

Iggy Azalea

"Millionaire Misfits"

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Yeah we finally on, tell the world on
Yeah we finally on, tell the world on
Tell the world we on, tell the world we on

That's the shit that I live for
That's the shit that I live for
That's the shit that I live for
Who we sent get real
Tell the world we on

We fucking like like a blessing, Aye Tip done made an investment
It's Hustle Gang till I'm resting
Plus I'm riding round and I'm flexin'
Hundred racks for a show runnin'
Broke bitches I blow hunnids
You ain't talkin bout no money
What you talking bout ho? nothing nothing
G.D.O.D. get dough or die we do
Powder blue Giuseppe's, Zannoti's, and Maserati coupes
To all my bitches that's pretty and got a body too:
Tell 'em throw that dough in the air
And go catch an alley-ooop

I said we kick shit, big shit, million dollar misfits
Million dollar misfits, million dollar misfits
We kick shit, big shit, million dollar misfits
Million dollar misfits, million dollar misfits
Yea we finally on (That's the shit that I live for)
Tell the world we on
Yeah we finally on(That's the shit that I live for)
(That's the shit that I live for)
Tell the world we on (That's the shit that I live for
Who ain't stuntin'? Get real, ho)

I said I said I said I hop in the coupe
Then I throw up the deuce
I take my city every where I go
And that A hat salute
You see it's hustle gang bang bang bang

My niggas we too hard you can't hang
Ain't no candidates round here but this be that
murder business campaign
See I roll up the ciggy, burning donuts with Iggy
Anywhere we land on the globe, we the hottest shit in
yo city
Your woman know when we coming she gon' pop up
any minute
She poppin ass, poppin pillies
Might cop a Porsche pop a wheelie

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Okay shinin' all I know, and ballin' all I do
Stack the millions winter, spring, and summer, fall I do
Falling through, you saw my crew
We red carpet ready, Bitch, you say you are at 2?
Dead fresh, like we woke up on the runway
Bad bitch, body bangin like thumbplay
Red bottoms no high tops roll sick drops
No Hyundai I'm dumb paid
Dumb sluts couldn't get three stacks out of Andre..
They ask me what I want, I ask em what you got
Everything private plane multi million dollar yacht
Got that off my hand the mansion
On my way to Cabo, riding suicidal condos
Get money by the fallows

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