

Wallace

Azealia Banks

Hot lava, hot lava
Hot high Lady Lucid, the city
What, what up? Rottweiler?
I might take ya to it, get ready

Friar flyer, Iâ€™™m the Nostra-dyme
And I say, say I says how do ya?
I cloud all day and night, outta sight
Iâ€™™m miss â€œso-highâ€• so I wore some eye wears and tie-dye
Alright, young blood, nice to know ya
Should give my name, if I think ya knew it already
What a brave design, what a time
Ay, Monsieur Iâ€™™m so live and so world-wide

If that's what you know, Wallace, I say yo
Come and talk to me, beam me up
When I reach that one, do you wild out?
I suppose I been hot in Europe, yep
Tel Aviv, Istanbul, Seoul, London, Tokyo
Dawn is Dusk to me, believe me yup
When I beat that drum boy, go
Wallace, I say yo
Come and talk to me, beam me up

He said it's just me MISS BANKS
A.K.A. NestlÃ©
A.K.A. Best He, ever had sex
He ever got licked, but he never got swallowed
Bitch you know that nigga in the Sugar-Pop lotto
He was on her Twitter, but he never got followed
Iâ€™™m a chin-up with that win I get the yen & pop bottles
And umm.. official with the hitter-hop, y'all know
Ocie-beachie bathing with that, that top model
And umm.. he already know what it does
I got hair for ya nigga, keep it deep in the fuzz
I chat-cheek-cheeky chickle, sip a giggly-grape
Yes I jiggle when I wiggle-shake it, shook up the bait
Best to get her mister, for ya best one do
The jet-setter with the pleasure and the wet pum-poom

The Black-Cherry on her tickle when her breast undo
Ya lick the left on ya gotta lick the right one too, nigga!

Yeah, I'm stylin, a starlet, a scene...
Carve a diamond tiara, pour tea...
One time for SeÃ±ora Cherry, Cherry!
Yeah, I'm lilac and laurel a tease
Youâ€™re a giant, I saw all your teeth
Rottweiler, letâ€™s barter letâ€™s see

Bow-Wow yippee-yo yippee-yay
Poochie, you big dog? Then bite for a taste!
Kitty in many cities, you licking for a lay?
Claiming the big ticket then pay what you say!
Benjiâ€™s and Euro-izzy, The Yin for the Yang
Touring the world Crazy Make Rottweiler gray
Bottles of Gold frizzy, sheâ€™s frosty and chaste
Dead doggy-dog belongs in the Grave

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