

Nicki Minaj "Go Hard"

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Yo, SB, I think it's my time
You know why? My tears have dried
And I know that no weapon formed against me will prosper
And I truly believe that my haters are my motivators
Young Money

If you could you would get rid of me
Fuck you gone do when a bitch try to go hard
But I won't let you get to me
You should already figure I'mma a go hard

If you was as real as me you would never
Let another girl sit in your throne
I done put the choke hold on now
They screamin', "Nicki leave me alone"

I am, I'm still the one to beat
Ain't in a rush for mainstream
I am the streets, I am gettin' it in until the end
I gotta go, go, go, go hard

Gotta go, lemme get the car key
You don't want it with the Harajuku Barbie
Keep a marquis, everythin' sparkly
Hit 'em on a walkie-talkie

Hit 'em, hit 'em knock, knock
Tell 'em let me in, my name ring bells bitch buzz me in
And I only stop for pedestrians
Or real, real bad lesbian

Hit 'em wit the Mac, hit 'em wit the Tech 9
Hit 'em wit the Ruger by the intersect sign
Hit 'em wit a Tommy so my niggas call me Pammy
And I always keep a jimmy in the truck or in the Lamby

Put my whole burrough on my back and I'm gooda
I don't wanna hear what you would, what you coulda
I represent all the girls that stood up
Used to drink water wit a little bit of sugar

Now I'm in the gym with my squats and my sit-ups
Doin' the scissor-leg on the mat wit my foot up
Young black pin-up, all of my bitches did up
Now I'm tellin' L.A. Reid to step his bid up

And I'm tellin' President Carter he picked a winner
Bitches like Nelly and Kelly got a dilemma
These birds all fly south in the winter
Fuck, I look like chompin' on a chicken dinner

You can hate me but why knock my hustle?
I'm a be a queen no matter how they shuffle
Skirts with the ruffle, Louis on the duffle
I'm a bad bitch, no muzzle, no muzzle

Bitches is softer than al dente
Cut from a different kentae, tell 'em I'm the ninja
Weezy is my sensei, so I call him Splinter, faster than a
sprinter
Gimme my chopsticks, I'll have the rap bitches for
dinner

This is for my gentlemen in button-ups and khakis
This is for my nigga 7-up in Castaki
This is for my niggas wheelying them Kawasaki's
Shout out to the vakiees, salt fish ackees

Kisses is to my fans unless I'm feeling kinda cocky
Winter Wonderland is on my hand, it's kinda rocky
I am Nicki Minaj or Lewinski
Pumps on the clutch, right hand on the six-speed
Write my own raps I gotta go, I gotta get me

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They screamin', "Nicki leave me alone"

I am, I will, I gots to win
I'm still lookin' around for my competition
I am gettin' it in until the end
I gotta go, go, go, go hard

From slap and cry you start to die, so I must go harder
Gotta make these bitches know me just like Bobby
know water

Better yet like Bubba, know shrimp but he don't say shit
When the gun on his lip and I don't say shit put the gun

On my hip, so I don't say shit but the gun on my hip
If you don't wanna drown don't come on my ship
Check how them bitches just run on my dick
And me, I'm nasty as a son of a bitch
I still got that bitch cum on my lips

If you ain't got money don't come on my strip
And if you got money don't come on my strip
I wear that metal, no Olympic
But I can still make you tumble and flip

You fuckin' wit me if you fuckin' wit Nick
They ain't fuckin' wit me, they ain't fuckin' wit Nick
Your girlfriend her decision is split
'Cause she wanna fuck me and she wanna fuck Nick

They wonder if he be fuckin' Nick
As long as she be fuckin' rich
That's why I keep my luggage
'Cause I swear y'all a fuckin' trip

Young Money Dungeon, bitch, my swagger just
punching bitch
And I shoot like I'm from overseas, so call my gun
Gunovich
Weezy F. baby and the F is for a bunch of shit
Red drank, blue pill, white dust, yes, I love my country
bitch, yeah

Wish you could get rid of Young Money
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