

Four Door Aventador

[Nicki Minaj](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Plenty more for you, boy
We in the funky four door, no floor
Hit me on the celly, watching Belly
God's son, I can see they study Makaveli
Peanut butter Benz, got the jelly at the deli
If you feeling like a ninja, I got a machete
Hell yeah, them girls bad, but I'm fucking heavy
I'mma fuck around and have them looking like spaghetti
I say some shit, he be like, "Yo, you so legendary"
But he can tell just by my face he ain't getting any
Plenty more for you, boy
We in the funky four door, no floor
He was serving that raw, oh boy
She was making that noise, oh boy
Plenty more for you, boy
We in the funky four door, no floor
He was serving that raw, oh boy
She was making that noise, oh boy
Meet me at the Rucker, take the Bruckner
It's just me and Young Yucka, taking suckers
For they money and they whips, putting kitten on lips
Dividing the dividends, get the money and dip
Keys to the nigga's safe, put it under my tits
He got ki's of that raw, it could fit in the six
Got a UPS connect, so we good on them trips
Automatic bottle service so we good in them VIPs, nigga
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These civilians, what up nigga? Excuse my millions
I'm in the V like a widow's peak
It's just me and my Rolls Royce pillow seats
Why they staring at me? I brung MacLaren with me
Yo, matter of fact, I think I'mma bring Donna Karan with me

And you my son, I don't know, it's just the parent in me
I am the best, I am the queen, it's so apparent it me
I'm in Hollywood with Shia Labeouf
Most of you rappers ain't eating, that diet is rough
You want some hot shit? Send that wire to us
I make them change their name to Diddy, retire the puff
I'm getting acting money
You niggas is Kevin Hart, y'all be acting funny
I'mma a keep a linebacker, tell 'em tackle for me
Yo, you seen my last pic, go double-tap that for me
Cock back, Red octagon, stop thatPlenty more for you, boy
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