

# Van Vogue

## Azealia Banks

Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow  
Dolce crop top, my play close down  
?? way downtown  
Best dressed up, better, you best dressed down  
Oh, it's me, fella, the banji gets out  
All females fledge to bambi style  
Light my wrist up, ??  
Vamp me up, turn her down  
Amp me up, sugar, it's like mm-ow  
We got the good-good, the yum-yum, wow  
Oh, it's so supple—the ass so round  
Trust, there's no trouble, the king go down  
Bust your bitch bubble, where's my crown  
Banks, flame hot, Rapunzel style  
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow  
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow  
If she ain't know, the bitch know now  
It's the one, miss, the cunt is out  
Flip the scripts, so your bitch ??  
Did that first, but your bitch know now  
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow  
Bang, pop, pop, this thing go pow  
If she ain't know, the bitch know now  
If she ain't know, the bitch know now  
[Hook 1]  
In that, you been did that, you been with that, you been-been that, bitch  
But they all forget you when I spin this shit  
Better dance for this and get your skin wet, bitch  
???  
Making plans to get your little ??'s dick  
If she ain't legit you better send that witch  
If the mens is rich, you better spend that chip  
Better put that M-B, get that, get that banji  
Bitch, you know you never looking pretty princey  
Pretty princey, pretty pretty princey  
Bitches wanna come and look at pretty AB  
Pretty AB, pretty pretty AB  
Damn, little bam, you could get it maybe  
But these bitches always fronting like they in the A-Z  
I'm just doing me but these bitches can't breathe  
[Hook 2]  
Gonna sip that sip, and hit that dip

Damn little bam, you a real bad bitch  
When I twist that hip, and lick that lip  
Damn, where ya man when she look like this  
The men that rich, the rich that rich  
Hands on the gram, better get that grip  
If you built like this, you built like this  
Dance with it, dance for me

[X2]

Oh, yo yo yo, these bottom ass bitches with these raggedy ass shoes  
I see you, bitch. With your Pellegrino refund, I see you coming out of NYU  
Spitting that refund check, getting fly rainbows and shit  
Tryna' come out of Forever 21 stunting on me  
Don't want to see none of your "whole foods" and shit  
I see you, motherfucker. Let me get some of that kombucha drink, bitch  
Let me get some...shit. I want some. I want some  
You stepped it up. You not in McDonalds, you in Chipotle—fuck outta here!  
Fuck outta here. So what, you know where the ?? spot at. You still aren't a rap bitch  
And you tryna' stunt on me. Yeah, you out the hood. And yeah yeah yeah, so what  
You out the hood now, I feel you. I feel you  
They got government grants and shit like that that get you outta here  
"Equal opportunity education" programs and shit that got you outta these streets  
Now you up in there, you a freshman at UNCC, UNY, whatever, somewhere, studying some  
shit about political science  
And you tryna' do your shit on the side. And you downtown just closing  
You won't ?? you having a good time. But when I see you, bitch, just light me up  
You know it's me! Light me up. When I ask you, just light me up  
You know me. Don't front now. Don't front now  
Oh, yeah, "I don't smoke blunts no more. I don't smoke no blunts no more. Bamboo now."  
You got on some white boys, I feel you! And now you don't wanna light me up when you see  
me come through  
We don't drink Henney no more? Oh, nah, you drinking ?? white wine. Wahahahah. White  
wine, bitch, okay  
Next

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