

# Shanghai

## Nicki Minaj

On a real nigga, I'm a real nigga  
I run around with them real niggas  
Got real sons, I need a real sitter  
When I leave niggas, they get real bitter  
On a real nigga, I'm a real nigga  
I'mma run around with them real niggas  
Eight mil on that new thing, tied up like my shoe string  
Ain't fucking with you bitch niggas, and that's real rap but I do sing  
Make room when I come by, ain't speaking, I'm dumb high  
Just heard niggas got jokes, it's a matter of time before one dies  
'Cause them dudes out and them two's out, all sixes like school's out  
Niggas know when they talk slick that I'm winning fresh, they'll get chewed out  
'Cause them dudes out and them two's out, all sixes like school's out  
Niggas know when they talk slick that I'm winning fresh, they'll get chewed out  
Their shit ain't regular rich, so they end up in a ditch  
I'm not a regular bitch, so when niggas see me, they jump on my dick  
He not a regular shooter, so when you see me, salute-a  
Ain't got a knife in my hand, but I'm choppin' it up with some niggas from Cuba  
On a real nigga, I'm a real nigga  
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Got real sons, I need a real sitter  
When I leave niggas, they get real bitter  
On a real nigga, I'm a real nigga  
I'mma run around with them real niggas  
Roll upon ya, rull upon ya  
Roll upon ya, rull upon ya  
Ask Jay who he married, 80 thousand in Paris  
Stadiums with Queen B and thoses selfies, got them aggy  
These bitches is light-weight, I'm always at fight-weight  
Wrist game is on ice skate, 'cause we move work through that Tri-State  
'Cause them boys out, and them toys out, still banging that noise out  
You could get it in the winter-time or that Mayweather like Floyd's out  
'Cause them boys out, and them toys out, still banging that noise out  
You could get it in the winter-time or that Mayweather like Floyd's out  
All of these bitches in pocket, I'm 'bout to make a deposit  
Tell 'em to go 'head and gossip, as long as your house is the size of my closet  
Anybody I call, they picks up, even if they was gettin' they dicks up  
These niggas don't make a mix-up, tell 'em niggas go step they bricks up  
Tell 'em niggas go step they bricks up, (tell 'em niggas go step they bricks up)  
On a real nigga, I'm a real nigga  
I run around with them real niggas  
Got real sons, I need a real sitter

When I leave niggas, they get real bitter  
On a real nigga, I'm a real nigga  
I'mma run around with them real niggas  
Roll upon ya, roll upon ya  
Roll upon ya, roll upon ya When we bang, bye  
Pop pills, now we Shanghai  
When we bang, bye  
Pop pills, now we Shanghai  
When we bang, bye  
Pop pills, now we Shanghai  
Shanghai, Shanghai, Shanghai  
Shanghai, Shanghai, Shanghai  
Shanghai, Shanghai, Shanghai  
Shanghai, Shanghai, Shanghai  
When we bang, bye  
Pop pills, now we Shanghai, yeah  
When we bang, bye  
Pop pills, now we Shanghai, yeah

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