

Yo El Ray

Iggy Azalea

Four score
Lotta years ago
Fine aussie lady had a bad bitch
And she grew to be me
Fuck a dime, I'm a dollar
Katsuya lunch
Bitch dine at Kitana
Rattle, Dolce and Gabanna
Diapers killin' your expenses
Bottle's Hermes, bitch
If I burp that spit expensive
Wrong, kill a bitch with the heels
D.O.A when I step for realz
Ill, rap a ho in hole
This ain't whole, ot's just a drill
I'm on the stars
I'm gone no more more waitin
I know shit ain't fair
No chocolate bacon
Raping bars, I know
Throw that bitch in jail
Give a ho that L
Bout to roll that L. Thomas Westly
Iggy swelll
Pockets swell, overweight
Bank obese, plenty cake
I'm a grind till I erase
Decent work for decent pay
He might just beats, no, not Dre
I need that love like Christian Grey
TrapGold Queen, you hoes in a corner
Jet, jet, mansion, in that order, yes
Fuck it, Diplo, I need more
Don't need no drank
Don't need no smoke
Real white girl, I am the coke
I hang with white bitches
I roll with black bitches
I got them asians and them latins
In the trap bitches
Oh yeah, you rap bitches?
This shit a wrap bitches
My name be climbing up them poles
Make it clap bitches
Thought I was gone?
I'm here for ten mo'
It's pronounced "Iggy", bitch
And he is Diplo