

# 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