

# OMG (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Iggy Azalea

He ain't got a chance with a bitch like me  
He ain't rich enough, rich enough (No)  
Calls need to stop he ain't calling 'bout the guap  
I ain't picking up, picking up  
Y'all little hoes can't sit by the pool  
You ain't thick enough, thick enough  
Weave so long and the pussy so wet  
Gon' eat it up eat it up(x2)  
Oh My God, this shit different  
Oh My God, Gucci slippers  
Oh My God, my wrist vicious  
Oh My God, might hurt yo feelings  
What's the difference between me and you? (Who?)  
1200 dollars Gucci shoes (Ooh!)  
I know the facts will make you feel a way  
Took three years off and i'm still paid (Uh huh!)  
What's the difference between yours and mine  
Credit cards that just don't decline (No bitch!)  
It's overpriced but I still don't mind  
I spent 1000 dollars on a glass of wine Y'all mathematicians tryna split the tab  
Bitch you know you shouldn't ate the crab  
Louis purse but you kept the tag  
Bitch you know you finna take it back  
Tit for tat you know get the bag  
You know pussy fat, you know waist snatched  
I'm in the quarter mill with the ceiling cracked  
Why you in your feelings?  
I ain't feeling that (Naah!)  
Ain't no fucking thing you could offer me  
If he hit it then you know he won the lottery  
Imma keep him if he eating with no cutlery  
Pardon me, i'm too audacious  
I want them tickets, ain't talking citations  
Santortini then i switch up locations  
Got no further fucks, so don't ask for donations (Woo!)  
Better get your bag up  
Talk shit [???] Oh My God, this shit different  
Oh My God, Gucci slippers  
Oh My God, my wrist vicious  
Oh My God, might hurt yo feelings Oh My God  
Biggest bitch ever!

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