

JFK (feat. Theophilus London)

Azealia Banks

First lady of the floor, move sexy in dior.
as we, go on and on and on from the dusk til 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 lucky 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 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
ya 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.
Grand champ, it's the bougie - the handsome
Romance in advance, hit ya boo on her samsung.
Beach bunnies, from Aruba to Can-cun,
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.
Tupac 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!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>