

Echelon (It's My Way)

Angel Haze

I'm in that new school G5 WAGON
Color komodo dragon
My bitch looks like she Jasmine
My nigga looks like Aladdin.

NKOTB, bitch
All these bitches is has beens
I CPR'd the game,
And now all these bitches is gasping.

I be on that other,
Nigga don't get me aggy.
I'm Mrs. Fatality
Endings do not be happy.

These lose as* bitches know
I never gotta stunt
Talk behind my back
Cause they never in the front.

Bitch bow down better
Give me what I want,
Feed me berries out in Paris,
While I'm counting my crossaint.

These bitches as awful
And me I spit that gospel.
Lyrical, biblical
Holy ghost, pentecostal

And bitch, don't run up on
I give the fade to who want me
And you don't want that shade,
You better off where it's sunny.

And I don't need no friends,
Bitch, I'm better off with my money.
Just alert the f*cking masses
And let em know that it's coming.

I was wearing it first
I'm on that f*ck what you say
It's my way
Fashion week
I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Bitch you know, my money long
Everybody sing this song.
I'm not even concerned
I'm on that f*ck what you say
It's my way
Fashion week
I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Killing these mother f*ckers
And sh*tting on all these haters.

I'm in that new school G5 WAGON
Color komodo dragon
Riding beside a baddie that
Only cares about fashion.

I'm in that new school R8 Spyder
I'm not known as Messiah
riding beside a baddie
That only wants to get higher.

I'm in that brand new Murcielago
On my way out to cabo
riding beside a baddie
That's never once left Toronto

I was wearing it first
I'm on that f*ck what you say
It's my way
Fashion week
I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Bitch you know, my money long
Everybody sing this song.
I'm not even concerned
I'm on that f*ck what you say
It's my way
Fashion week
I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Killing these mother f*ckers
And sh*tting on all these haters.

Yo, I like to brag alone
F*ck dudes, I'm rag and bone
Obsess over chicks who look like Mary Kate and Ashley clones
Helmut Lang & Philip Lim
Trashy bitch, in classy clothes

Pop that sh*t, then pop them pills
Til I feel like a fancy drone
Never catch me at the club
I get high and dance alone

Bitch, I'm on that boss sh*t
On that upper echelon
Yall niggas know what kind of X I'm on
Yall bitches scared get your sweat shop on.

And I'm running everything
With a mother f*cking sprain
Watching the rest of yall
Get your rest stops on.

I was wearing it first
I'm on that f*ck what you say
It's my way
Fashion week
I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Bitch you know, my money long
Everybody sing this song.
I'm not even concerned
I'm on that f*ck what you say

It's my way
Fashion week
I'm out here slaying
Dressed in like all the latest
Killing these mother f*ckers
And sh*tting on all these haters.

Everybody sing this song
Everybody sing this song
Everybody sing this song
Everybody sing this song