

Bridgertn

Ayra Starr

(Ayra)

Saturday morning taking a shot
Fly with my homies like I'm dipped in sauce
I'm used to ghosting, I ghost a lot
Them Gs in Polo, they cap a lot
Melody swing like Tarzan, yeah
They be flying, they be wild
Every word a work of art, yeah
Like Da Vinci, I got Gucci
Like Da Vinci, I got Gucci, yeah

I'm the queen, bow down
Got opal in my grills
My eyes, my cash
Broke all the stereotypes
I make my rules
I break all of your rules (Your rules)

Yeah, I'm lit like that
I got rich like that
I got my homies
Y'all wanna be me
Bitch, I'm lit like that
I sip tea like that
I'm really holy
But I'm insane
Yeah, I'm lit like that
(I'm lit like that, I'm lit like that, I'm lit like that, I'm lit like that,
yeah, yeah)
Bitch, I'm lit like that
(Bitch, I'm lit like that, bitch, I'm lit like that
Bitch, I'm lit like that, bitch, I'm lit like that, yeah, yeah)

Walk through the city in Fendi jeans as angels follow me
Ivy boots step on your toes with no apologies
Flex of being rich, you got a lot of enemies
Lie say you no dey feel all these crazy melodies
I'm a boss, I got the sauce
Twerk on my throne
In my city I take control
I'm in Vogue, I write your rules
If you fuck up then my guards will come for you
Yodel ay hee hoo

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