

# Angel Haze, Echelon (It's My Way)

I'm in that new school G5 WAGON  
Color komodo dragon  
My bitch looks like she Jasmine  
My nigga looks like Aladdin.

NKOTB, bitch  
All these bitches is has beens  
I CPR'd the game,  
And now all these bitches is gasping.

I be on that other,  
Nigga don't get me aggy.  
I'm Mrs. Fatality  
Endings do not be happy.

These lose ass bitches know  
I never gotta stunt  
Talk behind my back  
Cause they never in the front.

Bitch bow down better  
Give me what I want,  
Feed me berries out in Paris,  
While I'm counting my crossaint.

These bitches as awful  
And me I spit that gospel.  
Lyrical, biblical  
Holy ghost, pentecostal

And bitch, don't run up on  
I give the fade to who want me  
And you don't want that shade,  
You better off where it's sunny.

And I don't need no friends,  
Bitch, I'm better off with my money.  
Just alert the fucking masses  
And let em know that it's coming.

I was wearing it first  
I'm on that fuck what you say  
It's my way  
Fashion week  
I'm out here slaying  
Dressed in like all the latest  
Bitch you know, my money long  
Everybody sing this song.  
I'm not even concerned  
I'm on that fuck what you say  
It's my way  
Fashion week  
I'm out here slaying  
Dressed in like all the latest  
Killing these mother fuckers  
And shitting on all these haters.

I'm in that new school G5 WAGON  
Color komodo dragon  
Riding beside a baddie that  
Only cares about fashion.

I'm in that new school R8 Spyder  
I'm not known as Messiah

riding beside a baddie  
That only wants to get higher.

I'm in that brand new Murcielago  
On my way out to cabo  
riding beside a baddie  
That's never once left Toronto

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Yo, I like to brag alone  
Fuck dudes, I'm rag and bone  
Obsess over chicks who look like Mary Kate and Ashley clones  
Helmut Lang & Philip Lim  
Trashy bitch, in classy clothes

Pop that shit, then pop them pills  
Til I feel like a fancy drone  
Never catch me at the club  
I get high and dance alone

Bitch, I'm on that boss shit  
On that upper echelon  
Yall niggas know what kind of X I'm on  
Yall bitches scared get your sweat shop on.

And I'm running everything  
With a mother fucking sprain  
Watching the rest of yall  
Get your rest stops on.

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Everybody sing this song /4x