

Van Vogue

Azealia Banks

Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
Dolce crop top, my play close down
?? way downtown
Best dressed up, better, you best dressed down
Oh, it's me, fella, the banji gets out
All females fledge to bambi style
Light my wrist up, ??
Vamp me up, turn her down
Amp me up, sugar, it's like mm-ow
We got the good-good, the yum-yum, wow
Oh, it's so supple—the ass so round
Trust, there's no trouble, the king go down
Bust your bitch bubble, where's my crown
Banks, flame hot, Rapunzel style
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
If she ain't know, the bitch know now
It's the one, miss, the cunt is out
Flip the scripts, so your bitch ??
Did that first, but your bitch know now
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow
If she ain't know, the bitch know now
If she ain't know, the bitch know now

[Hook 1]

In that, you been did that, you been with that, you been-been that, bitch
But they all forget you when I spin this shit
Better dance for this and get your skin wet, bitch
???

Making plans to get your little ??'s dick
If she ain't legit you better send that witch
If the mens is rich, you better spend that chip
Better put that M-B, get that, get that banji
Bitch, you know you never looking pretty princey
Pretty princey, pretty pretty princey
Bitches wanna come and look at pretty AB
Pretty AB, pretty pretty AB
Damn, little bam, you could get it maybe
But these bitches always fronting like they in the A-Z
I'm just doing me but these bitches can't breathe

[Hook 2]

Gonna sip that sip, and hit that dip

Damn little bam, you a real bad bitch
When I twist that hip, and lick that lip
Damn, where ya man when she look like this
The men that rich, the rich that rich
Hands on the gram, better get that grip
If you built like this, you built like this
Dance with it, dance for me

[X2]

Oh, yo yo yo, these bottom ass bitches with these raggedy ass shoes
I see you, bitch. With your Pellegrino refund, I see you coming out of NYU
Spitting that refund check, getting fly rainbows and shit
Tryna' come out of Forever 21 stunting on me
Don't want to see none of your "whole foods" and shit
I see you, motherfucker. Let me get some of that kombucha drink, bitch
Let me get some...shit. I want some. I want some
You stepped it up. You not in McDonalds, you in Chipotle—fuck outta here!
Fuck outta here. So what, you know where the ?? spot at. You still aren't a rap bitch
And you tryna' stunt on me. Yeah, you out the hood. And yeah yeah yeah, so what
You out the hood now, I feel you. I feel you
They got government grants and shit like that that get you outta here
"Equal opportunity education" programs and shit that got you outta these streets
Now you up in there, you a freshman at UNCC, UNY, whatever, somewhere, studying some
shit about political science
And you tryna' do your shit on the side. And you downtown just closing
You won't ?? you having a good time. But when I see you, bitch, just light me up
You know it's me! Light me up. When I ask you, just light me up
You know me. Don't front now. Don't front now
Oh, yeah, "I don't smoke blunts no more. I don't smoke no blunts no more. Bamboo now."
You got on some white boys, I feel you! And now you don't wanna light me up when you see
me come through
We don't drink Henney no more? Oh, nah, you drinking ?? white wine. Wahahahah. White
wine, bitch, okay

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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