

The Boys

Nicki Minaj

Punch line Queen, no boxer though
Might pull up in a Porsche, no boxster though
Tell a hater, "Yo don't you got cocks to blow?"
Tell them Kangaroo Nick, I'll box a ho
And they said I got 5 in a possible
Don't go against Nicki, impossible
I done came through with my wrist on Popsicle
Man these hoes couldn't ball with a Tosticle, nigga Your lipstick stain
Smells like a cheap hotel
Diamond watches and a gold chain
Can't make my frown turn around The Boys always spending all their money on love
The Boys always spending all their money on love They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it
Clone it, own it, Yeah yeah
Dial it, Dial it paper chase it get that money
Yeah yeah You get high and fuck a bunch of girls
And then cry on top of the world
I hope you have the time of your life
I hope I don't lose it tonight Bald head pussy got lots of juice
Lop-sided on the curb so I block the coupes
Watch the deuce
Man I'm stingy with my cuttie cat daddy
Did you ever really love me steebie, rr'
Pull up in the rr'
Wrist on burr
Pussy on purr-purr
I don't even brake when I'm backing up
I'll swerve on a nigga if he acting up
I done pushed more sixes then a play date
Get money by the millions, fuck a day rate nigga Your bossed up swag
Got them drooling like a new born babe
The dollars in they eyes
Got them blinded by a Masquerade The Boys always spending all their money on love
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I hope I don't lose it tonight I put all you bitches on to them good lace fronts
Girls is my sons, carried them for 8 months
And yes you're Pre-Mature
Young Money to the Core
I might give you a ticket so you can come see the tour
Oh that's your new girl ?
That's that Mid Grade
Buck 50 on yo face with the switch blade
Or the Razor
Yeah the Razor
She my son yeah
But I ain't Raise her
Goose me hater
I get that Loose leaf Paper
Them V-Necks be studded out
T-Rex be gutted out
Told Nicki be chilling them
I'mma keep hurting they feelings
Because you'll never be Jordan
You couldn't even be Pippen
You couldn't even be tripping
You can't afford a vacation
I'm out in Haiti with Haitians
I go to Asia with Asians
You mad dusty, you a lil dusty possum
I just come through with the six like my name was Blossom You get high and fuck a bunch of girls
And then cry on top of the world
I hope you have the time of your life
I hope I don't lose it tonight You get high and fuck a bunch of girls
And then cry on top of the world
I hope you have the time of your life
I hope I don't lose it tonight The Boys always spending all their money on love
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The Boys always spending all their money on love Uh huh, Pretty Gang, Young Money, Cassie

Songwriters

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