

# Fancy

Tyler Ward

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 bitch 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 bass at?  
Champagne spillin', you should taste that

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

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

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

Trash the hotel  
Let's get drunk on the mini bar  
Make the phone call  
Feels so good getting what I want  
Yeah, keep on turning it up  
Chandelier swinging, we don't give a fuck  
Film star, yeah I'm deluxe  
Classic, expensive, you don't get to touch  
Ow...

Still stuntin', how you love that?  
Got the whole world asking how I does that  
Hot girl, hands off, don't touch that

Look at it I bet you wishing you could clutch that  
It's just the way you like it, huh?  
You're so good, he's just wishing he could bite it, huh?  
Never turn down nothing,  
Slaying these hoes, gold trigger on the gun like

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

Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
That do that, do that, I-I-G-G-Y  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
Blow

Who-who-who-who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
That do that, do that, I-G-G-Y  
Who that, who that, I-G-G-Y  
Blow