

First lady on the floor, move sexy in Dior  
As we, go on and on and on from the dusk till the dawn  
Fully vampin' on the song, it's a ball not a prom  
Have a pour at the bar, at the promenade- yo shorty lookin' gorge  
The allure of a star  
They applaud and in awe...  
The chips in her palm, what's a pigeon to a swan?  
A queen to a pawn?  
Luxury is on looking to explore, the Bambi on the lawn  
Red carpet to the car, in a garment from the gods  
I drips and Bogart - you're a target from the start  
Assassinate the look - murdering the gown  
Fashion-Killa, the body dipped in brown  
Get the picture, nobody fit the crown  
She's the winner, (in) the lobby with a smile!  
Jet black weave bout the length of a mile  
Jet black feet while I clever craft styles  
Miss I'll flip this and dip-dip twaow!  
Miss, I been this, you must've missed out  
Dope when dressed up, ya boy strung out...  
His Girl is pressed, now behave, calm down  
Sip on old grapes and be laid lounge...  
Baby you look late, come peep my now  
Giving them good taste, the great's don't have  
Mommy keep blaze, better get that cake  
Shimmy it on stage, I'm giving them good face...  
Somebody on her page, somebody is amazed...  
It's just another day for the dame, just another day for the dame

I am Miss Icon and I swore, I saw...  
A shade of green on ya and I took (I took)  
Time to teach ya, taught an allure, allure...  
A la-dy you wasn't before..  
Finer, free, high-modern and more (and more)  
You favor me, now how I adore ya!  
Do you, dine or tea, Italian for two?  
A day to be around here with you.. with you

(Hey!)

Grand champ, it's the bougie - the handsome  
Romance in advance, hit ya boo on her Samsung  
Beach bunnies, from Aruba to Cancun  
Ya bitch save money just to move with the anthem  
So prepare my niggas, gourmet grape taste, we rare my niggas  
He where? He wear flair, beware my niggas  
You scared, you see-through, you clear my nigga  
You boys Scooby and Doo, I'm really groovy and frost  
You niggas cooped in a hoop, I'm Cooley High in the Porsche  
I put these niggas on mute, to whom it may not concern...  
I got the bitch with the juice, you got the bitch with the germ  
2Pac in the coup, westside with the herb  
I got a flock of the hoots, a-list of the birds  
White model the muse, Arizona the first  
I took a trip from the Moon, to JFK for that work

I am Miss Icon, I've seen you all of green, high-  
modern miss, I taught - I'll teach you how to allure!

Dine or Tea, Italian miss, I oughta meet ya darling, how finer free now how  
I adore - ya!