

## Nicki Minaj "Roman's Revenge"

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(Nicki Minaj)

I am not Jasmine, I am Aladdin  
So far ahead, these bums is laggin'  
See me in that new thing, bums is gaggin'  
I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon  
Look at my show footage, how these girls be spazzin'  
So f\*ck I look like gettin' back to a has-been?  
Yeah, I said it, has-been  
Hang it up, flatscreen  
(Haha) Plasma  
Hey Nicki, hey Nicki, asthma  
I got the pumps, it ain't got medicine  
I got bars, sentence'n  
I'm a bad bitch, I'm a cunt  
And I'll kick that hoe, punt  
Forced trauma, blunt  
You play the back, bitch, I'm in the front  
You need a job, this ain't cuttin' it  
Nicki Minaj is who you ain't fuckin' with  
You li'l brag a lot, I beat you with a pad-a-lock  
I am a movie, camera block  
You outta work, I know it's tough  
But enough is enough

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
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Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon

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(Eminem)

I ain't into S&M, but my whip's off the chain  
A little drop of candy paint drips off the frame  
Twisted-ass mind, got a pretzel for a brain

An eraser for a head, fuckin' pencil for a frame  
You don't like it then peel off, bitch  
Every last woman on Earth I'll kill off, and I still wouldn't  
f\*ck you, slut  
So wipe the smile on your grill off, I swear to God I'll  
piss a Happy Meal off  
Get the wheels turnin', spin, and wheel off  
Snap the axel in half, bust the tie-rod  
Quit hollerin' "Why, God?" He ain't got shit to do with it  
Bygones'll never be bygones, so won't be finished  
swallowin' my wad  
I ain't finished blowin' it, nice bra  
Hope it'll fit a tough titty, bitch  
Life's hard, I swear to God, life is a dumb blonde white  
broad  
With fake tits and a bad dye job  
Who just spit in my f\*ckin' face and called me a f\*ckin'  
tightwad  
So finally I broke down and bought her an iPod  
And caught her stealin' my music, so I tied her arms  
and legs to the bed  
Set up the camera and pissed twice on her  
Look, two pees and a tripod!  
The moral to the story is, life's treatin' you like dry sod?  
Kick it back in its face, my God  
It's Shady and Nicki Minaj, you might find the sight  
quite odd  
But don't ask why, bitch (Ask why not)

The wo-world is my punchin' bag and  
If I'm garbage, you're a bunch of maggots  
Make that face, go on, scrunch it up at me  
Show me the target so I can lunge and attack it

Like a, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
You fell off, off, they musta bumped your wagon

You musta went off the back, I'm 'bout to go off the  
deep end  
I told you to stay in your lane, you just choked in traffic

(Nicki Minaj)

(I-I-I-I-Is) Is this the thanks that I get for puttin' you  
bitches on?  
Is it my fault that all of you bitches gone?  
Shoulda sent a thank-you note, you little ho  
Now I'ma wrap your coffin with a bow  
(Ni-ni-ni) "Nicki, she's just mad 'cause you took the  
spot"  
Word, that bitch mad 'cause I took the spot?

Well, bitch, if you ain't shittin', then get off the pot  
Got some niggas out in Brooklyn that'll off your top  
I-I-I-I hear them mumblin', I hear the cacklin'  
I got 'em scared, shook, panickin'  
Overseas, church, Vatican  
You at a stand, still, mannequin  
You wanna sleep on me? Overnight?  
I'm the motherfuckin' boss, overwrite  
And when I pull up, vroom, motorbike  
Now all my niggas gettin' bucked, overbite  
I see them dusty-ass Filas, Levi's  
Raggedy-ass, holes in your knee-highs  
I call the play, now do you see why?  
These bitches callin' me Manning, Eli  
(Manning, Eli!) Ma, ma-ma-ma-ma, Manning, Eli  
These bitches callin' me (Manning, Eli)

(Eminem)

A-a-a-a-all you li'l f\*\*\*\*\*s can suck it  
No home, but I'ma stick it to 'em like refrigerator  
magnets  
And I'm crooked enough to make straitjackets bend  
Yeah, look who's back again, bitch, keep actin' as if  
You have the same passion that I have  
Yeah, right, still hungry, my ass  
You assdicks had gastric bypass  
Ain't hot enough to set fire to dry grass  
And 'bout as violent as hair on eyelids (Eyelash!)  
Go take a flyin' leap of faith off a f\*ckin' balcony  
'Fore I shove a falcon wing up your fly ass  
You know what time it is, so why ask?  
When Shady and Nicki's worlds class  
It's (high class) meets (white trash)

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Roman! Roman!  
Stop it, stop it!  
You've gone mad, mad, I tell you, mad!  
You and this boy Slim Shady!  
What's goin' on?  
They'll lock you away!

They'll put you in a jail cell!  
I promise!  
Take your mother's warning, Roman  
Pleaaaaaaase  
Back to bed! Run along!  
Let's go! Come on!  
Wash your mouth out with soap, boys

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