

Cinnamon breath scorches her cigarette
She had a benz take her straight from her flat to lafayette
Couldn't forget the look of her silhouette
In all black with a little red roulette
An independent woman, no ones seen her bedroom
No getting in the way of her agenda or schedules
Cuz lifes one big appointment
With no boyfriend she can't be disappointed
She thinks its all pointless, she spits fire and poison
When you know that you're royal you ignore all other voices
But I'll make mine cut through
And ill show her exactly what I've been up to
I've seen a lot, all seas every dock
Every mountain, every top, all cities all stops

Cause she a trust fund baby
Ain't never work a day in her life
After one night bringin' that home with me
Might have to make her my wife
Cause she a trustfund baby
Walking around with her nose in the air
Got those high heels on
Spending Daddy's credit card
I'm hoping I can have her share

Nothing but designer on so everyone can read her
Always had her clique on her side, a lying leader
Don't act thirsty, excited or eager
Been there, done that, London, loved that
Other peoples secrets come from in between her lips
Chanel around the wrist, can tell she's used to it
She's a certified master of a spiteful craft
Imma let her walk down that psychopath
Plenty bad habits, never thinks about it
Always acts dramatic, lives to be distracted
B attitude provides attraction, slain another dragon
Hate it or love it let it happen
Needs a partner in crime girl lets conquer manhattan

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