

Shether

Remy Ma

Free Remy!

(Word)

You know what? Free Remy!

Fuck you, Free Remy!

(Fuck Nicki Minaj!)

Are you dumb?

You wore a pink diamond chicken wing chain (Are you dumb?)

You had a leopard beehive on your head (Are you dumb?)

(Fuck Nicki Minaj!)

Are you forgettin' that I pressed you before, bitch?

(Fuck Nicki Minaj!)(I) Fuck with your soul like shETHER

(Will) You ain't the queen, I'll show you

(Not) Lipo your ass and belly

(Lose) I prove you lost already They told you your whole career I'd come home and kill you, right? Ha-ha!

I told you I wasn't talkin' about your dumb ass

It looks stupid, you literally got a dumb ass

Talkin' cray, and we all know that you dumb as

You get Donkey of the Day, yeah, you dumb ass

Let's be honest, you stole that line 'bout bitches bein' your sonsâ€™ how you take my '09 jail tweet and run?

Talkin' about bringin' knives to a fight with guns

When the only shot you ever took was in your buns

And I saw Meek at All-Star, he told me your ass dropped

He couldn't fuck you for three months

Because your ass dropped

Now I don't think y'all understand how bad her ass got

The implants that she had put in her ass popped

I was like, "Damn, 90 days and you couldn't have box?

Did she at least compensate? Start givin' you mad top?

Her name Minaj, right? She ain't throw you some bad thots?"

He said "Nah," that's when I knew you was really a trash bop

You was screamin' "Free Remy!" when I was upstate doomed

But now that they freed Remy, you don't sing the same tune

Locked me up, threw away my keys, threw away my weaves

Snatched me from my son, braids to the back, state greens

Daily News, "Her career's over," "She was kinda stupid,"

But you saw a opportunity 'cause you a opportunist

Left your Day 1 'cause you heard he was on some cheat shit

Then got with the dude that told you on some creep shit

But what happened to Omeeka? Nah, on some G shit

Left him and took a pic with the dude he had beef with?
And we all know it was a beef that you started
Pillow-talkin' out of your ass, this bitch retarded
Now you gotta die, you dearly departed
Bloodbath when I catch you, a real red carpet
Now what I'ma do, I'ma just stick to the facts
Bitch so scared of my future, got this bitch goin' backwards
Been through mad crews, you disloyal hoochie
Now all of a sudden you back with Drake and Tunechi?
After he said you sucked his dick, you back with Gucci?
Who next: Puff, Deb, or Fendi? You a A-list groupie
And to be the Queen of Rap, you gotta actually rap
The whole industry know that your shit is a wrap
No, to be the Queen of Rap, you can't have a ghostwriter
And that's why this is my house; Flo Rida
Niggas done seen Drake pennin', Wayne pennin'
And since your first boyfriend left, bitch ain't winnin'
You a Internet troll, a Web browser, I'm sorry
You can't get her online without Safaree
Mentionin' guns, you Pussy Galore, James Bond
Only time you touch a trigga is when you fucked Trey Songz
Coke head, you cheated on your man with Ebro
I might leak the footage of you sniffin' them ski slopes
They gassin' you up, but you been on E, though
"Pills and Potions," yep, you been on E, hoe
Got your ghostwriters back, so you think you lit
Rem Belushi, I'm a Ghostbuster, bitch
I'm supposed to be scared
'Cause you bought your Barbie chain back?
I'll revert to "Ante Up," you'll get your Barbie chain yapped
Tried to front in February, catch you in that Maybach
Show you how to use your name, you be usin' your name wack
I'm sayin', how you mix Nicki with a Minaj?
I'ma park this bitch, put Nicki in the garage
I'm gettin' money like Nicky Barnes, I'm the big homie
I responded in less than 48 Hours; Nick Nolte
Gettin' close like Nick Jonas, grippin' the gauge
Then blaze off, Face Off, bitch, Nicolas Cage
You animated like Nickelodeon, you fake, bitch
Only the kids believe in you; you St. Nick
Now when I shoot Nick at Nite, they won't understand it
I'm Wild'n Out, 'bout to hit Nick with the Cannon
How are you on the VMAs, actin' like you hood?
Way across the stage, talkin' about "Miley, what's good?"
That's Hannah Montana, she was always happy

You only fronted on Mariah 'cause Mariah don't carry
Tried to disrespect Taylor 'cause Taylor wasn't Swift enough
Pillsbury Doughgirl; Remy pick the biscuit up
I'm jealous? Bitch, you was happy when they took me
Best thing that ever happened to you was when they booked me
You said you never fucked Wayneâ€”how stupid I look, B?
Get the picture, I'll expose you, I'm kind of a bully
You named yourself Nicki Lewinsky, the mind of a rookie
'Cause you was suckin' his dick
And now he tired of your nookie
You claimed you never fucked Drake
Now that's where you took me
You fucked the whole Empireâ€”who you tryin' to be, Cookie?
Boogie Down Bronx, I come out of the Boogie
To let you know real bitches never lie on their pussy
And stop talkin' numbers, you signed a 360 deal
Through Young Money, through Cash Money, through Republic
Which means your money go through five niggas before you touch it
Any videos, promotions come out of your budget
Endorsements, tour and merchandise, they finger-fuck it
You make, like, 35 cents off of each ducat
I own my masters, bitch, independent
So for every sale I do, you gotta do like ten
Stop comparin' yourself to Jay, you not like him
You a motherfuckin' worker, not a boss like Rem
You're done, them pop chicks ain't get the news yet
Bitch, I pop chicks, yeah, and I'm the new vet
I kill rappers, and you good as dead, bitch
Talkin' shit about me to a deaf bitch
And usually I have sympathy for the impaired
But not when you hard of hearin' from untreated gonorrhea
But you point your fingers at me? I'm the bad girl
When she the one out here misleadin' the black girls?
All these fake asses influenced by that girl
Dyin' from botched surgeriesâ€”what a sad world!
But before the butt job, you was a Spongebob
Suckin' cock for records, captain of the cum squad
And I got a few words for the moms of the young Barbz
Guess who supports a child molester? Nicki Minaj
You paid for your brother's wedding? That's hellas foul
How you spendin' money to support a pedophile?
He a walkin' dead man, sendin' threats to him
I guess that's why they call you Barbie, you was next to Ken
Talkin' about your money long and your foreign sick
Why you ain't help your bro hide his cum from forensics?

You probably somewhere overseas, foreign sick
Thought you could fuck with me, by far Rem sick
Meek, Drake, Safaree, I see men in your pants
We call that Jelani, get it? Semen in your pants
Uh, I got trigger fingers, you got bitter fingers
Yeah, you must think you Drake and I'm Twitter fingers
VH1, watch this
You just got bodied by a Love & Hip-Hop bitch Don't ever in your fuckin' life play with me
That's on the set!
You tried it on the Rae Sremmurd record
You tried it on your little freestyle
They was both duds, just like every other one was duds
Just like this last one was a dud
But what you not gonna do is keep subbin' me
Big... Pun!
I send a fuckin' headshot, you dead, bitch!
Will not lose!

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