

Azealia Banks "Succubi"

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Since fantasia quenchin' your thirst,
They want the mermaid bitch to water they'd verse
These bitches is bad, the ab is worse,
These bitches is sad, but lately it works.
I'm crazy with math, add me your purse
Plus you a hearse, minus that church.
You dead on the first, divide from your jerks
Supplier for work.
Fishscale, seaweed get 'em higher than church
Taste meat,
Saliva to squirt,
Hot lava
I'm reppin' the burst
Ain't no bitch been better than birth
The luxury witch, galliano the skirt.

From today I reign, tomorrow it's her's
Pardon my curve, these basic niggas rattle my nerve,
I battle the bird, a harlem girl
Flip 'em
Bag 'em and sell
These niggas snitches, tattle or tale.
Watch where you dwell, these niggers bitches
Hair braided with gel, the pussy I smell
Why these niggers push me? I get spooky as hell
You local fucker,
I'm kooky with spells
These niggas suckas, be groupies as hell.
Comment my hair, comment my nails.
This nigga's a girl, you want diamonds and pearls?
Designer clothes, attention and stares?

You're a man though, why would you care?
(Boy) you're not a fan though, cool off my am
My man ho, come jones on this dildo while I pull on your
hair, yeah
Look at this queer
His booty prepared, your uzi is where?

Liar liar, never fuckin' fire fire
Here's a reminder, hymen
Tru life, stole all your chains? (yes)

Max b, wrote all your flames? (yes)
Montana, road all your wave? (bet)
Killa, called you a lame
It takes a harlem bitch to execute a harlem bitch,
You pop shit, I pop shit,
No problem bitch

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