

# Roman's Revenge (feat. Eminem)

## Nicki Minaj

I am not Jasmine, I'm Aladdin  
So far ahead, these bums is laggin'  
See me in that new thing, bums is gaggin'  
I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon  
Look at my show footage, how these girls be spazzin'  
So fuck I look like gettin' back to a has-been?  
Yeah, I said it, has-been  
Hang it up, flat screen  
(Haha) Plasma  
Hey Nicki, hey Nicki, asthma  
I got the pumps, it ain't got medicine  
I got bars, sentencin'  
I'm a bad bitch, I'm a cunt  
And I'll kick that hoe, punt  
Forced trauma, blunt  
You play the back, bitch, I'm in the front  
You need a job, this ain't cuttin' it  
Nicki Minaj is who you ain't fuckin' with  
You lil' brag a lot, I beat you with a pad-a-lock  
I am a movie, camera block  
You outta work, I know it's tough  
But enough is enoughRaah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragonRaah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragonI ain't into S and M, but my whip's off the chain  
A little drop of candy paint drips off the frame  
Twisted-ass mind, got a pretzel for a brain  
An eraser for a head, fuckin' pencil for a frame  
You don't like it then peel off, bitch  
Every last woman on Earth I'll kill off,  
and I still wouldn't fuck you, slut  
So wipe the smile on your grill off,  
I swear to God I'll piss a Happy Meal off  
Get the wheels turnin', spin, and wheel off

Snap the axel in half, bust the tie-rod  
    Quit hollerin' 'Why, God?'  
    He ain't got shit to do with it  
    Bygones'll never be bygones,  
    so won't be finished swallowin' my wad  
    I ain't finished blowin' it, nice bra  
    Hope it'll fit a tough titty, bitch

Life's hard, I swear to God, life is a dumb blonde white broad  
    With fake tits and a bad dye job

Who just spit in my fuckin' face and called me a fuckin' tightwad  
    So finally I broke down and bought her an iPod  
    And caught her stealin' my music,  
    so I tied her arms and legs to the bed  
    Set up the camera and pissed twice on her  
    Look, two pees and a tripod!

The moral to the story is, life's treatin' you like dry sod?  
    Kick it back in its face, my God

It's Shady and Nicki Minaj, you might find the sight quite odd  
But don't ask why, bitch (Ask why not)The wo-world is my punchin' bag and  
    If I'm garbage, you're a bunch of maggots  
    Make that face, go on, scrunch it up at me  
    Show me the target so I can lunge and attack it  
    Like a, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
    You fell off, off, they musta bumped your wagon  
    You musta went off the back, I'm 'bout to go off the deep end  
I told you to stay in your lane, you just choked in traffic(I-I-I-I-Is)  
    Is this the thanks that I get for puttin' you bitches on?

    Is it my fault that all of you bitches gone?  
    Shoulda sent a thank-you note, you little ho  
    Now I'ma wrap your coffin with a bow  
(Ni-ni-ni) "Nicki, she's just mad 'cause you took the spot"  
    Word, that bitch mad 'cause I took the spot?  
    Well, bitch, if you ain't shittin', then get off the pot  
    Got some niggas out in Brooklyn that'll off your top  
    I-I-I-I hear them mumblin', I hear the cacklin'  
    I got 'em scared, shook, panickin'  
        Overseas, church, Vatican  
        You at a stand, still, mannequin  
        You wanna sleep on me? Overnight?  
        I'm the motherfuckin' boss, overwrite  
        And when I pull up, vroom, motorbike  
        Now all my niggas gettin' buck, overbite  
        I see them dusty-ass Filas, Levi's  
        Raggedy-ass, holes in your knee-highs  
        I call the play, now do you see why?

These bitches callin' me Manning, Eli  
(Manning, Eli!) Ma, ma-ma-ma-ma, Manning, Eli  
These bitches callin' me (Manning, Eli)A-a-a-a-all you lil' fagots can suck it  
No homo', but I'ma stick it to 'em like refrigerator magnets  
And I'm crooked enough to make straitjackets bend  
Yeah, look who's back again, bitch, keep actin' as if  
You have the same passion that I have  
Yeah, right, still hungry, my ass  
You ass dicks had gastric bypass  
Ain't hot enough to set fire to dry grass  
And 'bout as violent as hair on eyelids (Eyelash!)  
Go take a flyin' leap of faith off a fuckin' balcony  
'Fore I shove a falcon wing up your fly ass  
You know what time it is, so why ask?  
When Shady and Nicki's worlds clash  
It's (high class) meets (white trash)Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragonRaah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon  
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragonRoman!  
Roman!  
Stop it, stop it!  
You've gone mad, mad, I tell you, mad!  
You and this boy Slim Shady!  
What's goin' on?  
They'll lock you away!  
They'll put you in a jail cell!  
I promise!  
Take your mother's warning, Roman  
Please!  
Back to bed!  
Run along!  
Let's go!  
Come on!  
Wash your mouth out with soap, boys  
(Boys, boys, boys, boys, boys)