Keys Under Palm Trees

Nicki Minaj

I'm the fashionistist.
And they know I stay around the white like a groom,
Look up in the sky, I see somebody on a broom.
I think I'm gettin' hi-high-hi-high on my own supply,
Yellin' "Rasta, alright! " when I'm ridin' by,
See I used to be the wife of a king,
Back when I was smugglin' them things in the bing.
Now that I'm a boss bxtch,
It's a win-win,
Come to Mr. Chow's or meet me in Chin-Chin,
Now I get'cha ching & my name bells ring -
Oops, I mean my name ring bells, ding ding.
[Chorus:]I'm in Jamaica with them keys under palm trees,
The leprechaun sees what my palm reads.
And if my heart seize, please call my aunties,
I think them girls tellin', I hear them boys yellin' [x2]
Get down, get down, get down down,
Get d- get down, get down, get down down,
Get down, get down, get down down,
Get down, get down on the ground,
Get down, get down on the ground.

Man, fxck a P0,
And fxck a C0,
'bout to set it off like Cleo,
Mad they done tapped my trio,
Begged my skio,
Heard the bxtch lyin' like Leo.
Anyway, I'm the ninja,
Kawasaki blazin',
In a kimono, "Konichiwa" to the Asians.
I kick, kick, kick it like I'm Bruce Lee's son,
So all of that yellin' in the street soon done.
Cus if I take my ski mask off, then I'm dumbin',
The young Chaka Khan, yes - I am every woman.
And I am 'bout that coke, not what'cha put the rum in,
Say a little prayer, tell the Lord that I'm comin' (comin')
[Chorus:]I'm in Jamaica with them keys under palm trees,
The leprachaun sees what my palm reads.

And if my heart seize, please call my auntie,
I think them girls tellin', I hear them boys yellin' [x2]
Can you hear the yellin'?
Comin' for me, comin' for me-e-e-e.
Comin' for me, comin' for me, comin' for me.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/