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 thatI'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 blowI 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 that I-G-G-Y, put my name in bold  
I been working, I'm up in here with some change to throwI'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 blowTrash 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 stunting, how you love that  
Got the whole world asking how I does that  
Hot girl, hands off, don't touch that  
Look at that I bet you wishing you could clutch that  
Just the way you like it, huh?  
You're so good, he's just wishing he could bite it, huh? (say what what?)  
Never turn down money  
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-G-G-Y  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
(Blow) 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)

Songwriters

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