

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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