

## Coco Chanel

Nicki Minaj

Whole lotta gang shit  
Oh, uh, ugh, ayy yo Chun  
Uh, ayy yo Chun  
We back on that Coco shit nigga number one, uh  
Whole lotta gang shit  
Haha, every bitch bloodclaat, you heard me  
Oh, ayy yo, uh, Brooklyn!  
Kick for my stomach, let's go!  
Yo!

He got me like a coco, yeah uh la coco  
Ellas quieren coco, y yo tampoco  
Never trust a broke hoe, don't fuck with po-po  
Numero uno, me llama Yoko  
Pull up in them thing things and them things fling  
Niggas know my name ring, and it go "ding-ding"  
If I get an inkling, the thing'll sing-sing  
Ain't talkin' 'bout the singer, the thing'll sting-sting

Ayo, if I'm in the Gurkha, then they in the back of it  
If I tell 'em eat food, then they make a snack of it  
If they take your cocaine then they make a crack of it  
If they grab your gold chain then they make a plaque of it  
Know we never lack on it, run up with the MAC on it  
Put a couple racks on it, they gon' put the whack on it  
She got the Nicki bundles, worth a stack on it  
That's word to Brook' now, that's word to Bucktown  
That's word to Harlem World, shout out to uptown  
You know I shine on 'em, I spray sheen on 'em  
That's word to southside, Jamaica, Queens on 'em  
I'm mad Queens on 'em, with mad schemes on 'em  
I never scale back, the triple beams on 'em  
My ice gleams on 'em, Wu-Tang creams on 'em  
I pull up on the block bumpin' Biggie "Dreams" on 'em  
A nigga greased on 'em, but ice freezed on 'em  
I light breezed on 'em, I might breeze on 'em  
Might do it like it's Christmas and light trees on 'em  
I see the copycats bitin' my steez on 'em

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Gimme some bloodclaat gunshots  
Brooklyn where the fuck we at? Flatbush, Bed-Stuy  
That's my word to Big, I'ma murder them rasclaats  
All black Chloe straps, gally I'ma skully to the back  
Fuck my ratchet at? Come make me dutty that  
Puss dem I chat 'bout, back like I never left  
Went down when I come 'round, all y'all bitches bow down  
King fox, King Kong, back on my Chun-Li, nigga  
Valentino bling thong, all y'all bitches duck me, fuck

Nick, come fuck it up, bad gyal a back it up  
Coco 'pon my foot dem, C's pon my likkle pretty red bow  
See dem buss one for baby, see dem, chugh!  
Pussy whine chime, ay, ay, ay, ay  
The bloodclaat this, the Moet let me die  
Them bitches in them bum-ass Louis thigh highs  
I'm on my clip, blue jeep, Van Herpen day-days (woah)  
Gun slingers, let me see y'all gun fingers  
Y'all bitches dick riders  
Little Nicki's, little Inga's, woah!

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Foxy plus one, it's me young Chun  
And me, I can fuck up the place, I'm done  
So tell 'em run, come and bring a lump sum  
Ayo Fox, they don't make us or break us, word to young guns  
Put your hands up  
Unless they ever do it, tell' em fi recognize  
Run a Kartel, Dem fi 'fraid Vybz  
They call me Ms. Bitch, but I don't miss, bitch  
Got real shooters, better D up, guys  
Who me? I'm physically fine  
Who she? It's like we know she dyin'  
Bitch ain't see Billboard in 2017  
Had to drop Queen on 'em like a guillotine  
All these jealous bitches on the jelly team  
Keepin' it a hundred, that's a jelly bean  
Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh  
Uh, uh-uh  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh