

Iggy Azalea

"Bac 2 Tha Future"

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Trapgold...

I got twenty racks in my new jeans
I got ten more in my blue jeans
I walk in, I'm turnt up
Pimp tight like I'm permed up
I heard broke b*tches talkin' like they rollin' like us
Man, these b*tches sound shermed up
And these b*tches be mad at us
Because these b*tches so down to f*ck
Claim that sh*t, I can bang that sh*t
F*ck me, f*ck a ten, I'ma train that b*tch
I hope you ain't wife that b*tch
Cause I know a couple homies that'll pipe that b*tch
Lights out, put you in a night gown b*tch
And your b*tch chose me because you walk out with
My ass sick and my drinks mixed
Say I'm sicker, say no sh*t
(?)
And all my flows they slow piff
Closed case, I'm killin' sh*t
Heard you flung, not feeling sh*t
My brand right and I'm on one and these b*tches don't
want none
These b*tches don't want none
(These b*tches don't want none)

I shine right cause I grind, b*tches hate, I don't mind
My heart tatted, I'm authentic it's clear to see it's my
time
[x4]

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