

## Azealia Banks

### "The Chill\$"

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Imma pay check checka, homewrecka  
Somethin' like an open panel leather in cold weather  
with no sweater  
No cheddar is no pleasure  
He won't even get to eat the box if it gets wetter  
See an opportunity to hop if the chips better  
But I ain't a fat bitch, I'mma go getta  
Let a chick come to war, I'mma go get her  
And feed her ass to my bitches like old dinner  
Right off the bat I got ya nigga pullin' shit outta hat  
Cuz I can look em in the face while I'm arching my back  
Check his microphone  
Suck the gristle off his bone  
Like tryna quence a thirst to get your hands on his  
phone  
That I don't condone  
He's fucked up he ain't right  
And a bitch is prone to to lay back and take pipe  
Fuck the drama I'm too pretty for a fist fight  
Keep my money comin' and I keep all of my lips tight

Chorus

Peter Bjorn and John:  
Your tonque is sharp  
But I miss the taste of it  
(They be puttin' up the digits  
If he if he wanna hit it  
If he if he wanna hit it  
If he if he wanna hit it)

You say time heals  
There's not enough of it  
(be puttin' up the digits  
If he if he wanna hit it  
If he if he wanna hit it  
If he if he wanna hit it)

I be takin' brothes cousins uncles like the war in Iraq  
I eat his cabbage like a savage then I'm sending it back  
To his wife you ain't a lot of oxygen in his wallet  
If you tryna fuck with Banks you better make a deposit

I be herpin' niggas early like they tryna cop Supreme hats  
But I do switch up for the buck like homie let me see that  
Always strap up for the fuck he could be where disease at  
And a dude like us he can touch but I ain't tryna conceive that  
You got them demons in you semen Nigga keep that  
One drop of that white stuff can severly fuck my life up  
And you know I keep my site up  
And all I see is fatty  
No I don't need no babies and no wabbies in my belly  
Adoption ain't an option; strap up or pack up  
Try somethin' slick and get your dick hacked up  
So you can either hit the door in peace  
Or watchin' me hit the floor in pieces, believe this

#### Chorus

Peter Bjorn and John:  
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Pussy be the x, but I don't pop pills  
I put it on his top lip like "Got milk?"  
Wetter than the sea a nigga need gills  
The type of shit that make a nigga wanna pay bills  
Next thing you know he got me written in his will  
And I'm wating on the day that I can come off with the mill  
Niggas offer my shit like they all a bunch of Buddhists  
But I ain't a golddigger  
I'm a fuckin' opportunist

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