

Lana Del Rey

"Noir"

Visit "[Noir](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Walking is an art, so is my body
Papi is a workaholic, I'm his little party

I'm Miss Parlor-Tricks, sips above the 'cardi
I can make you dope, sick from the naughtiness
He says "who's the best?" You is!

I'm glamorous famous
Notorious dangerous but you're crazy

I'm gonna leave you
He said "you're not a real girl
You're like a cartoon
All caught up in this fame game
Yo, good luck, good luck, good luck
May all the stars in the sky
Bow down to you, we're through"

You gotta be smart and I'm a little smarty
Papi is a gangsta, I'm his little dolly
Party favor favorite of them all
He says "baby Dolly's so sick"
Sick off your naughtiness

Let's go to Vegas
He say "who's the best?"
He said "she is, she is but, yo
She crazy like in every single way
Like a hurricane
You gotta get out of the way
But she's hot, and she's cold
And she's cool and she's bold
And she's full of rage like me
And I like the game, yo"

Cause I'm glamorous I'm famous

Notorious dangerous but I'm crazy, yo
Glamorous dangerous
Notorious but famous but I'm crazy

He's gonna hate me
He wants a real girl
I'm like a cartoon
All caught up in this fame game
Yo, good luck, good luck
He said "we're through"

Visit [Lana Del Rey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.