

# Beg For It (White Vox Club Mix)

Iggy Azalea

I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg  
Pulled up looking picture perfect, baby  
High price, but I'm worth it, baby  
Can't play with ya, I've been busy workin', baby  
Gettin' faded in a European swervin' ay  
Look, describe Iggy, groundbreaking what the word is  
Hit the stage, yeah, shake it like I'm nervous  
When in New York got me parking right on Madison  
This ain't no accident, I'm killing them on purpose  
I-G-G-Y, did she just have to do it baby  
Ride with me, fly livin', there ain't nothin' to it  
Now my waist slim, ass fat you gotta have it  
Get my bake on, cake long  
That's automatic I know you like the way I turn it on  
I'm out here with my friends  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it  
If you don't do this right, you're going home alone  
I guess you'll have to beg  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it  
P-p-pussy power, pay me by the hour  
I need me a Braveheart, can't deal with a coward  
I tell him if he ain't ballin', he should hit the showers  
If I peek and you lucky, baby, there's money hours  
All yellow gold on me, like I'm Trinidad, James  
Sittin' drop top wonderin' where the ceiling's at  
I know my old thang wanna bring the feeling back  
But I got a new thang, baby, I ain't feeling that  
Iggy Iggy Iggy, can't you see?  
That everybody wanna put their hands on me  
See I be on this money why your man on me?  
And I need another hand with all these bandz on me  
I know you like the way I turn it on  
I'm out here with my friends  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it  
If you don't do this right, you're going home alone  
I guess you'll have to beg  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it  
Get up out my face like who' you think you are  
Talking all this trash like blah-de-blah-de-blah  
(Oh eh oh) na ha (oh eh oh) na ha (oh eh oh)  
Get up out my face like who'd you think you are  
Make me wanna lay it like hi-di-hi-di-ha

(Oh eh oh) na ha (oh eh oh) na ha (oh eh oh) I know you like the way I turn it on  
I'm out here with my friends  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it  
If you don't do this right, you're going home alone  
I guess you'll have to beg  
I'mma make you beg, I'mma make you beg for it Oh boy, I'm like a drug  
If you want my love better smoke it up  
(Make you beg for it, I'mma make you beg for it)  
You can look, boy, but don't you touch  
If you want my love make me give a fuck  
(Make you beg for it, I'mma make you beg for it)

Songwriters

GEORGE ASTASIO, JASON ANDREW PEBWORTH, CHARLOTTE EMMA AITCHISON, AMETHYST  
AMELIA KELLY, KURTIS ISAAC MCKENZIE, JONATHAN CHRISTOPHER SHAVE, JON  
TURNER Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>