

Roman Holiday (â€ he Exorcism Of Roman)

Nicki Minaj

Take your medication, Roman
Take a short vacation, Roman, you'll be okay
You need to know your station, Roman
Some alterations on your clothes and your brain
Take a little break, little break from your silencing
There is so much you can take, you can take
I know how bad you need a Roman holiday, Roman holiday, a Roman holiday You done, you tired? You suck at
life?
You don't want a round three? You done suffered twice
Worship the queen and you might get passed
Keep it real, these bitches couldn't wipe my ass
Anyway, stylist, go get Bvlgari
I am the ultimate Svengali
These bitches can't even spell that
You, you hoes buggin', repel that
Let me tell you this, sister
I am, I am colder than a blister
Cause my flow's so sick and I'm a lunatic
And this can't be cured with no Elixir
Cause y'all know who the fuck, what the fuck I do
I done put the pressure to every thug I knew
Quack quack to a duck and a chicken too
Put the hyena in a freakin' zoo Take your medication, Roman
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Take a little break, little break from your sovereignty
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I know how bad you need a Roman holiday, Roman holiday, a Roman holiday Bitch, twitch, bitch!
Motherfucking right, this is World War 6
This right here is gonna make a bitch die
And this right here is gonna make a bitch cry
And if we being honest I am such a great guy
And this what I do when a bitch breaks flock
I'mma put her in a dungeon under, under
No them bitches ain't eating, they dying of hunger
Motherfucka I'm me, who the fuck is this ho?
And yes, maybe just a touch of tourettes
Get my wigs, Terrence, go and get my barrettes Take your medication, Roman

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Come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
I am Roman Zolanski
Come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
I am Roman Zolanski
Come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
I am Roman Zolanski
Talking bout me, you talking about me?
I dare a motherfucker to be talking about me
That bitch must be smokin' a couple of OZs
They want the outline, I give them a goatee
Goddamn motherfucker ya talking about me?
I dare a motherfucker to be talking about me
That bitch must be smokin' a couple of OZs
A-buh-buh-buh now give them a goatee
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Songwriters

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