

High School (ft. Lil Wayne)

Nicki Minaj

He said he came from Jamaica, he owned a couple acres
A couple fake visas 'cause he never got his papers
Gave up on love fucking with them heart breakers
But he was getting money with the movers and the shakers
He was mixed with a couple things, bald like a couple rings
Bricks in the condo and grams to sing-sing
Left arm, baby mother tatted
5-year bid up North when they ratted
Anyway I felt him, helped him, put him on lock, seat-belt him
Took him out to Belgium, welcome
Bitches this pretty, that's seldom
This box better than the box he was held in
I'm Momma Dee in that order, I call him Daddy like daughters
He like it when I get drunk, but I like it when he be sober
That's top of the toppa, I never fuck with beginners
I let him play with my pussy then lick it off of his fingers, I'm in the zone They holler at me, but it's you, you,
this ain't high school
Me and my crew, we can slide through
Give it to you whenever you want, whip it whenever you want
Baby it's yours
Anywhere, everywhere, baby it's your world, ain't it? (alright)
Baby it's your world, ain't it? Uh, she got a nigga at home and one on the side
Best friend is a dyke, they fucked around a few times
Her and her momma alike, so all they do is fight
I tell her "make me some money", she tell me "make me a wife"
I tell that bitch "you crazy, fuck wrong with you?"
And excuse my French, but I'm a long kisser
And then she try to tell me I'm the only one that's hitting
And I say "what about them niggas?" She say: "what about them niggas?"
You right, what you doing tonight?
Put on something tight, don't judge me, I'd get life
She love me like a brother, but fuck me like a husband
Pussy like a oven, too hot to put my tongue in
All I had to do is rub it, the genie out the bottle
Pussy so wet, I'mma need goggles
She tell me that's it's mine, I tell her "stop lying, mine and who else?"
She say worry about yourself Lil Tune They holler at me, but it's you, you, this ain't high school
Me and my crew, we can slide through
Give it to you whenever you want, whip it whenever you want

Baby it's yours
Anywhere, everywhere, baby it's your world, ain't it?
Baby it's your world, ain't it?

Songwriters

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