

Hell Yeah (feat. Parker)

[Nicki Minaj](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[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

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