Nicki Minaj, Yikes

don't ever fucking play with me
y’all niggas know
y’all bitches know I am the fucking queen
you ho bitches know
you dirty bum bitches know!
pooh, you a fool for this one
got the strings on ‘em

woke up, the price of coke up
I just hit ‘em with the low cut
then call my folks up
somebody about to get poked up
go call a tow truck
all that talkin’ out your neck
might just get your throat cut
this a mack truck, not a black truck
wen we move
te;; ‘em
back up, click clack , clack duck
hella bands, pull up
stashed up
super facts up
all you bitches Rosa Parks, get your ass up

yikes, I play tag and you it for life
yikes, you a clown, you do it for likes
yikes, yes, it’s tight, but it doesn’t bite
grip, it right, he be like
yikes, what’s the hype
this is something light
yikes, outta town on consistent flights
yikes, work hard, tjis a different white
get your life, you bitches ain’t livin’ right!

I keep two nines
you see my face all over that Fendi design
soon as niggas press you boy
you throw up peace signs
you dn’t wanrt that action
pulled your cards
you decine
ileep two dimes
walk up to a bad bitch
be like I think you fine!
I don’t play with demons
Sata, get deep behind
about to get fucked up on margaritas with 2 limes
I’ve been the same
ain’t shit changed
this ain’t nothing’ new
that pretty frame
diamond chain, what the fuck it do?
yo, clear the way
it’s some bad bitches comin’ through
I gibe 2 F’s like the letters that are on my shoe

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