

Aquababe

Azealia Banks

These public pool, bitches
Ain't really mermaids
Private beach Malibu, nigga!
Weave up in the shade
How do you, follow figure?
Yeah, you that other wave
She party pretty
She party plenty
It's like everyday
I commence you film a picture
It's a fantasia
Get another, pitcher liquor
Off that tank of red
Okay, celebrate, let's celebrate
That aquababe, sashé
Boulevard, Runway
Bitches, witness bitches
They've been afraid
These nigga's bitches be bitches
They smellin' of fish and eggs!
She sell it bigger and bigger
Difference gave it all away
Seashells on my two ta-tas
See she got it up on display
Hooray!

We knockin'
Got it poppin' like a parade
Your opinion is just a option
Fucker what you say?
I'm looking like, I look like
Niggas look away
Is it a problem?
Clap 'em, clock 'em, blam 'em
Every chopper spray
The ball like Madden
The trunk clunkin' everyday
I see you don't want that
Rusty, rowdy type, ok?
Okay, okay, huh?
(Okay, okay, huh?)
(Okay, okay, huh?)
(Huh? Huh? Huh?)

Cinnamon, gentlemen
With that kind of taste?
I be killin' 'em, killin' 'em
Like murder everyday
When does it get
The ABs on display?
I hit you, spit you
Lift you, dip you
Get up out the way
The niggas is swank
My bitches is stank
All these chickens
Out for dollars

All they get is the franks
The linens is blank
The middle is pink
He gon put that snorkel on
We gon dip in the tank
I focused
I floated out the bluest ocean
This smash on your set, honey?
Get this shit in motion
Bitches seasick
These bitches be opposing
Bitches see me
Yes, these bitches be all open
You don't want it
No you don't really want it
I'm drownin' all on my haters
And surfin' the moment

(Swimming in all these people)
(Bitch, surfin' homies)
(Swimming in all these people)
(Bitch, surfin' homies)

The chitter-chatter
Don't really matter
You silly rabbit
That could get'cha
G-get'cha get'cha
Your carrot splattered
All linens, fabrics
I'm diving backwards
And livin' ravish
Aqua fancy
She get the fly shit
Then dip it back in

Ha, ha