

Iggy Azalea

"Golddust"

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Chorus:

It's like golddust, you hear me coming through your speakers

You see me blogging off the always

I know you can't get enough of my sound

It's like golddust, you hear me coming through your speakers

You see me blogging off the always

I know you can't get enough of my sound

I'm blasting all your system, your new system, I missed it

I rather be like a disk jockey,

I'm winning the race like I fixed it

On the main course and the

Bitch, listen!

(I know you can't get enough of my sound)

Wait a minute, hitch! hold up, hold up, who you're talking to?

I get several thousand dollars everytime I'm walking through

And the fly words get it come to

And the waitress bought a light show is like

(Oh trust in him and come)

Gold and my gold chain

Gold medals, no second place, that silver shit just don't fit

And that brown shit, this ain't my taste!

Talking bad about you, that don't make sens

Cause you're way up in my right

..my verses turning to gold my back

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