

Echelon (It's My Way)

Angel Haze

I'm in that new school G5 wagon
Color Komodo dragon
My bitch looks like she Jasmine
My nigga looks like Aladdin
NKOTB, bitch - all these bitches is has beens
I CPR'd the game and now all these bitches is gasping
I be on that other, nigga don't get me aggy
I'm Mrs. Fatality, endings do not be happy
These loser ass bitches know I never gotta stunt,
Talk behind my back cause they never in the front
Bitch, bow down, better give me what I want,
Feed me berries out in Paris while I'm counting my croissant
These bitches is awful and me I spit that gospel
That lyrical biblical holy ghost, Pentecostal
And bitch, don't run up on me
I give the fade to who want me
And you don't want that shade,
You better off where it's sunny
And I don't need no friends,
Bitch, I'm better off with my money
Just alert the fucking masses
And let 'em know that it's coming
Like I was wearing it first
I'm on that fuck what you say, it's my way
Fashion week, I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Bitch you know my money long
Everybody sing this song
I'm not even concerned
I'm on that fuck what you say, it's my way
Fashion week, I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Killing these motherfuckers
And shitting on all these haters I'm in that new school G5 wagon
Color Komodo dragon
Riding beside a baddie that only cares about fashion
I'm in that new school R8 Spyder
I'm not known as messiah
Riding beside a baddie that only wants to get higher

I'm in that brand new Murcielago
On my way out to Cabo
Riding beside a baddie
That's never once left Toronto I was wearing it first
I'm on that fuck what you say, it's my way
Fashion week, I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Bitch you know my money long
Everybody sing this song
I'm not even concerned
I'm on that fuck what you say, it's my way
Fashion week, I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Killing these motherfuckers
And shitting on all these haters Yo, I like to brag alone
Fuck dudes in rag and bone
Obsess over chicks who look like Mary Kate and Ashley clones
Helmut Lang and Philip Lim
Trashy bitch, in classy clothes
Pop that shit, then pop them pills
'Til I feel like a fancy drone
Never catch me at the club
I get high and dance alone
Bitch, I'm on that boss shit
On that upper echelon
Y'all niggas know what kind of x I'm on
Y'all bitches scared get your sweat shop on
And I'm running everything
With a mother fucking sprain
Watching the rest of y'all
Get your rest stops on I was wearing it first
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