

Chi-Raq (feat. Lil Herb)

Nicki Minaj

Ain't yellin' cut when it's shootin' time
Sign up, it's recruitin' time
Big wigs with a suit and tie
And them big things got two inside
Fuck wrong with these ho niggas?
Don't do coke, I don't blow niggas
I don't tell niggas, I show niggas
And it's never less than like 4 niggas
4 wings and some french fries
Hot sauce and ketchup nigga
He telling and he hiding
But real niggas a still catch a nigga
Cop Raris, I don't test drive em
Home theaters, can't Best Buy 'em
These niggas that I roll with
Don't let a single thing get by 'em
King pins and them drug lords
Chi-town, no gun laws
Broke bitches that talk shit
Now them the bitches I stunt for
Malcolm X daughter came at me
Lookin' ass niggas ain't happy
Rolled out with some Latin Kings
And some eses in them plain khakis
Smack bitches, no smack cam
Closed fists, no back hands
Pop pussy on a hand stand
They suckin' dick like it's band camp
Call Web and then call Nitty
Queens niggas in it's all hoodies
Kidnappin' and then rob niggas
Call D-Roc for a biggie
Pussy ass lil rap niggas
I fucked with real trap niggas
Pop star, icon
But I send niggas come snatch niggas
I'm with EBK, you on EBT
Got a black nine, call it BET
School niggas, get a GED

And I tease niggas, make em B.E.G
Got a money fetish, I'ma fly to Venice
Got a big house I can play some tennis
Lil Herb, what's good?
I'm a bad bitch and I fuck good Know a couple niggas that's down to ride
For a homicide when it's drama time
Run up on a nigga with the llamas flyin'
Leave his loved ones all traumatized
One-fifty I'm really with it
I'll drop his ass and then forget it
I'm the man round my side of town
Might see a bitch and forget I hit it I'm a young nigga I be gettin' money
Take your bitch from you
And these niggas don't get no respect
I'ma stay 100 till I'm 6 under
Matter fact I gotta keep it 150
For every nigga that's gon' come with me
I'm on Roc Block with a new semi
and a blue Bentley it do 160
Smoke a lot a of weed
Like fuck kidneys, put a dutch in me
Got a 40 on me, I don't trust any
And if any nigga ever try to end me
I'ma die shooting prayin' God forgive me
You too busy hating you can't get no paper,
why are y'all so silly?
Straight killers I can call so many
I don't love no bitches but my mom,
my sister, and my gun and Nicki
I'm in Hollywood came from Kingston Food
Shorties standing in the streets with tools
Where I'm from we don't play no games
Ain't no April fools, you will make the news
Where I hang we don't say no names
If you talk to cops I stay away from you
Keep your mouth shut in them investigations
You'll be out the station in a day or two
Dedication and a little patience
Lead to domination on my way to greatness
Don't put yourself up in a situation
Puttin' my relations in your conversations
Shoot a opposition with no hesitation
You get my position then you better take it
Know some young bulls from a while back
Tryna leave the game but they never made it

I got old shit, killin' your shit
On a couple tracks I just never played it
Pussy nigga you don't want war
I got old clips bitch I'm Baron Davis
Pussy nigga you don't want war
I got old clips bitch I'm Baron Davis Know a couple niggas that's down to ride
For a homicide when it's drama time
Run up on a nigga with the llamas flyin'
Leave his loved ones all traumatized
One-fifty I'm really with it
I'll drop his ass and then forget it
I'm the man round my side of town
Might see a bitch and forget I hit it

Songwriters

ONIKA MARAJ Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music. Inc., Sony/ATV Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>