

Majesty

Nicki Minaj

Whatever you say, Mrs. Majesty (oh, oh)
Whatever you want, you can have from me (oh, oh)
I want your love, just lead me on
Won't give it up, hey, hey, hey, hey
'Cause I'm a sucker for ya
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang

Uh, uh, yo, I got the money and the power now
The G5'll get me out there in an hour now
The MAC movin' like crack, I'm sellin' powder now
G-game over, locker room, hit them showers now
I got the trophies and the catalogue
Just did a deal, Mercedes-Benz, check the catalogue
I'm buyin' buildings, we don't buy the blogs
The Nicki challenge when I fly to Prague, uh

'Cause I'm a sucker for you
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang

Uh, yo, who want it with Nicki now?
I smoke 'em like hippies now
They see me, say, "Yippie," now
Homes runnin' like Griffey now
They switchin' like sissies now
You niggas is iffy now
Bitches tune switchin' up
We take 'em to Jiffy now
I'm thicker than peanut butter
He nuttin' like Skippy now
He want me to be his wife
His misses like sippy now, uh

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She invites me to the condo
Uh-oh, wifey's in Chicago (oh, oh)
My side peace, but she's also someone's wife
So time we spend is borrowed
But it's our moment right here, fuck tomorrow
'Cause moments like these are to die for and she's clear all
Nice and easy as hair when I'm bleaching it blonde
So we got that lightning in a bottle

She's tipsy, I'm sober
So she gets a chip on her shoulder
Sits on the sofa, I go to load a
Slick Rick song or throw some Souls of Mischief on
She goes, "All that old school hip-hop is over
Think that shit's got pneumonia"

I told her, "Bitch, now, just hold up!"
That's why rap needs a doctor
Our genre's lymph nodes are swole up
It's time to check it for strep or some tonsillitis
'Cause like what they swab you with when your throat hurts
That's why Tribe is so vital, we need Q-Tip for the culture

Speed it up a little bit!
You ain't dealin' with a fuckin' featherweight
I used to medicate until I'd get a fuckin' bellyache
And now I'm finna step on the pedal, don't wanna ever brake
I wanna accelerate to a level that I can elevate
Demented with the pen, I'll make the mothafucker detonate
I wanna make it acapella, wait, I gotta set a date
With the devil and celebrate, together we can renovate
And re-develop hell awaits, and I'ma get a special place...now...
Take a ride with me, hop into my time machine
I'ma take the driver's seat as I thrust into hyperspeed
Like I'm a meteorite, and mothafuck the fucking media
Right in the behind, I'm a human encyclopedia
I must be like pie crust because I was bread to rise like I was yeast
And you're never gonna reach these heights
They're just too high to reach
And I ain't even reached my fuckin' highest
You better pick another game, try hide-and-seek
And you might wanna decide to cheat
'Cause you gotta open your eyes to peek
Am I indeed the last of a dying breed?
Even if you fire-breathe, it ain't shit you can say to inspire heat
If you wrapped your entire meat pad up in a dryer sheet
And I'm back to rule the kingdom of fuck it
Better not use me as your topic
Anybody who brings me up, duck it
Let me keep it one hundred
Two things shouldn't be your themes of discussion
The queen and her husband
Last thing you're gonna wanna be is our subjects, yeah

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Yo, let me hit you back
Told 'em I'd get you back
I know you sittin' there just thinkin' 'bout who did you that
I am who did you that
You trippin', did you pack?
Can't post on Nicki block unless you sellin' Nicki crack
Here, take a Nicki pack, check out this Nicki act
Nicki this, Nicki that, all these bitches piggyback
Nicki back, ah, ah, ah back
Ah, ah, ah back
Ah, ah

How dare all them mirror my style
The mandem want digits for dial
Inna the dance, we a go skin out time now
I wanna come on, just suicidal
Yeah, on the real I'm these bitches' idol

Gotta be dumb to make me your rival
'Cause I'm too powerful, yeah, you not powerful
So say your prayers 'cause you 'bout to die slow
Die slow, die slow
Jealousy is a disease, die slow
Die slow, die slow
Tell her that jealousy is a disease, die slow