

# Red Ruby Da Sleeze

Nicki Minaj

Queen

Only on 'em C's if it's breeze, Red Ruby Da Sleeze (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Chinese on my sleeve, these wannabe Chun-Lis  
Anyway, nǐ hǎo (Nǐ Hǎo, uh-oh)  
Who the fuck told bitches they was me now? (Uh-oh, ooh)  
I knew these bitches was slow, I ain't know these bitches senile (Ooh)  
Married a shooter case you niggas tried to breathe loud (Brr-brr)  
Boom your face off, then I tell him, "Cease fire"  
I'm the A, B side  
Seven-hundred on 'em horses when we fixin' to leave (Uh-oh)  
But I don't fuck with horses since Christopher Reeves (Uh-oh)  
(Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Gotta be careful when I dip, it's flips all in the whip  
It's 40s with 30 clips, FN's with the switch  
Guacamole with the taco, waitin' on El Chapo  
Came in the Rolls and left low in a Tahoe

Bad gyal don't die-die-die (Brr)  
Hundred rounds on that, grrah-ta-ta  
Real one lick a shot-ta-ta  
She my lil' vibe, my lil' ah-ah-ah  
Bad gyal don't run from nobody, like ah  
Rude boy want me touchin' on his body, like yah  
Boy affi dead if he ever diss me  
You know what to do if he ever miss me

Miss me with that na-na-na, na-na-na-na  
I stay with my na-na-na, na-na-na-na  
His ex hit him, he like "Nah-nah-nah, nah-nah-nah-nah"  
He want the bad gyal sleeze like that  
Well, I'ma tease like that  
Ill na-na-na, na-na-na-na  
He told me bring him that na-na-na, na-na-na-na  
We don't be Karen like Donna-na, na-na-na-na  
I like it when he grab my cheeks like that (Uh)  
Why I'm a freak like that?

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When the Queen leave, bitches wanna come out like a cockroach (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Until I'm cookin' in the kitchen like a pot roast  
That new Spectre, we don't fill pot holes (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Dorito-bitches mad that they not chose  
Shout out my vatos

Shout out to hoes that's watchin' me like Movados (Click, click, click)  
All them, all them botched face photos, why would you post those?  
Make a gyal duppy since I heard you like my ghost hoes  
Big truck but I'm alone like Post though (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Call Malone and tell him I'm goin' postal (Brr)  
These bitches rappin' like my blooper roll (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Desert Eagle if your nigga actin' super bold  
(Got 'em, got 'em, got 'em) Got 'em like "Uh-oh"  
Gun fingers like niggas doin' the bogle  
Ya fuckin' bozo  
That .40 cal a make 'em dance like a go-go  
Super fakks, that's word to Super Cat  
We ah rude gyal youth and we nuh tek back we chat  
'Cause bitches couldn't walk in my Crocs, that's word to Dundee  
Just a bunch of airheads like Kelly Bundy  
Man, these bitches so slow, man, they slower than sloths (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Six-hundred horse, how you gon' catch the boss?  
Caught 'em with they hand out, tryna catch the sauce (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Thierry Mugler flow tryna cut the cloth  
See the difference is I run businesses (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
If I ain't employ you, then what ya business is?  
I'll have staff roll up, like what the business is? (Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
"Oh, you don't know that my niggas kill witnesses?"

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You know what to do if he ever miss me, yeah

If you want me to stay  
I'll never leave  
If you want me to stay  
We'll always be  
If you want me to stay  
I'll never leave  
If you want me to stay  
Love endlessly  
If you want me to stay