

JFK

Azealia Banks

First lady on the floor, move sexy in Dior
As we, go on and on and on from the dusk till the dawn
Fully vadin' on the song, it's a ball not a prom
Have a pour at the bar, at the promenade yo shorty lookin' gorge
The allure of a star
They applaud and in awe
The chips in her palm, what's a pigeon to a swan?
A queen to a pawn?
Luxury is on looking to explore, the Bambi on the lawn
Red carpet to the car, in a garment from the gods
I drips and Bogart you're a target from the start
Assassinate the look murdering the gown
Fashion-Killa, the body dipped in brown
Get the picture, nobody fit the crown
She's the winner, (in) the lobby with a smile!
Jet black weave bout the length of a mile
Jet black feet while I clever craft styles
Miss I'll flip this and dip-dip twaow!
Miss, I been this, you must've missed out
Dope when dressed up, ya boy strung out
His Girl is pressed, now behave, calm down
Sip on old grapes and be laid lounge
Baby you look late, come peep my now
Giving them good taste, the great's don't have
Mommy keep blaze, better get that cake
Shimmy it on stage, I'm giving them good face
Somebody on her page, somebody is amazed
It's just another day for the dame, just another day for the dame I am Miss Icon and I swore, I saw
A shade of green on ya and I took (I took)
Time to teach ya, taught an allure, allure
A la-dy you wasn't before
Finer, free, high-modern and more (and more)
You favor me, now how I adore ya!
Do you, dine or tea, Italian for two?
A day to be around here with you with you Grand champ, it's the bougie the handsome
Romance in advance, hit ya boo on her Samsung
Beach bunnies, from Aruba to Cancun
Ya bitch save money just to move with the anthem
So prepare my niggas, gourmet grape taste, we rare my niggas

He where? He wear flair, beware my niggas
You scared, you see-through, you clear my nigga
You boys Scooby and Doo, I'm really groovy and frost
You niggas cooped in a hoop, I'm Cooley High in the Porsche
I put these niggas on mute, to whom it may not concern
I got the bitch with the juice, you got the bitch with the germ
2Pac in the coup, west side with the herb
I got a flock of the hoots, a-list of the birds
White model the muse, Arizona the first
I took a trip from the Moon, to JFK for that work I am Miss Icon, I've seen you all of green
High-modern miss, I taught I'll teach you how to allure! Dine or Tea
Italian miss, I oughta meet ya darling, how finer free now how I adore ya!
I am Miss Icon, I've seen you all of green
High-modern miss, I taught I'll teach you how to allure! Dine or Tea
Italian miss, I oughta meet ya darling, how finer free now how I adore ya!

Songwriters

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