

Ariana Grande, Super Bass

This one is for the boys with the boomin' system
Top down, AC with the coolin' system
When he come up in the club, he be blazin' up
Got stacks on deck like he savin' up
And he ill, he real, he might gotta deal
He pop bottles and he got the right kind of bill
He cold, he dope, he might sell coke
He always in the air, but he never fly coach
He a mothafuck'n trip trip, sailor on the ship ship
When he make it drip, drip kiss him on the lip, lip
That's the kind of dude I was lookin' for
And yes you'll get slapped if you're lookin' hoe
I said, excuse me you're a hell of a guy
I mean my, my, my, my like pelican fly
I mean, you're so shy and I'm loving your tie
You're like slicker than the guy with the thing on his eye, oh
Yes I did, yes I did, somebody please tell him who the eff I is
I am Nicki Minaj, I mack them dudes up, back coupes up, and chuck the deuce up

This one is for the boys in the polos
Entrepreneur niggas in the moguls
He could ball with the crew, he could solo
But I think I like him better when he dolo
And I think I like him better with the fitted cap on
He ain't even gotta try to put the mack on
He just gotta give me that look, when he give me that look
Then the panties comin' off, off, uh
Excuse me, you're a hell of a guy you know I really got a thing for American guys
I mean, sigh, sickenin' eyes I can tell that you're in touch with your feminine side, oh
Yes I did, yes I did, somebody please tell him who the eff I is
I am Nicki Minaj, I mack them dudes up, back coupes up, and chuck the deuce up

See I need you in my life for me to stay
No, no, no, no, no I know you'll stay
No, no, no, no, no don't go away
Boy you got my heartbeat runnin' away