## Iggy Azalea

## Lola

Loaded gun, that's how she feels Hard as stone, she aims to kill She hides her fears and burns it all You can't get even, you'll be lost

I'm saying, "Hey, Lola!" She can get a little jealous Oh, loca She can be a drama But her soul is pure Drowns in tears but keeps on shining Just keep on shining Oh, Lola, Lola, hey

I love drama and rumors I like talking my shit Can't stop cuttin' people off Get my scissors, lil' bitch I just keep laughin' at your pain, no novacane Need a padded room and chains, I'm out my brain Might need a straight jacket 'Cause all my thoughts are doin' backflips Look, I'm pretty, I'm petty, I pop like confetti 'Cause shit can get deadly, so don't make me jelly I been on my worse, I let bridges burn You hoes never learn you scared go to church Don't open your mouth, I'm a jawbreaker Been in car chases, I'm a lawbreaker I'm insane, might regret it later But don't you love my bad behavior? (Yeah)

You love how I hold grudges Might throw some punches But you're not judging I'm your psycho You love how I talk crazy then call you baby No, you can't tame me I'm your type, so

I'm saying, "Hey, Lola!" She can get a little jealous Oh, loca She can be a drama But her soul is pure Drowns in tears but keeps on shining Just keep on shining Oh, Lola, Lola "Hey, Lola!" She can get a little jealous Oh, Loca She can be a drama But her soul is pure Drowns in tears but keeps on shining Just keep on shining Oh, Lola, Lola

I'm an angel and a demon Happy when I act the meanest I think like all my nights are sleepless This feels like paradise and dreamin' He said, "Lola girl, you're evil'' Well, maybe you the reason Found my lover, it's killing season Might choke you 'til you barely breathin', look I'm Loca, la Vida Loca, no controlla' I'm colder than Nova Scotia, Minnesota Ain't sober, don't get me started Got a motor, my motive is bipolar thought I told ya' Cut-throat, yeah, I'm hard to handle Got a short fuse, don't light my candle Might tell a lie just to start a scandal I'm a loose cannon with a lot of ammo You love how I hold grudges

Might throw some punches But you're not judgin' I'm your psycho You love how I talk crazy, then call you baby No, you can't tame me I'm your type, so

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Lola, I don't blame you I'm the same as you Just don't let 'em change you Or tighten up your screws Yeah, 'Imma do it my way or the highway Lookin' at you sideways in a valet Always thought the wrong way was the right way Like to see my side piece on a Sunday Nanana, slow down, slow down Lalala, my playground, playground Yeah, 'Imma do it my way or the highway Lookin' at you sideways in a valet Always thought the wrong way was the right way Like to see my side piece on a Sunday

I'm saying, "Hey, Lola!" She can get a little jealous Oh, loca She can be a drama But her soul is pure Drowns in tears but keeps on shining Just keep on shining, mmm, mmm Oh, Lola, Lola "Hey, Lola!" She can get a little jealous Oh, loca She can be a drama But her soul is pure Drowns in tears but keeps on shining Just keep on shining Oh, Lola, Lola