

## 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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