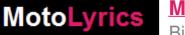
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## Tyga ''Muthafuck Up''

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YMCMB, rawest niggas doing it School for the blind, I dont see these niggas doing it I'm doing it and doing it and doing it well Niggas wanna test me boy, who wanna fail? Hit you like a bully bitch, yeah saved by the bell If you scared, go to church I'll see you in hell And your girl, she a flip, give me heads or tails Everybody fake so I got real for sale Gunpowder fill the air Rappers shittin' on theyself, you could smell the fear And these bitches laying flowers cause the king is near T-Raw this is the new flavour in ya ear Niggas softer than baby hair Why you acting tough, heard you work at Build-a-bear I'ma a dealer all my girls come in deuce and pairs I'm in the building I construct so light this muthaf-cker up What the funk you beezy's want I'm ready to hump the car I call it ele-phunk Trunk in the front Man she give me good brain cause she feel dumb I just keep going like the bunny till I feel numb Yeah these bitches want it I put my man's on it That 110 Sup', that Ferrari Caliornia Niggas want beef, call me Tony Romo You potatoes on the sofa Lazy muthaf-ckas why you aint even trying Rich or die trying, why you niggas aint died yet? Wings tattoo yeah forever on some fly shit And I'm with the business skip peon with a ty clip Stay on the flight yeah I'ma trip Probably up in Paradise chillin like Parliaments Flow got a boner, you could say I'm on some harder shit Bout to make the speaker buss'

[Hook] (mic this muthaf-cka up)

[Nicki Minaj]

Okay, I get money I get money like a bitch She aint gon' win the war but swear that bitch a trip You see how the diamonds get to dancing Yeah, ya money short, get some pants and shit I be with a nigga with a big ol' dick Yeah I like them balls you be shooting them bricks F-ck you in the game for? Bitch we up three sippin' this game four Tell 'em listen, couple bad bitches's Out in Kingston kicking up bricks and shit Intervention bitch I pay ya pension Oh you say what? I don't pay attention Yeah these niggas want it I put my bitches on it You know the tattoo's got Nicki initials on it I put the pussy on 'em, cook 'em a pot roast Then pull off in the Ghost Bitch I do the most

## [Tyga]

What the funk you beezy's want? It aint your turn, better have my money Friday like Big worm Can't see you niggas, you like a little germ Bitches know I'm excellent like Mr Burns See my dick like Butter churn Baby churn and ya girl with me fo'shure That aint your concern She forgot about her other man, she will never learn On a mic till I die, RIP chick huh Yessir, colder than the Pittsburgh? Winter fresher than a Will Smith T-Shirt These spurts coming through Last King and a hearse Ask later, shoot first, got shooters like dirt When it hurts leave you losers bruised up Bruce Lee nunchucks Toe from the floor up though Duck, rubber duck now you like oh shucks Tell the neighbours I don't give a f-ck

[Hook]

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