## New Bottega - Azealia Banks Lyrics

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## "New Bottega"

I'ma paint my whips maraschino 'cause I'm a fuckin' diva

Baby, I don't rock Moschino, Versace, Valentino

Real Italiana mama, new Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

I like the Gucci, the Miu Miu, Missoni, new Cavalli

Vintage Armani, Ferragamo, Amor Milano

I put the boy in Galliano, now he's a fuckin' model

I'ma make him famous, rename him

I'm icin' out his chain and still grippin' the stainless

Stay dangerous 'cause most of these niggas is brainless

Itty bitch, you plain and Plain Jane-less, I gotta stay rich and famous

He-he-hello, ya nigga be fuckin' me in my Gucci stilettos

He be fingerin' me, fuckin' me in my coupe Lamborghini

Get some bread out these niggas and then I poof like Houdini, uh

New Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

New Bottega, Prada-da

I say, hello, into the void, the monster comes alive

Eating all the girls and boys she finds in the night time

Now they're runnin' for their lives

Runnin' for their fucking lives, yeah

I'll chase them all night

Now, which way to turn?

Nowhere to hide as bombs fall out of the sky

I'll survive the Third World War

Gettin' high in a coal mine

Now I'm losing my mind, losing my mind

I'ma paint my whips maraschino 'cause I'm a fuckin' diva

Baby, I don't rock Moschino, Versace, Valentino

Real Italiana mama, new Bottega, Prada-da

I'm a double D cup diva

I pounce down the runway like a cheetah

Cheetah, cheetah prints, I'm sexy, so sexy

Come pop this fuckin' cherry

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