

Nicki Minaj "The Boys"

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Punch line queen, no boxer though
Might pull up in a Porche, no Boxster though
Tell a hater yo, don't you got cocks to blow
Tell 'em kangaroo Nick I'll box a hoe
They said I got five in a pasta bowl
But don't go against Nicki impossible
I'm the king do what my wrist more popsicle
Man these hoes couldn't ball with a toss-to-go n-igga

Your lipstick stains
Smells like a cheap hotel
Diamond watches and a gold chain
Can't make my frown turn around
The boys always spending all their money on love
The boys always spending all their money on love
They wanna touch it
Taste it, see it, feel it
Bone it, own it, yeah yeah
Dollar dollar paper chaser
Get that money, yeah yeah
You get high love a bunch of girls
And then cry on top of the world
I hope you, have the time of your life
I hope I, don't lose it tonight

Bonehead p-ssy, got lots of juice
Lopsided on the curb so I block the coupes
Watch the dudes, man I'm stingy with my putty cat diddy
Did you ever love me Stevie
Purrrr, pull up in a burrrr
Wrist on brrr, pussy on prrrerrr
I don't even break when I'm backing up
I swerve on a n-gga if he actin' up
I don' push more sixes then a play day
Get money by the millions, f-ck a day rate n-gga

Your bossed up swag
Got 'em drooling like a new born bag
The dollars in their eyes
Got them blinded by your masquerade
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Bone it, own it, yeah yeah

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I put all you b-tches onto them good laced fronts
Girls is my sons carry them for 8 months
And yes ya premature, Young Money to the core
I might give you the ticket, so you can come see the tour
Oh dats you're new girl, that's that mid-crave
A buck 50 on your face with a switch blade
Or the razor, hear the razor, she my son yeah, but I ain't raise her
Lose me hater, I get that loosely paper
Them v-necks be studded
I'll t-rex, be gutted out
I tell her Nicki be chillin'
I'mma keep her in her feelings, because you'll never be Jordan
You couldn't even be Pippen
You couldn't even be trippin
You can't afford a vacation
I'm out in Haiti with Haitians
I go to Asia with Asians
You mad dusty, you unload dusty pasta
I just come through with a six, like my name was blossom

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Cassie..

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