

Iggy Azalea, Money Come

Bounce, come on, bounce
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Have you ever seen five bad bitches at your door? (Door)
All black masks like a fuckin' luchador ('Dor)
Bitch, I'm still up for whoever keepin' score
Tell 'em run it, tell 'em run it till their legs get sore (Get sore)
Covered in Givenchy, smellin' like a bando
Say my pussy magic, he call my shit Orlando
My baby think I'm Costco, he just want a sample
Put him on his knees and gave him more than he could handle
Say you gonna run up on who? I need proof (Proof)
These bitches pussies, their mouths are too loose
Still know some neighbourhood boys who can shoot
I can put it on your head and they can put you on the news (Woo-woo)
Pussy so wet, he need an anchor (Woo-woo)
Where that bitch talkin' shit? I wanna thank her (Woo-woo)
'Cause even though I don't fuck with you hoes
All the hatin' kept my eyes on the money like a banker (Woo-woo)

Come, baby, come, baby, money make me come (Bounce, come on, bounce)
Come, baby, come, baby, money make her come (Bounce, come on, bounce)
Keep my name out your mouth if you can't give me some (Bounce, come on, bounce)
Keep her name out your mouth if you can't give her some (Bounce, come on, bounce)
Come, baby, come, baby, can you make me come? (Bounce, come on, bounce)
Come, baby, come, baby, I can make you come (Bounce, come on, bounce)
Can you hit it till I feel it in my tummy-tum-tum? (Bounce, come on, bounce)
I can hit it till you feel it in your tummy-tum-tum (Bounce, come on, bounce)

Okay, so you wanna play rough, I'm reloaded
Okay, either get up off my clit or deep throat it
Y'all hoes out here workin' my nerves
Time to terminate a bird like a two-week notice
Mad I'm in my bag, but they sing my hits (Sing my hits)
If I had one, I'd tell y'all to suck my dick (Suck my dick)
Who you a bitch and you a bitch, check the fit, peep the drip
Check the score, we up six, put in work, never quit
MC Hammer, too legit, I'ma treat you like a trick
Throw that ass, I'ma make 'em throw it up, no bib
Still with them bougie-ass bitches who can shoot
I can put it on your head and they can put you on the news (Woo-woo)
Shout out all the haters goin' cuckoo (Woo-woo)
'Cause I'm on that money train like choo-choo (Woo-woo)
He wanna stick it in my body like voodoo (Woo-woo)
'Cause the money make the kitty go woo-woo

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Bad bitches to the front (Bad bitches to the front)
Broke boys to the side (Broke boys to the side)
If I tell that boy, "Jump" (If I tell that boy, "Jump")
He better ask, "How high?" (He better ask, "How high?")
Bad bitches to the front (Bad bitches to the front)
Broke boys to the side (Broke boys to the side)
And if I tell that boy, "Jump" (Jump, jump)

He better ask, "How high?" (Woo)

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