

A\$AP Rocky, Fashion Killa

[Chorus]

Her pistol go...
(Doot-doot-doot, bang-bang, boom-boom, pop-pop)
Her pistol go...
(Doot-doot-doot, bang-bang, boom-boom, pop-pop)
I said her pistol go...
(Doot-doot-doot, bang-bang, boom-boom, pop-pop)
'Cause she a fashion killer, and I'm a trendy nigga
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'Cause she a fashion killer, and I'm a jiggy nigga
Uh, I said

[Verse 1]

Rocking (Uh), rolling (Uh)
Swagging to the max (Woo)
My bitch a fashion killer, she be busy poppin' tags (Alright)
She got a lot of Prada (Uh)
That Dolce and Gabbana (Uh)
I can't forget Escada (Uh)
And that Balenciaga (Yeah)
I'm sippin' purple syrup (Yeah)
Come be my Aunt Jemima (Right)
And if you is a rider, we'll go shoppin' like mañana (Right)
Her attitude Rihanna (Uh)
She get it from her mama (Yeah)
She jiggy like Madonna, but she trippy like Nirvana (Woo)
'Cause everything designer (Yeah)
Her jeans is Helmut Lang (Uh)
Shoes is Alexander Wang and her shirt the newest Donna
Karan (Yeah)
Wearin' all the Cartier frames
Jean Paul Gaultiers 'cause they match with her persona

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

I said I see your Jil Sanders (Uh)
Oliver Peoples (Yeah)
Costume National, your Ann Demeulemeester (Alright)
See Visvim be the sneaker (Uh)
Lanvin or Balmain (Uh)
Goyard by the trunk (Uh)
Her Isabel Marant (Alright)
I love your Linda Farrow, I adore your Dior (Uh)
Your Damir Doma (Uh)

Vena Cava from the store (Uh)
I crush down with that top down (Yeah)
Bossy see how I ride 'round (Yeah)
Mami in that Tom Ford
Papi in that Thom Browne (Uh)
Rick Owens, Raf Simons, boy, she got it by the stock (Uh)
She ball until she fall, that means she shop until she drop (Uh)
And Versace, got a lot (Uh)
But she may never wear it
But she save it so our babies will be flyer than their parents and...

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[Bridge]
Scoop back tees (Uh)
Breeze in coupe (Uh)
Smiling is your treasure, you're so well put together (Yeah, alright)
Bags and links (Uh)
Jeans and shoes (Yeah)
Spikes and patent leathers, different fabrics mixed together
Baby, you and me (Uh)
Me and you (Yeah)
Go away together, we could get away forever (Yeah)
All emotions clashing, thrashing, someone turn the light out
I met my baby expressed my passion on my fashion night out

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