

# The Boys

it€€ €€œ€€€

[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]P-p-p-p punch line Queen, no boxer though

Might pull up in a Porsche, no boxster though

Tell a hater, "Yo, don't you got cocks to blow?"

Tell em Kangaroo Nick, I'll box a ho

Th-they said I got 5 in a possible

Don't go against Nicki, Impossible

I done came through with my wrist on Popsicle

Man these hoes couldn't ball with a Tosticle

Nigga-nigga-nigga-nigga

[Cassie]Your lipstick stain

Smells like a cheap hotel

Diamond watches and a gold chain

Can't make my frown turn around

[Cassie]The boys always spending all their money on love

The boys always spending all their money on love

They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it

bone it, own it, Yeah yeah

Dollar, dollar, paper chase it, get that money

Yeah yeah

You get high, fuck a bunch of girls,

And then cry on top of the world

I hope you have the time of your life

I hope, I don't lose it tonight

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]Ba-ba-ba-ba bald head pussy got lots of juice

Lop-sided on the curb so I block the coupes

Watch the deuce

Man I'm stingy with my cuttie cat daddy

Did you ever really love me steebie

Rrrrrr

Pull up in the

Rrrrrr

Wrist on

Burrrr

Pussy on

Purrrr Rrrrr

I don't even brake when I'm backin up

I'll swerve on a nigga if he actin up

I done pushed more sixes then a play date

Get money by the millions, fuck a day rate

Nigga-nigga-nigga-nigga  
[Cassie]Your bossed up swag  
Got em drooling like a new born bae  
The dollars in they eyes

Got em blinded by a Masquerade  
[Cassie]The boys always spending all their money on love  
The boys always spending all their money on love  
They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it  
Bone it, own it, yeah yeah  
Dollar, dollar, paper chase it get that money  
Yeah yeah

You get high, fuck a bunch of girls  
And then cry on top of the world  
I hope you have the time of your life  
I hope I don't lose it tonight

[Verse 3: Nicki Minaj]I put all you bitches on to them good lace fronts  
Girls is my sons, carried them for 8 months  
And yes you're Pre-Mature  
Young Money to the Core

I might give you a ticket so you can come see the tour  
Oh that's your new girl?  
That's that Mid Grade

Buck 50 on yo face with the switch blade  
Or the Razor

Yeah the Razor

She my son yeah

But I ain't raise her

Goose me hater

I get that Loose leaf paper

Them V-Necks be studded out

T-Rex be gutted out

I told em Nicki be chillin them

I keep hurting they feelings

Because you'll never be Jordan

You couldn't even be Pimpin

You couldn't even be trippin

You can't afford a vacation

I'm out in Haiti with Haitians

I go to Asia with Asians

You mad dusty, you a lil dusty possum

I just come through with the six like my name was Blossom

[Cassie]You get high, fuck a bunch of girls

And then cry on top of the world

I hope you have the time of your life

I hope I don't lose it tonight  
[Repeat]The boys always spending all their money on love [x4]  
[Nicki Minaj Speaking]Uh huh, Pretty Gang, Young Money, Cassie, Cassie, Cassie?

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>