

ASAP Rocky "Fashion Killa"

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Her pistol gold (her pistol gold)
Her pistol gold (her pistol gold)
I said her pistol gold (I said her pistol gold)
Cuz she a fashion killa and Iâ'm a trendy nigga

I said her pistol gold (her pistol gold)
Her pistol gold (her pistol gold)
I said her pistol gold (I said her pistol gold)
Cuz she a fashion killa and Iâ'm a jiggy nigga

I said
Rockin, rollin, swaggin to the max
My bitch a fashion killa, she be busy poppin tags
She got a lot of Prada, that Dolce & Gabbana
I can't forget Escada and that Balenciaga
Iâ'm sippin purple syrup, come be my Aunt Jemima
And if you is a rider, we go shoppin like manana
Her attitude Rihanna, she get it from her mama
She jiggy like Madonna, but she trippy like Nirvana
Cuz everything designer, her jeans is Helmut Lang
Shoes is Alexandra Wang, and her shirt the newest
Donna
Karan, wearin all the Cartier frames
Jean-Paul Gaultier's cuz they match with her persona

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I said see your Jill Sanders, Oliver Peoples
Costume national, your Ann Demeulemeester
See Visvim be the sneaker, Lanvin or Balmain
Goyard by the trunks, her Isabel Maront
I love your Linda Farrow, I adore your Dior
Your Damir Doma, Vena Cava from the store
I crash down with that top down

Boss, see how I ride around
Mami in that Tom Ford, Papi in that Thom Browne
Rick Owens, Raf Simmons, boy she got it by the stock
She ball until she fall that mean she shop until she drop
And Versace got a lot, but she may never wear it
But she save it so our babies will be flyer than their
parents

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Scoop back tees, breeze in the coupe
Smilin is your treasure you're so well put together
I see bags and rings, jeans and shoes
Spikes and patent leathers with the fabrics makes you
different
You and me, me and you
Go away together, we could get away forever
All emotions clashin thrashin someone turned the light
out
I met my baby, stretched my passion, on my fashion
night out

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