Fancy

Madilyn Bailey

I'm so fancy You already know I'm in the fast lane From L.A. to Tokyo I'm so fancy Can't you taste this gold? Remember my name 'Bout to blow

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First thing's first, I'm the realest Drop this and let the whole world feel it And I'm still in the Murda Bizness I could hold you down, like I'm givin' lessons in physics So if you wanna bad chick like this Drop it low and pick it up just like this yeah Cup of Ace, cup of Goose, cup of Cris High heels, somethin' worth a half a ticket on your wrist Takin' all straight, never chase that Rooftop like we bringin' '88 back Bring the hook in where the bass at Champagne spillin', you should taste that

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I said, "Baby, I do this, I thought that you knew this." I can't stand no haters and honest, the truth is And my flow's hypnotic, you speak it, depart it Swagger on a super, I can't shop at no department And get my money on time, you ain't got money, decline I swear I meant that there so much that they give that line everyone So get my money on time, you ain't got money, decline I just can't worry 'bout no haters, gotta stay on my grind Now tell me, who that, who that? Who do that, do that? Put that paper over all, I thought you knew that, knew that I be the M-A-D-D-Y, put my name in bold I been working up in here with some change to throw

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Crash the hotel We bloody on to the veggie diner Make the phone call Feels so good getting what I want Yeah, keep on turning it up Chandelier swinging, we don't give a word Film star, yeah I'm deluxe Classic, expensive, you don't get to touch

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