

Liquorice

Azealia Banks

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 might color
Can I be your type, yeah?
I could be the right girl
Tell me if you like your
Lady in my might color
Can I be your type, yeah? I can set you right, woah
How are you tonight, sir?
I'm livin' 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 colors and a blue eye too
Hi, wanna get your number to your 212 line
Maybe we can slumber
We can w-w-w wine
I don't do yey 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 or black-cat ema-nem-minatin
Where ya mizzat mustache at
Huh, I bet you been extra gassed
I bet you really wanna touch up on the molasses ass
I bet you really wanna tongue up on her kizzat today
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 bit o' rum and ting
 Nigga 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 take 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 savor
 Do ya mans and his liquorice interest a favor I could be the right girl
 Tell me if you like your
 Lady in my might color
 Can I be your type, yeah?
 I can set you right, woah
 How are you tonight, sir?
 I'm livin' 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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