

Interlude

Nicki Minaj

Yes sir
Three
Ha, I love this shit
So let me talk my shit, uh-huh
Okay, I'm good
Yeah

I know you see the guap, 'cause getting money is what we on
Riding drop-top in the winter with the heat on
Bad yellow bitch keep my passenger seat warm

Leg hanging out the window, you ain't got these on
Bitch, holler! It is Lil Weezy
They cannot see me, they are like Stevie

I am bearing a ton like Levy

I circle your house like BB
Colder than the heebie-jeebies
Never give freebies
Seventy-five thousand for these fees, shit

I can get a hundred thousand up in these jeans
Big stacks, my pockets on Creatine

Young Money, DipSet, nigga, we a team
If you don't like it, nigga, fuck you, no Vaseline

Errr! I peel off in the Lamborghini'
Like a tangerine

Got the engine straight shaking like a tambourine

Like a bitch with some lips like Angelin'
-a Jolie, Holy God flow
I go where no other guy go
Fuck you, ho, I'm so 5-0-4
I hope every snitch die slow
Hip-hop, that's my ho, I know
She know I like it wet, don't want no dry ho
Alright, bitch, I am the boy, no decoy
And I will straight up destroy any boy, or man
And I prefer money than bitches, or just reefer
We are Young Money, bitch, and I am the leader
He are: Curren\$y, Mack Maine, and D-Row
And I just signed a chick named Nicki Minaj

And me, I'm still spittin' like a retard

And these niggas soft, they should be rapping in leotards
Nigga, we in charge, Baby put me in charge
And I'm just murdering niggas, free of charge

You dig? Just holler back, I see you, Sarge
I'm so motherfucking high, I can eat a star

Yeah, let me upgrade you

You may not be a model, but I can front-page you
You know I'm nasty, excuse my behavior
Let me just taste you, we can fuck later

Sitting in the coupe, looking like a racer
Top peeled back like the skin of a potato
Seat way back, listening to Anita Baker

Riding by myself, smoking weed by the acre
Hollygrove gator, ain't nobody greater

Leave you with some bullet holes the size of craters
You ain't heard the latest, Weezy F. the greatest
Battle anybody, nigga, fuck whoever your favorite
It's a new game, and I'm the coach like Avery

Leave it to the flow, we getting dough like the bakery

I don't really want to, but these niggas making me
Put a motherfucker on ice like the Maple Leaves
That's a hockey team, and I ain't on no hockey team

But I'm a champion—where's the fucking Rocky theme?
Damn, rest in peace, Apollo Creed
I'm a monster, every day is Halloween
A lot of syrup, lot of pills, and a lot of weed
And I keep my pockets green like a pod of peas
And if you hating, baby, you can get a side of deez
Deez nuts in your mouth, and can you swallow, please? Ha ha

Yeah, I'm so hot, I freeze
Big balls, and they jangle like a lot of keys
Even deaf bitches say "Hi" to me
She tell a blind bitch, and she say, "I gotta see."

Young Carter, darling
Understand: I am Michael Jordan balling, yes

I'm a dog, I'm a Hoya, homie
I'm a boss, your man's just an employer, mami

Let me upgrade you
Ha, let me upgrade you
Upgrade you, ah
Ah
Weezy!