

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 tatted, I'm authentic it's clear to see it's my time
/4x