

Tyga "Muthafuckka Up"

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YMCMB, rawest niggas doing it
School for the blind, I don't 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, really 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

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