

Down South

Iggy Azalea

Looking up North, while you're touching down South (muah)
I say it where I want it so you taking it out
I'm going, going, going, going, going Down South
I'm going, going, going, going, going kiss that mouth
Kiss that muah muah muah
Went down the kiss...
This pink pussy got no lipstick...
More like lip gloss when it's sticky
Ain't no bitch bossin' like Iggy
I'm gettin' head with my shades on
He head over heels, he wake on
Got his face lookin' all painted on
When he done gettin' his taste on
But aint no returnin' this favor
When you get done put your name on this waver
Makin a statement bout how you ate this
Fittin'a put it and finna?
I'm givin' it to you no chaser
But this (meow) be wet on the rocks
Iggy do fades, and braids it really don't matter
This pussy gon' drip on them locks
That Hello Kitty; no pencil pouch
This pussy neat like it's stenciled out
I got his tongue shinin', call him Mr. Clean
It's like Listerine when he rinse it out
I got his girls callin' on missions now
When they say they mad 'cause they missin' out
But I'm very fine and his face is clogged
And he say he love it when he kissin' now

Jumpin' out the dam like a motherfuckin' laker hoe
Do me one favor, don't do me no favors
And I get 380 every time he 360s
Got my old dude calling, go my new dude with me
Startin' in the A then he lead me the Bay
Pit stop in Texas?
Ask him "baby, how it taste, I bet it taste good"
Pullin' out in slauson; I better taste hood
Got me like "yeah, I'm Gucci, Ferragamo, and Louis"
No department stores I'm in boutiques
If it ain't high class it don't suit me
Got that bubblicious; that chewy
Make your man act like a groupie
You like fruit then imagine I'm smoothie
Pussy Monster; give me that tunechi
Said he want a blow fish, I'm hoodie
Follow my legs to my booty
Self sufficient I do me
Broke hoes think I'm boujee
Moody... who me?
Why man? I'm rudie
So I drop the top on my two seat
While he roll his tongue on my tootsie

[Hook]