

Fierce

Azealia Banks

Bambi, belle of the ball
Banji, better than them all
Never been a flaw
Pretty kitty manicure the claws, silly
Never been a draw
When I purr bet he wanna paw
Cause a stir when she on the floor
Giving it her all
Champagne always on the pour
Some happy, others can applaud
Bum bitches aggy, but of course
Mermaid coming on the shore
Take the prince crown and the coin
Shut it down then a bitch is gone
'Nother round of Dom Pérignon
Downtown vampin' to the song
Tiara on my head when it's worn
Style get the critics in amor
Physically shawty is the bomb
Whether blue weave or the blonde
Harlem or Milan
Banks break the bank and the bonds

I used to think I was fierce
'Cause I was in all the houses
I won trophies
I used to munch trade for dollars too
But see I'm fiercer now
'Cause I got a job, I got an education
And I got somebody waiting at home for me God damn it
Now one queen asked me the other day was it
She told me: "Miss Thing you think you're fierce? "
I said: "Of course"
She said "All queens think they're fierce"
I said: "Miss Thing, all queens and me! "

Bon appetit, I'm a feast for the eyes
The reason why I'm, in luxury designs
So chic, so ahead of time
Kunt queen, princess of the prize
Witness the baddest bitch alive
I'm reporting from the belly of the night
Gorgeous: plus the world is mine
A girl with a twirl and a rhyme
Diamonds and a pearl on the shine
Welcome to her house in the sky

The house, the house, work me the house

You pay ten dollars get in the ball
Work me the house, work me the house, work me the house
'Cause you pay ten dollars to get in the ball
Work me the house, work me the house, work me the house
'Cause you pay ten dollars get in the ball
The house, the house, work me the house
'Cause you pay ten dollars to in the ball
Work me the house, work me the house, work me the house

'Cause you pay ten dollars to get in the ball you mock?
The house, the house, the house, the house
Work me God damn it
Back at it 'gain
My only bad habit (s), my addiction to win
She only mad at it, did it better than her friends
You better have Cheddar to attend
Wang gown with leather on the trim
Get together with the slim
Mermaid who came on the swim
Wave to the gents
Do my dips and the spin
Turn tricks for the fucking ends?
You turned dick for the fucking gem?
You a bum bitch to the end
Come again, come again?
You running with the wrong sip, rum to the gin?
Bambi work it out like felons in a gym
Hey fella, f-fella I'm better than a ten
Eleven in the denim
About twelve in her skin
Young mademoiselle, the devil wears Prada
I'm giving them hell, you bitches getting nada