

("HOLIDAY SEASON!!")

Hot damn it it's a miracle, please adjust the temperature  
I switched up the interior in my European 50  
Damn Gucci lyrical, naw I ain't lyrical  
But my bracelet is crazy but my necklace is a miracle  
Blacker than Nigeria, with brand new material  
Countin a quarter million while I'm pourin a bowl of cereal  
Fresher than your ever were, richer than a year ago  
with three dollars a Skittle but it's eight hundred a Cheerio  
I was arrogant rude same color as a prune  
Yellow chain look like the moon and my old school is maroon  
VROOM! Hear it ert-ert when it skrrt  
26's on the skirts, in a bird, with a flirt  
You can jerk, I got twerk, I keep work, in my birds  
I got bird, I got bricks, I got pounds of the herb  
YEAAAAAAHHHH - used to be my favorite word  
Now my ice game is superb, so these hoes just be like BRR BRR!

Y'all be tryin haaard (but it's easy)  
Tighten up on yo' jooooob (cause it's easy)  
I'm Nicki Minaaaaaj (so be easy)  
Gucci Mane and Rocko - (please believe it)

Boom boom, 9-5-4 double R zoom zoom  
I don't give a fuck about ya looney tune goons  
Yellin poon poon when your really coon coon  
I eat these rap bitches no fork no spoon  
I'm Nicki, I been Nicki, I'm picky  
I stay around the six like that little mouse Mickey  
Ask Rocko, ask Gucci, ask Gucci Gucci bandana  
I'm a star I'm the black Hannah Montana  
I'm such a girl, I'm such a girly girl  
I'm sippin on my milkshake with the swirly swirl  
Excuse me mister put some cherries in my cups  
I take my shirt off and watch the boys go nuts  
The boys go nut, the boy-boys go nuts  
All the dope boys all the boys wanna fuck  
My niqqa S Beezy, keep my wrist breezy  
Why would I go hard when this shit is so easy?

Hold up bitch!  
Man I done stepped my swag up, don't fly commercial I'm private  
Step my rank up, so SALUTE you fuckin private  
'Member the days I used to keep my comb, in my pocket?  
Now I'm with pilot smokin kush on auto-pilot  
I jet on a boat and I 'on't even know how to drive it  
But it's all gravy I just coast on auto-pilot  
I'm on another coast, ye ain't even in my time zone (naw)  
By the time you go to bed I'm gettin my shine on  
Yeah it's all good baby go on and climb on  
And ride like a rodeo, get your grind on  
Tell how I spend money, I be gettin my grind on  
Tell how I'm livin when I walk I got my nine on  
Your girl lovin you but she with me know what her mind on  
Don't make me do it hard and get it goin on some down homes

Watch pitch stats and he don't even have a dime on  
Rocko the don, outta here, my time gone