

## Wallace

Azealia Banks

Hot lava, hot lava  
Hot high Lady Lucid, the city  
What, what up? Rottweiler?  
I might take ya to it, get ready

Friar flyer, I'm the Nostra-dyme and I say, say I says how do ya?  
I cloud all day and night, outta sight  
I'm miss "so-high" so I wore some eye wears and tie-dye  
Alright, young blood, nice to know ya  
Should I give my name, if I think ya knew it already..  
What a brave design, what a time  
Ay, Monsieur I'm so live and so world-wide

If that's what ya know  
Wallace I say yo...  
Come and talk to me.. Beam me up  
When I reach that one do ya- wild out, I suppose  
I been hot in Europe yep  
Tel Aviv, Istanbul, Seoul. London, Toyko  
Dawn is Dusk to me... Believe it yep  
When I beat that drum boy, go  
Wallace, I say yo... Come and talk to me..  
Beam me up

He said it's just me Miss banks, a.k.a. Nestlé  
A.k.a. best he, ever had sex he  
Ever got licked, but he never got swallowed..  
Bitch you know that nigga in the sugar-pop lotto!  
He was on her Twitter, but he never got followed  
I'ma chin-up with that win, I get the yen and pop bottles!  
And um  
Official with the hitter-hop, y'all know -  
Ocie-beachie bathing with that, that top model and um..  
He already know what it does  
I got hair for ya nigga, keep it deep in the fuzz!  
I chat-cheek-cheeky chickle, sip a giggly-grape  
Yes I jiggle when I wiggle-shake it,, shook up the bait  
Best to get her mister, for ya best one do  
The jet-setter with the pleasure and the wet pum-poom  
The Black-Cherry on her tickle when her breast undo  
Ya lick the left one ya gotta lick the right one too, nigga!

Yeah, I'm styling a starlet a scene  
Carve a diamond tiara, pour tea  
One time for señora cherry, oh yeah  
Yeah, I'm lilac and laurel a tease...  
You're a giant, I saw all your teeth  
Rottweiler, let's barter let's see...

Bow-Wow yippee-yo yippee-yay  
Poochie, you big dog, then bite for a taste!  
Kitty in many cities, you licking for a lay  
Claiming the big ticket then pay what you say!  
Benji's and Euro-izzy, The Yin for the Yang  
Touring the world Crazy Make Rottweiler gray  
Bottles of Gold frizzy, she's frosty and chaste  
Dead doggy-dog belongs in the Grave

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