

Long Time Comin'

Nicki Minaj

Patty cake, Patty cake
I mean really, what the fuck that bitch, Patty bake?
Anyway, I just heard T.I.P. say, that black people, Turnin' lemons in
to lemonade, tell 'em to demonstrate
I guess he did already, guess I'm a little bitter
Cause I show bitches how to do it, like they baby sitter
So where my cash at? And where my stash at?
I mean, where the Dow Jones, where the Nas-Daq?
I do it for the little macs, with their caps back
My little niggas pumpin' crack, out they napsack
Know what I mean? Get the sticky cream, pass that
I smoke bitches, can't nicotine patch that
Don't need your spot, to get a good game
Cause a shot is a shot, if you got a good aim

It's been a long time coming, but I came
Now everybody in the rap game know my name
But honey ain't a damn thing funny when your fame
Outweighs your change, outweighs your change (2x)

We on the road to riches
I'm fucking loads of bitches
I'm playing with you mama
Nicki, she's so suspicious
My little golden mistress
For her, I load them biscuits
Yeah I roll with Nicholas
We so explicit, you won't resist it
It's been a long time coming
But you don't know specifics
No more phony wishes
We ready, cause now we know the business
Come holla at your guy
I always make it pour
Invite me to ya wedding
I throw dollars at the bride
It's dirty money, dirty jeans
And dirty scullies
You heard he funny, but chill
I'm still absurdly gully
Most of these rappers lost
It's no cash at all
If I knew this back then
I'da just played basketball
Or maybe not, they say that I never pass the ball
If there's no cash involved
Baby I'mma laugh it off