Fancy (CLBTS 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, owStill 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 likeI'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 blowWho 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
JONATHAN SHAVE, AMETHYST AMELIA KELLY, CHARLOTTE AITCHISON, JOHN TURNER, JASON PEBWORTH, GEORGE ASTASIO, KURTIS MCKENZIEPublished by
Lyrics Â© 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://damnlyrics.com/