

# A\$AP Rocky (ASAP Rocky), Fashion Killa (ft. Rih

Her pistol go, her pistol go, I said her pistol go  
Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a trendy nigga  
I said her pistol go, her pistol go, I said her pistol go  
Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a jiggy nigga

Rocking, rolling, swagging to the max  
My bitch a fashion killa, she be busy popping tags  
She got a lotta Prada, that Dolce and Gabbana  
I can't forget Escada, and that Balenciaga  
I'm sipping purple syrup, come be my Aunt Jemima  
And if you is a rider, we'll go shopping like ma?ana  
Her attitude Rihanna, she get it from her mama  
She jiggy like Madonna, but she trippy like Nirvana  
Cause everything designer, her jeans is Helmut Lang  
Shoes is Alexander Wang and her shirt the newest Donna  
Karan, wearing all the Cartier frames  
Jean Paul Gaultiers cause they match with her persona

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I see your Jil Sanders, Oliver Peoples  
Costume National, your Ann Demeulemeester  
See Visvim be the sneaker, Lanvin or Balmain  
Goyard by the trunk, her Isabel Marant  
I love your Linda Farrow, I adore your Dior  
Your Damir Doma, Vena Cava from the store  
I crush down with that top down, bossy see how I ride 'round  
Mami in that Tom Ford, Papi in that Thom Browne  
Rick Owens, Raf Simons, boy she got it by the stock  
She ball until she fall, that means she shop 'til she drop  
And Versace: got a lot, but she may never wear it  
But she save it so our babies will be flyer than their parents

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Scoop back tees, breeze in the coupe  
Smiling is your treasure, you're so well put together  
Bags and links, jeans and shoes  
Spikes and patent leathers, different fabrics mixed together  
You and me, me and you  
Go away together, we could get away forever  
All emotions clashing, thrashing, someone turn the light out  
I met my baby expressed my passion on my fashion night out

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