

# Iggy Azalea, Bac 2 Tha Future (My Time)

(Trap Gold)

I got twenty racks on my new jeans  
I got ten more in my blue jeans  
I walk in then I turn up  
Pimp tight liked I'm permed up  
I heard broke bitches talkin' like they rollin' like us  
Man, these bitches sound shermed up  
And these bitches be mad at us  
Because these bitches so down to fuck

Claim that shit  
I can bang that shit  
Fuck me, fuck a ten,  
I'mma train that bitch  
I hope you ain't wife that bitch  
Cuz I know a couple homies that'll pipe that bitch  
Lights out  
Put you in a night gown  
And your bitch chose me because you walk out with  
My ass sick and my drinks mixed  
Say I'm sicker say no shit  
And all my flows...  
Closed case, I'm killin' shit  
Heard you flung, not feeling shit  
My brand right and I'm on one and these bitches don't want none  
(These bitches don't want none)

I shine right cuz I grind, bitch hated on mine  
My heart tatt'd, I'm authentic it's clear to see it's my time  
/4x