

# Im So Fancy

1. Adjective
2. Adjective
3. Adjective

# Im So Fancy

First thing's first, I'm the realest (realest)

Drop this and let the whole world feel it (let them feel it)

And I'm still in the Murda Bizness

I could hold you down, like I'm givin' lessons in physics (right, right)

You should want a bad Adjective like this (huh?)

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 my wrist (on my wrist)

Takin' all the liquor straight, never chase that (never)

Rooftop like we bringin' '88 back (what?)

Bring the hooks in, where the Adjective at?

Champagne spillin', you should taste that

[Chorus: Charli XCX]

I'm so Adjective

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

[Verse 2: Iggy Azalea]

I said, "Baby, I do this, I thought that you knew this."

Can't stand no haters and honest, the truth is

And my flow retarded, they speak it depart it

Swagger on super, I can't shop at no department

better get my money on time, if they not money, decline

And swear I meant that there so much that they give that line a rewind

So get my money on time, if they not money, decline

I just can't worry 'bout no haters, gotta stay on my grind

Now tell me, who that, who that? That do that, do that?

Put that paper over all, I thought you knew that, knew that

I be the I-G-G-Y, put my name in bold

I been working, I'm up in here with some change to throw

[Chorus: Charli XCX]

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