

Azealia Banks, Liquorice

Look, niggas really wanna beat they chests, for B-A-N-K-S
These niggas be gorillas for the pin-k flesh
These niggas be vanilla, the chips be legitimate
They just want the pumpernickel sis in the linens with em
So since you vanilla men spend, can my hot fudge bitches get with your vanilla friends?
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch, you know I'm looking for these niggas if these niggas is rich
I make hits, motherfucker, do you jiggle ya dick when ya bitch pop singing on the liquorice hit, ya k

Can I catch your eye sir?
Can I be what you like, yeah?
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your
Lady in my my color
Can I be your type, yeah?
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Tell me if you like your
Lady in my my color
Can I be your type, yeah?
I can set you right, woah
How are you tonight, sir?
All up in my life, oh
Hope you feel alright, yeah

Hey, I'm the Liquorice bitch, you know I'm looking for these niggas if these niggas is rich
Ya got creme for ya colors and a blue eye too
"Hi, I wanna get the number to ya 212 line, maybe we could slumber, we could woo woo woo!"
Why I don't do yay, but if you want to, fine
Your fantasy could get that pitch black
Cause it's gon' erupt when ya slip in betwixt that black snatch
Ya like blizzack-ker cat, ema-nem-manating where ya mizzat-mustache at?
Huh, I bet ya been extra gassed, bet ya really wanna touch up on the molasses ass
Bet ya really wanna tongue up on her kizzat today
Cause her kizzat sh-shaved, you wanna cuddle with ya bitch after, eh?
But I gotta dip I gotta get at the cake
Lotta scrilla to make, and the dick don't fuck up any scrillac for Banks
No issues picking money over ha-ha, ya beige in her
She just wanna see the best in Greece with some gentlemen and check these beats in the sun
He just wanna see the wet-wet weave when I'm swimmin' in the West Indies
Then I sit up and catch these breeze, sip a little bit of Rum & Ting, nigga

These bitches know that I be on that black girl shit
That black girl pin-up with that black girl dip
Put that black girl spin up on ya whack girl tip
Ain't official till it been up in that black girl kit
Pick out ya mans and attack real quick, I'ma hit him with that venom and that rap girl hip
I slip out the denims, know that black girl fit, get that Remy in a did and hit that black girl switch
Bitches better tan for the summer, and for the haters, quit that chit chat, and get ya paper
Quote the cinnamon, the cherry-melange bitch verbatim when I speak about ya face in the clam wi
Ya get that? And stimulate her
Take a lick up on my genital, then sit to savor
Do ya man's and his liquorice interest a favor

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