

# Fashion Killa

ASAP Rocky

Her pistol gold,  
Her pistol gold,  
I said her pistol gold,  
Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a trendy nigga  
I said her pistol gold,  
Her pistol gold,  
I said her pistol gold,  
Cause she a fashion killa, and I'm a jiggy nigga  
I said

Rockin', rollin', swaggin' to the max  
My bitch a fashion killa, she be busy poppin' tags  
She got a lotta Prada, that Dolce & Gabanna  
I can't forget Escada, and that Balenciaga  
I'm sippin' purple syrup, come be my Aunt Jemima  
And if you is a rider, we'll go shoppin' like mañana  
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  
Wearin' 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, boys 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 until 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  
I see bags and rings, jeans and shoes  
Spikes and patent leathers if the fabric makes you different  
You be me, me be you  
Go away together, we could get away forever  
All emotions clashing, thrashing, someone turned the light out  
I'm at my baby, stretched my passion, on my fashion night out

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