

Atm Jam (Kaytranada Remix)

Azealia Banks

I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
You a bad ass bitch, a bad ass bitch
That thong get lost in the fat ass, bitch
I got racks, racks, racks 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
You a bad ass bitch, a bad ass bitch
That thong get lost in the fat ass, bitch
I got racks, racks, racks 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do Thank you darly
Buy the barry
I can admit I likes to party
I spent a grip
I swipes the cardy
When I heist, I'mma drips my pricey garmy
I'm the swami
Hyphy hip-cat
I'm "freaky-fit-that"
I could rr-ip-pap (rap)
Ice on her wrist like high-sophis-chat
When I dyke with a bitch, that's spicy! Get that! I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
You a bad ass bitch, a bad ass bitch
That thong get lost in the fat ass, bitch
I got racks, racks, racks 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do Ayo P. Do that freaky jam on the beat
Is you with that butter shit that, that bonne vie?
Did you divvy, did you double dig that?
That song sings- freaky deeky, whistle-wetter, slip that slit (that thong thing)
Hyphy-cheeky-cheddar-checker get her own cheese
That's a chicken w/ her head off
That's that bitch that won't be with her

Official with that with that whole steez
Flighty-fleety-feather-witch that whip that long weave niggaThey shootin' in the parking lot
Everybody get low
They shootin' in the parking lot
It ain't where you wanna go
Now standby soldier standby soldier
And work it with the motherfuckin' ass like I told ya
Standby soldier standby soldier
And work it with the motherfuckin' ass like I told yaI got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
I got racks, racks, racks, 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do
You a bad ass bitch, a bad ass bitch
That thong get lost in the fat ass, bitch
I got racks, racks, racks 'til the ATM jam
Tell me what you wanna do

Songwriters

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