

Liquorice

Azealia Banks

Look, niggas really wanna beat they chest
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 pumpnickel 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 lookin for these niggas if these niggas is rich
I make hits muthafucka
Do you jiggle your dick when
Ya bitch pop singin on the liquorice hit, ya know
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 might color
Can I be your type, yeah?
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your
Lady in my might color
Can I be your type, yeah? I can set you right, woah
How are you tonight, sir?
I'm livin' my life, oh
Hope you feel alright, yeah
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch
You know I'm lookin for these niggas if these niggas is rich
He got creme for ya colors and a blue eye too
Hi, wanna get your number to your 212 line
Maybe we can slumber
We can w-w-w wine
I don't do yey but if you want to, fine
Your fantasy can get that pitch black
Cause it's gone erupt when ya slip in-betwixt that black snatch
Your like blizzak-ker or black-cat ema-nem-minatin
Where ya mizzat mustache at
Huh, I bet you been extra gassed
I bet you really wanna touch up on the molasses ass
I bet you really wanna tongue up on her kizzat today
Cause her kizzat s-shaved
You wanna cuddle with your bitch after, eh?
But I gotta dip

I gotta get at the cake
Lot of skrillic to make
And the dick don't fuck up any skrillic for Banks
No issues pickin money over, haha, ya beige in her
She just wanna see the best in Greece and 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 this breeze
Sip a little bit o' rum and ting
Nigga These bitches know that I be on my black girl shit
The black girl pin-up with that black girl dip
With that black girl spin up on ya wack girl tip
Ain't official til I been up in that black girl kit
And take out ya mans and attack real quick
I'm a hit em with that venom and that rap girl hip
I flip 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 your paper
Quote the cinnamon and cherry melange bitch verbatim
When I speak about your face in the clams with the flavors
You get that?
And stimulate her
Take a lick up on my genital
And sit to savor
Do ya mans and his liquorice interest a favor I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your
Lady in my might color
Can I be your type, yeah?
I can set you right, woah
How are you tonight, sir?
I'm livin' my life, oh
Hope you feel alright, yeah Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Who-ooo
Ooo-oo-ooo
Who-ooo
Who-ooo Can I hear it?

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

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