LLC

Nicki Minaj

I just took her name and made the bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in there, bitch, get on your feet
You'd make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see
To you, he's rich and famous, but he's just a guy to me

I feel like I'm King Kong, name still going ding-dong
It's two girls gettin' more money, and they don't rap, they sing songs
I stay with that pink on, pink furs and them pink thongs
Goons out if they blink wrong, think hard but don't think long
Pink Friday had Eminem, spit hard but I'm feminine
Iconic trio on Monster, Goblins and Gremlins
What's left that I didn't do? You bit the forbidden fruit
You thought you'd get my spot? Who the fuck was kiddin' you?
Took a lil' break, but I'm back to me
Tryna make a new Nicki, where the factory?
They'll never toe to toe on a track with me
There'll never be another one after me
'Cause the skill level still just a half of me
Blasphemy, my niggas will blast for me
All these low IQ hoes baffle me
Tell 'em that I wash bitches take a bath for me
Bunch the trophies in my crib like a athlete
I see them giving fake love but that trash is weak
Man, you know that I ripped, every rapper beat
You know Nicki gon' eat, Bon Appétit
Used to get real hype off a half a mil'
Used to get real high off a half a pill
We don't pay niggas to front like they like my shit
We don't pay niggas to come in and write my shit (uh)

Now carry on (on), now carry on (on)
Now carry on (on), now carry on (on)
Swish, swish, I'm just gettin' my Curry on (on)
G6 flow, all Louis V carry-ons

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You made me, you made me, yeah
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah, yeah
You made me (okay), you made me (hahaha, uh)

Yo, you made me do it, hoe, I told you, get low (told you get low)
I'm popping tens but they gotta be yellow
I'm New York Nick, I'm ballin', where Carmelo? (O.K. 'Melo)
I'm wavy, word to Shawty L-O, hello
How your jacket say Porsche and you never rode a Porsche?
How you supposed to make the quota when you never went North?
How the fuck you got Ferraris when you never went sport?
All that hoopin' and hollerin' still ain't scorin' on the court (rrrh)

You made me, you made me, yeah
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah

You made me (okay), you made me (hahaha)

Ay, yo, look at what they made me do, they made me do
Switched the foreign on 'em, navy blue to baby blue
Look at how they started pussy poppin' when 80 flew
All my niggas move that Britney, Ari', yeah, Katy too
Niggas gassed on the really though, gas I pumped them
Straight trash on the really, yo, yes, I dumped him
Push the limits, I'm a pushy bitch, yes, I bumped him
Pushed past being filthy rich, ask I trumped them
'Cause I scare her, scare her, my biggest era, era
Never been clearer, clearer, don't force it, Farrah Farrah
Because you'll never be me, that's word to Bella, Gigi
Dolce Gabbana, DG, pretty gang rated PG (woah)

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On blood, you made me, you made me
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah, yeah
You made me (okay), you made me (hahaha, hahaha, hahaha, hahaha, hahaha, hah
aha)

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