

Big Foot

Nicki Minaj

(Been trill, been doin' it, been at it)
Your flow is such a bore
Drinkin' a bottle of Henny through a straw
Bitch, you better stop that dialogue (28 shit)
'Fore I hit Carl and buy your catalog
(Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
Sigh
How you f*ck your mother man when she die?
How you go on Gayle King and can't cry?
Chile, bye
Big Foot, but you still a small fry
Swearin' on your dead mother when you lie (Ayo)

This lil' beggin' whore talkin' 'bout Megan's Law
For a free beat, you could hit Megan raw (Ooh)
If you a ghostwriter, party in Megan jaw (Ooh)
Shots thrown, but I still ain't let Megan score (Tell 'em)
Bad bitch, she like six foot (Ooh), I call her Big Foot (Brr)
The bitch fell off, I said, "Get up on your good foot"
Uh, still ain't topped "Red Ruby" (No, no, mhm)
Tryna steal the sauce, I said, "Get up out my cookbook" (Brr)
But really, I'm a sweetie pie
P-R-T-T-Y, but I'm P-E-T-T-Y (Brr)
Um, why did you lie about your lipo?
f*ckin' your best friend man is crazy, you the type, though
You was lyin' to the queen, then you went lyin' to the King, Gayle
The thirty-year-old tea so stale
Kylie kicked you out and made you stumble to the car
Barbz, I need a good alcohol bar
Roman, wait, that was the bar
Like a body builder, I keep raisin' the bar
f*ck you get shot with no scar? (Brr)
This little piggy toxic, somebody adopt it
Mm, mm-mm, mm-mm
Shit'll get dark like chocolate
I'm 'bout to get up in your ass, bitch, clench (Woo)
Mm, yeah, sorta like French
They got you all them Grammys, but your flow's still a no
What a fiasco, Lupe
Future made you pay (Haha)
She wanna party with DaBaby while rubbin' on Tory toupée

I guess she needed money bags for them Trey Songz
She G-Eazy, Carl made her crawl for it
Yo, why the f*ck they poke the monster?
f*ckin' with Nicki this year, ho, I'm comin' like a pornstar
She just mad that no nigga ever loved her
No nigga gon' stand ten toes behind her
Is it my fault I got good vagin-er?
Why the f*ck is you humpin' on a minor?
'Cause she was lyin' on your dead mama (Ooh), on-on your dead mama (Ah-ah-ah-ah)
Lyin' on your dead mama, on-on your dead mama
Lyin' on your dead mama, lyin' on your dead mama
Lyin' on your, lyin', lyin', lyin' on your dead mama (Brr, ooh)

Now listen up, Big Foot

You know I got a lotta tea
I went easy on you
Umm (Glass-fragment-foot-ass bitch)
You know, whenever I meet a woman that would f*ck her friend's man
(And let your friend talk about your ex-friend baby on the internet)
I know that (No, no), they have a very evil spirit
Um (Where my prayer warriors at?)
I don't think you want the next installment of this song
I know it's the most attention you've ever gotten
One-flow ho, but, uh, trust
If you don't apologize to your mama in twenty-four hours
Shit gon' get uglier than KenBarbie, okay? Don't play
Um, and also, I'd like to say
To my supporters, I love you, may God bless you, you're amazing
Um, all the good-p*ssy gyal dem too, yes
But
I'm very serious
Ho, the things that you've lied about
Even pertaining to your mom
You don't want them out, okay?
Now
Since you think it's funny to speak about people's families
We'll all join in
We'll all play the reindeer games
Soon as your new nose heals
And soon as your-
Well, let's leave that for the second installment, rrr