

We Go Up

Nicki Minaj

(O mój Boże, ale dojechałem bit)
New York, stand the fuck up! (Yeah)
You know what's goin' on, nigga
(Swizzy na bicie, ziomal)
Fivio, Barbie (Papi Yerr)
Fivio Foreign, Nicki Minaj, nigga (That's Fivio Foreign, Nicki Minaj)
Touch my crown again, bitch (Bitch-ass niggas)
It's only one king, it's only one queen, there's two crowns, nigga (There's
only one king, there's only one queen, nigga)
Baow, grr

[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]
Ayo, this week, 'Rari, next week, Lambo
Bitch, I'm fly, I don't land, though
This they funeral, start the service
Say my name, make 'em nervous
Uh, these bitches is salty, I give them pressure
Uh, these bitches is salty, pass me the pepper
Uh, these bitches be jackin' me like the Ripper
Uh, I am a hustler, I can sell water to Flipper
Uh, I know they teabaggin', bitches is testy
Get you a vacuum, bitches is messy
Let's see
After all of that surgery, you are still ugly
Now that is what gets me
This shit ain't new to me, shit is just new to y'all
I wish a bitch would upon a shooting star
You thought you witnessed my final coup de grâce
(Brrt), look up, we shootin' stars

[Chorus: Nicki Minaj]
Sitting in the back of the Benz and my feet go up
Bitches don't come outside when the beef go up
But I love the way they mob when we roll up
These bitches bums, when I see them, they make me throw up
I wish a bitch would spin, I'm like, "Please show up"
When you talk to me, please don't bring a cheap ho up
You keep talkin' 'bout a bitch for the streets, grow up
'Cause you the type to say that shit and knock a freak ho up (Ugh)

I'm 'bout to make you regret you chose me as an enemy, bitch
Southside Jamaica, we mobbin' them bricks, so pull up with them blicks
Some of the best shooters out of New York, they don't play with the Knicks (Ayo)
That ain't Fivio Foreign, that's Barbie new foreign, bitch
These? Nah, that ain't Reebok
We back on that Ewok
Percocets, gotta detox
Firearms gon' get restocked
Shooters hittin' that G-spot
Bitches imitate, please stop
Suck his dick like a freeze pop
First, he gotta give me top (Brrt)
Louis bag, oh, that Louis bag more colorful than a peacock

Weak niggas gotta get the boot, gotta get the boot with no treetop
He was like, "Who that? She bad," I was like, "Oh, that's bestie"
I could be all the way covered, it's still givin' sexy
I know they sleepin' on me, bitches got epilepsy
I don't do coke, little bitch, I don't even do Pepsi
Let's see
How you don't like me, but tryna do everything like me?
That is what gets me

Sitting in the back of the Benz and my feet go up (Get money)
Bitches don't come outside when the beef go up (Take money)
But I love the way they mob when we roll up (Haha)
These bitches bums, when I see them, they make me throw up (Yo, all these bitches—)
I wish a bitch would spin, I'm like, "Please show up" (Ooh, rockaway)
When you talk to me, please don't bring a cheap ho up
You keep talkin' 'bout a bitch for the streets, grow up (I'm not playin')
'Cause you the type to say that shit and knock a freak ho up (Grtrt)

Yeah, look, go on a drill and I make it look good to you
I tell my shooter to bully you (Baow, I tell my shooter to bully you)
Uh, yeah (Yeah)
That nigga gon' kill you as soon as I look at you (Baow, baow, baow, baow)
Huh, yeah, I never say what I wouldn't do, huh (I never say what I wouldn't do)
Yeah, look, open the door and I shoot out the bulletproof
Look, I'm with a baddie, she love the aggression
I'm with a demon, he wanna get reckless
I'm showin' them growth and I'm teachin' 'em lessons
And I watch how I'm moving 'cause I'm the investment
Fuck her all night and I go and get breakfast
I don't do paperwork or confessions (Nah)
I don't do internet shows or texting (Nah)
Shoot up the party, that's sendin' a message (Baow, baow)
Them niggas started us (Them niggas started us, yeah)
The bulletproof is like a guarded truck (Skrtrt)
Ain't no blicky with me, I got Nicki with me (Nah)
And she Barbied up (Lil' bitch, yeah)
If we see 'em, we shooting the party up (Grtrt)
We ain't squashing shit, don't try to "sorry" us (Nah)
I got rich friends and they be Rari'd up (Skrtrt)
If they want to, they shooting the Garvey up (Baow, baow, baow)
Fivi' (Fivi'), spazzin' (Spazzin')
Two shows (Two shows), backend (Backend)
Fendi (Fendi), fashion (Fashion)
Fendi (Yeah, look), fashion
I put your brains on a napkin
I tell my demons to whack 'em
My nigga died, then that nigga died
Look, I don't even know how it happened (Bitch)

Pink Rolls truck and my feet go up (Get money)
Bitches don't come outside when the beef go up (Take money)
But I love the way they mob when we roll up (Baow, grtrt, haha)
Bums, when I see them, they make me throw up (Big dumb, all these bitches—)
I wish a bitch would spin, I'm like, "Please show up" (Baow) (Look up)
When it come to Queen Sleaze, all the fees go up (Baow, what hapened?)
I said we out, you can't breeze with us (Baow)
And my wrist always on ice time, freeze, it's us (Baow, the money)