

# Only (ft. Drake, Lil Wayne & Chris Brown)

## Nicki Minaj

Yo, I never fucked Wayne, I never fucked Drake  
All my life, man, fuck's sake  
If I did I did a menage with 'em  
And let 'em eat my ass like a cupcake  
My man full, he just ate, I don't duck nobody but tape  
Yeah, that was a set up for a punchline on duct tape  
Worried bout if my butt's fake  
Worried 'bout John's singing us Drake  
These girls are my sons, John and Kate plus eight  
When I walk in, sit up straight, I don't give a fuck if I was late  
Dealing with my man on a G5 is my idea of an update  
Hut one, hut two, big titties, big butt too  
Fuck with them real niggas who don't tell niggas what they up to  
Had to show bitches where the top is, ring finger where the rock is  
These hoes couldn't test me even if their name was pop quiz  
Bad bitches who I fuck with, mad bitches we don't fuck with  
I don't fuck with them chickens unless they last name is cutlet  
Let it soak in, like seasonin'  
And tell 'em, tell 'em blow me, Lance Stephenson  
Raise your bottle and cup in the sky  
Sparks in the air like the fourth of July  
Nothing but bad bitches in here tonight  
Oh, if you lame and you know it be quiet  
Nothing but real niggas only, bad bitches only  
Rich niggas only, independent bitches only  
Boss niggas only, thick bitches only  
I got my real niggas here by my side, only I never fucked Nicki cause she got a man  
But when that's over then I'm the first in line  
And the other day in her Maybach  
I thought god damn, this is the perfect time  
We had just come from that video  
You know LA traffic, how the city slow  
She was sitting down on that big butt  
But I was still staring at the titties though  
Yeah, low key it may be high key  
I been peeped that you like me you know  
Who the fuck you really wanna be with besides me?  
I mean it doesn't take much for us to do this shit quietly, I mean  
She say I'm obsessed with thick women and I agree  
That's right I like my girls BBW, yeah

Type to wanna suck you dry and then eat some lunch with you  
So thick that everyone else in the room is so uncomfortable  
Ass on Houston Texas, but the face look just like Claire Huxtable  
Oh, yeah, you the man in the city when the mayor fuck with you  
The NBA players fuck with you  
The bad ass bitches doing makeup and hair fuck with you  
Oh, that's cause I believe in something, and I stand for it  
And Nicki if you ever tryna fuck  
Just give me the heads up so I can plan for it Raise your bottle and cup in the sky  
Sparks in the air like the fourth of July  
Nothing but bad bitches in here tonight  
Oh, if you lame and you know it be quiet  
Nothing but real niggas only, bad bitches only  
Rich niggas only, independent bitches only  
Boss niggas only, thick bitches only  
I got my real niggas here by my side, only I never fucked Nicki and that's fucked up  
If I did fuck she'd be fucked up  
Whoever is hittin' ain't hittin' it right  
Cause she actin' like she need dick in her life  
That's another story, I'm no story teller  
I piss greatness like gold is yellow  
All my goons so overzealous  
I'm from Holly Groove, the holy Mecca  
Accountant say I got money for days  
I squirm and I shake, but I'm stuck in my ways  
My girl from a Bida if she wave  
Baby and I fucked with her surfboard, surfboard  
My eyes are so bright, I take cover for shade  
Don't have my money? I take mothers instead  
You got the hickups, you swallowed the truth  
Then I make you burp boy, treat me like sirloin  
I'm talkin' bout runnin' in houses with arm and guns  
So think about your son and daughter rooms  
Got two goons and they got smaller guns  
Ain't thinkin' bout your son and daughter rooms  
This is just crazy my nigga, I mean brazy my nigga  
That money talk, I just rephrase it my nigga  
Blood gang take the B, I'll behave ya  
I'm niggas is for reals  
If you mouth off, I blow your face off  
I mean pop-pop-pop, then I take off  
Now you see me, now you don't  
Like Jamie Foxx, acting like Ray Charles  
16 in a clip, one in the chamber  
17 Ward bully with 17 bullets

My story is how I went from poor me  
To police pour me a drink and celebrate with me  
Raise your bottle and cup in the sky  
Sparks in the air like the fourth of July  
Nothing but bad bitches in here tonight  
Oh, if you lame and you know it be quiet  
Nothing but real niggas only, bad bitches only  
Rich niggas only, independent bitches only  
Boss niggas only, thick bitches only  
I got my real niggas here by my side, only

Songwriters

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