The Boys

Nicki Minaj

[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]P-p-p-p 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 em Kangaroo Nick, I'll box a ho
Th-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-nigga-nigga-nigga
[Cassie]Your lipstick stain
Smells like a cheap hotel
Diamond watches and a gold chain
Can't make my frown turn around
[Cassie]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
bone it, own it, Yeah yeah
Dollar, dollar, paper chase it, get that money
Yeah yeah
You get high, 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
[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]Ba-ba-ba-ba 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
Rrrrrrr
Pull up in the
Rrrrrrr
Wrist on
Burrrrr
Pussy on
Purrrr Rrrrr
I don't even brake when I'm backin up
I'll swerve on a nigga if he actin up
I done pushed more sixes then a play date
Get money by the millions, fuck a day rate

Nigga-nigga-nigga-nigga
[Cassie]Your bossed up swag
Got em drooling like a new born bae
The dollars in they eyes

Got em blinded by a Masquerade
[Cassie]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
Bone it, own it, yeah yeah
Dollar, dollar, paper chase it get that money
Yeah yeah
You get high, 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
[Verse 3: Nicki Minaj]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
I told em Nicki be chillin them
I keep hurting they feelings
Because you'll never be Jordan
You couldn't even be Pimpin
You couldn't even be trippin
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
[Cassie]You get high, 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
[Repeat]The boys always spending all their money on love [x4]
[Nicki Minaj Speaking]Uh huh, Pretty Gang, Young Money, Cassie, Cassie, Cassie?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/