

Nicki Minaj

"Shitted On Em"

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Eyo, bring this one back man, this one is crazy man,
Lets start that shit again,
Yeah, lets go,
Aha, wooo, yeah,
Going in right now man,
Yeah, cha, le's go,
Far from a rookie man,
I'm far from a amatuer,
Rappers hit the booth
And then they turn into characters,
Word to my record label, word to my manager,
Life is like a fucking red number in a calender,

Everyday a holiday, I'm buttoned up, my colars
straight,
We disturbing london, make them niggers do
geography,
Same nikes on but nigger, mine a different colour,
wait,
Now my face up in the source and I aint talking [?].

Uh, yeah, I just shitted on em',
I like my women nice and thick with no knickers on em',
Every message in my phone have got kisses on em',
All my shows sold out, no tickets for em',
All them niggers is my sons, I just shitted on em',
I got the runs, uhh,
All I see is numbers niggers sum,
I number 2'ed on number 2, one.

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