

Go Hard (Dubstep Remix)

Nicki Minaj

Yo, S-B I think it's my time
You know why? My tears have dried,
And I know that no weapon formed
Against me will prosper and I truly
Believe that my haters are my motivators.
Young Money.[Chorus]If you could you would get rid of me,
F*** you gone do when a b***** try to go hard?
But I won't let you get to me (to me)
You should already figure I'ma go hard.
If you was as real as me you would never
Let another girl sit in yo throne.
I done put the choke hold on now
They screamin', "Nicki leave me alone!"
I am, I'm Still the one to beat.
Ain't in a rush from these streets
I am the streets. I am gettin' it in until the end
I gotta go, go, go, go hardCarter called, lemme get the car key, you don't want it with the Harajuku Barbie
Keep a marquis, everything sparkly (man man down!) hit em on a walkie-talkie.
Hit em, hit em knock-knock, tell em let me in. my name ring bells b***** buzz me in
And I only stop for pedestrians, or real real bad lesbian.
Hit em wit the Mac, hit em wit the Tech 9, hit em wit the Ruger by the intersex sine. hit em wit a Tommy so my
n*****s call me Pammy and I always the jammy in the trunk or in the lamby
Put my whole burrough on my back and I'm gooda, I don't wanna hear what you would, what you coulda
I represent all the girls that stood up, used to drink water wit a little bit of sugar.
Now I'm in the gym with my squats and my sit-ups, doin' the scissor-leg on the mat wit my foot up.
Young black pin-up, all of my b*****es did up, now I'm tellin' LA Reid to step his bid up.
And I'm tellin' President Carter he picked a winner, b*****es like Nelly and Kelly got a dilemma
These birds all fly south in the winter, f*** I look like chompin' on a chicken dinner?
You can hate me, but why knock my hustle; I'ma be a queen no matter how they shuffle
Skirts with the ruffle, Louis on the duffel. I'm a bad b***** no muzzle. (no muzzle).
B*****es is softer than Al Dante, cut from a different kentae. tell em I'm the ninja,
Weezy is my sensei. so I call him Splinter, faster than a sprinter. gimme my chopsticks
I'll have the rap b*****es for dinner.
This is for my gentlemen in button-ups and khakis
This is for my n***** 7-up in Castaki
This is for my n*****s wheeling them Kawasakis
Shout out to the back east salt fish eggs
Kisses is to my fans, unless I'm feeling kinda c***y.
Winter Wonderland is on my hand, it's kinda rocky.

I am Nicki, Minaj or Lewinski.
 Pumps on the clutch, right hand on the six-speed.
 Write my own raps I gotta go, I gotta get me (gotta get me.)
 Oh[Chorus]If you could you would get rid of me,
 F*** you gone do when a b***** try to go hard?
 But I won't let you get to me (to me)
 You should already figure I'ma go hard.
 If you was as real as me you would never
 Let another girl sit in yo throne.
 I done put the choke on now
 They screamin', "Nicki leave me alone!"
 I am, I will, I gots to win.
 I'm still lookin' around for my
 Competition, I am gettin' it in until the end
 I gotta go, go, go, go hardFrom slap-and-cry you start to die, so I must go harder.
 Gotta make these b*****es know me just like Bobby know water.
 Better yet, like Bubba, know shrimp. but he don't say s***
 When the gun on his lip, and I don't say s*** put the gun
 On my hip. so I don't say s*** but the gun on my hip.
 If you don't wanna drown don't come on my ship
 Check out how them b*****es just run on my dick
 And me, I'm that nasty son of a b*****.
 I still got that b***** cum on my lips
 It yee ain got money, don't come on my strip
 And if ya got money, don't come on my strip
 I wear that metal, no Olympic, but I can still
 Make you tumble and flip
 You f***in' wit me if you f***in' wit Nick
 They ain't f***in' wit me ,they ain't f***in' wit Nick
 Your girlfriend and she just split
 'cause she wanna f*** me and she wanna f*** Nick
 They wonder if he be f***in' Nick, as long as she be f***in' rich
 That's why I keep my luggage 'cause, I swear y'all's a f***in' trip.
 Young Money Dungeon, b*****. my swagger is just punching b*****
 And I shoot like I'm from over-seas, so call my gun, "Gunovich"
 Weezy F. Baby and the "F" is for a bunch of s***
 Red drank, blue pill, white dust
 Yes I love my country b*****.[Chorus]Wish you could get rid of Young Money,
 F*** you gone do when a b***** try to go hard?
 But I won't let you get to me (to me)
 You should already figure I'ma go hard.
 If you was as real as me you would never
 Let another girl sit in yo throne.
 I done put the choke on now
 They screamin', "Nicki leave me alone!"

I am, I will, I gots to win.
I'm still lookin' around for my
Competition, I am gettin' it in until the end
I gotta go, go, go, go hard

Songwriters

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