

LLC

Nicki Minaj

I just took her name and made the bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in, then bitch, get on your feet
You 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 with a factory
They'll never toe to toe on a track with me
There'll never be another one after me
'Cause the skill levels still a half of me
Blasphemy, my niggas will blast for me
All these low IQ hoes baffle me
Tell 'em that I watch but just take a bath for me
Put the trophies in my crib like a athlete
I see them give me fake love but that trash is weak
Man, you know that I rip every rap and beat
You know Nicki gon' eat, Bon Apetit
Used to get real hyped off a half a mil'
Used to get real hyped off 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, now carry on
Now carry on, now carry on
Swish, swish, I'm just gettin' my Curry on
G6 flow, all Louis V carry on
I just took her name and made the bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in, then bitch, get on your feet
You 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 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) Yo, you made me do it, hoe, I told you, get low
(told you get low)
I poppin' tens but they gotta be (be)
I'm New York Nick, I'm ballin' with Carmelo (ok 'Melo)
I'm wavy, word to Shawty Lo, hello

How your jacket say Porsche and you never rode a Porsche?
How you supposed to meet the quarter 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 (rrah) 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
Swerve the foreign on 'em, navy blue, they 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 it, really though, gas I pump them
Straight trash on the really, yo, yes, I dumped him
Push the limits, I'm a pushy bitch, yes, I bumped him
Push past filthy rich, ask I trumped them
'Cause I scare her, scare her, my biggest error, error
Never been clearer, clearer, don't Fawcett, Farrah Farrah
Because you'll never be me, that's word to Bella, Gigi
Dolce Gabbana, DG, pretty gang rated PG (woah) Now carry on, now carry on
Now carry on, now carry on
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>