

Hell Yeah

Nicki Minaj

[Hook: Parker] [x2]

What we do when we go high?

We doin' it all night

Ooh the girls, they wanna vibe with us tonight

I'm in the middle of the club with my niggas and we all fucked up

Screamin' hell yeah, hell yeah[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]

Yeah, yeah

I ain't see you on the Forbes yet

Swear to God, I ain't see you in the stores yet

Donatella on the corsert

Pretty gang in the back of my corvette

Got my best friends rangers and benzes

Plus all my menses, Louie V lenses

This is how you feel when you winning

Man they been rocking with me since the beginning, innin'

This is where the stress end

Feel ill when you never got a stress ends

Always in the press when

Paparazzi in the bushes with the stretch lens

Say cheese to that

Pull up on the double R, pop clutch on them

And them strippers ain't mad when I touch on them

Russell simmons shoe game

Put a rush on them

Send a GT vodka, sittin' on top, uh

Mafia money eatin' seafood pasta

VMA's, I was good there

Front row, yea, always in a good chair

The bad gon' boo

But the good cheer

That's why my pocket on blimp like the good gear, yeah

Yeah, yeah[Hook: Parker] [x2]

What we do when we go high?

We doin' it all night

Ooh the girls, they wanna vibe with us tonight

I'm in the middle of the club with my niggas and we all fucked up

Screamin' hell yeah, hell yeah[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

But you're boring as fuck, though

Why these bitches in the game so cutthroat?

Why they can't just let young Nicki live?
Why they gotta feel the wrath to know Nicki is
Not playin, boss for real
When they go against the kid it's gon' cost for real
Came straight from the hood with the cross appeal
That's why these big names wanna toss the deal
Okay
I'll take it, sign on the dotted line
But I'm quick to the check a bitch if she outta line
Shout out Mike, Darnell, and Nigel
Why these bums so mad that the queen on idol
Huh?
Say cheese to that
When they see me on the screen check E! for that
Bitches lyin' on the kid
I won't leave for that
Intimidated by my aura (ora) where Rita at?
Send a GT vodka
In a helicopter
Me and my Japanese bitches and Osaka
BET, I was good there
Front row, yea, always in a good chair
Why the fuck would I leave when I'm good here?
Let me send a twitpic of my good hair, yeah
Yeah, yeah[Hook: Parker] [x2]
What we do when we go high?
We doin' it all night
Ooh the girls, they wanna vibe with us tonight
I'm in the middle of the club with my niggas and we all fucked up
Screamin' hell yeah, hell yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>