

# Rugged

## Maya Jane Coles

[Verse 1: Drake]

Uh, thinkin' out loud

I must have a quarter million on me right now  
Hard to make a song 'bout somethin' other than the money  
Two things I'm 'bout is talkin' blunt and staying blunted  
Pretty women, are you here? Are you here right now, huh?  
We should all disappear right now  
Look, you're gettin' all your friends and you're gettin' in the car  
And you're comin' to the house, are we clear right now, huh?  
You see the fleet of all the new things  
Cop cars with the loose change  
All white like I move things  
Niggas see me rollin' and their mood change  
Like a motherfucker  
New flow, I got a dozen of 'em  
I don't trust you, you are undercover  
I could probably make some step-sisters fuck each other  
Talkin' filets with the truffle butter  
Fresh sheets and towels, man she gotta love it  
Yeah, they all get what they desire from it  
What, tell them niggas we ain't hidin' from it

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

Yo, thinkin' out loud

I must have about a milli on me right now  
And I ain't talkin' about that Lil Wayne record  
I'm still the highest sellin' female rapper, for the record  
Man, this a 65 million single sold  
I ain't gotta compete with a single soul  
I'm good with the ballpoint game, finger roll  
Ask me how to do it, I don't tell a single soul  
Pretty women, wassup? Is you here right now?  
You a stand-up or is you in your chair, right now?  
Uhh, do you hear me?  
I can't let a wack nigga get near me  
I might kiss the baddest bitch, if you dare me  
I ain't never need a man, to take care of me  
Yo, I'm in that big boy, bitches can't rent this  
I floss everyday, but I ain't a dentist

Your whole style and approach, I invented  
And I ain't takin' that back, cause I meant it

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Uh, thinkin' out loud

I could be broke and keep a million dollar smile  
LOL to the bank checkin' my account  
Bank teller flirtin' after checkin' my account  
Pretty ladies, are you here? Truffle butter on your pussy  
Cuddle buddies on the low  
You ain't gotta tell your friend that I eat it in the morning  
Cause she gonna say "I know"  
Can I hit it in the bathroom? Put your hands on the toilet  
I'll put one leg on the tub  
Girl, this my new dance move, I just don't know what to call it  
But bitch you dancing with the stars  
I ain't nothin' like your last dude, what's his name? Not important  
I bought some cocaine, you can snort it  
She became a vacuum, put it on my dick like carpet  
Suck the white off like chocolate  
I'm so heartless, thoughtless, lawless and flawless  
Smallest regardless, largest in charge and born in New Orleans  
Get killed for Jordans  
Skateboard, I'm gnarly; Drake, Tunechi and Barbie  
You know

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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