

## Azealia Banks "Liquorice"

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Look, niggas really wanna beat they chest  
For B.A.N.K.S.  
These niggas be gorillas for the pin-k flesh  
These niggas be vanilla the chips be legitimate  
They just want the pumpernickel sis in the linens with  
em  
So since you vanilla men spend  
Can my hot-fudge bitches get with your vanilla friends?  
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch  
You know I'm lookin for these niggas if these niggas is  
rich  
I make hits muthafucka  
Do you jiggle your dick when  
Ya bitch pop singin on the liquorice hit, ya know  
Can I catch your eye sir?  
Can I be what you like, yeah?  
I could be the right girl  
Tell me if you like your  
Lady in my my colour  
Can I be your type, yeah?  
I could be the right girl  
Tell me if you like your  
Lady in my my colour  
Can I be your type, yeah?  
I can set you right, woah  
How are you tonight, sir?  
All up in my life, oh  
Hope you feel alright, yeah  
Hey, I'm the liquorice bitch  
You know I'm lookin for these niggas if these niggas is  
rich  
He got creme for ya colour and a blue eye too  
Hi, wanna get your number for your 212 line?  
Maybe we can slumber  
We can woo woo woo  
Why, I don't do yay' but if you want to, fine  
Your fantasy can get that pitch black  
Cause it's gone erupt when ya slip in-betwixt that black  
snatch  
Your like blizzak-ker-black-cat ema-nem-minatin  
Where ya mizzat mustache at [?]  
Huh, I bet you been extra gassed

I bet you wanna touch up on the molasses ass  
I bet you really wanna tongue up on her kizzat is  
shaved  
Cause her kizzat s-shaved  
You wanna cuddle with your bitch after, eh?  
But I gotta dip  
I gotta get at the cake  
Lot of skrillac to make  
And the dick don't fuck up any skrillac for Banks  
No issues pickin money over, haha, ya beige in her  
She just wanna see the best in Greece and some  
gentlemen  
And check these beats in the sun  
He just wanna see the wet wet weave  
When I'm swimmin in the West Indies  
Then I sit up and catch this breeze  
Sip a little rum and ting  
Niggas  
These bitches know that I be on my black girl shit  
The black girl pin-up with that black girl dip  
With that black girl spin up on ya wack girl tip  
Ain't official til I been up in that black girl kit  
And put out ya mans and attack real quick  
I'm a hit em with that venom and that rap girl hip  
I flip out the denims know that black girl fit  
Get that Remy in a did and hit that black girl switch  
Bitches better tan for the summer  
And for the haters,  
Quit that chit-chat and get your paper  
Quote the cinnamon and cherry melange bitch  
verbatim  
When I speak about your face in the clams with the  
flavors  
You get that?  
And stimulate her  
Take a lick up on my genital  
And sit to savour  
Do ya mans and his liquorice interest a favor  
I could be the right girl  
Tell me if you like your  
Lady in my my colour  
Can I be your type, yeah?  
I can set you right, woah  
How are you tonight, sir?  
All up in my life, oh  
Hope you feel alright, yeah  
Who-ooo  
Who-ooo  
Who-ooo  
Who-ooo  
Who-ooo

Ooo-oo-ooo  
Who-ooo  
Who-ooo  
Can I hear it?

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