

# Nicki Minaj, The Boys (ft. Cassie)

[Nicki Minaj:]

P-p-p-punch line queen, no box of dough  
Might pull up in a Porche, no box of dough  
Tell a hater: "Yo, don't you got c\*cks to blow?"  
Tell 'em kangaroo Nick I'll box the hoe  
This shit said I got pop in a pasta bowl  
But don't go against Nicki impossible  
I'm a king, do what my bitch wants pops to go  
Then these hoes cut balls with a toss-to-go  
(wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle)

[Cassie:]

Your lipstick sting, smells like a cheap hotel  
Diamond watches, and a gold chain can't make my frown turn around  
The boys always spending all their money on love  
The boys always spending all their money on love  
They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, can it, bone it, bone it  
Yeah, yeah  
Tell it, tell it, pick it, chase it, kick that money yeah yeah

You get high, f\*ck a bunch of girls, and then cry on top of the world  
I hope you have to tell me a lie, I'll buy  
Don't lose it tonight

[Nicki Minaj:]

Don't hate this, you got lots of juice  
Lifestyle is so I black the cubes  
Watch the dudes, man I'm stingy with my putty cut diddy  
Did you ever love me Stevie?  
Purr, pull up in a burr  
Whist on brrr, piss y'all brrrr  
I don't even break when I'm backing up  
I swap on a nigga if he actin' up  
I don't puch more sixes then a "lay day"  
The money by the millions, f\*ck 'em day brake

[Cassie:]

Your bossed up swag, that I'm throwing like a new-born babe  
The dollars in their eyes, got 'em blinded like a masquerade  
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[Nicki Minaj:]

I bet all you bitches going to the good-laced ones  
Cursed my stunts carry them for 8 months  
I'm guessin' premature, your money to the core  
I give you the tickets, you come see the tour  
Oh don't you're new girl, that's the mid-crave  
A buck 50 on your face with a switch blade  
Or the razor, hear the razor, she my son yeah, but I ain't raised her  
Lose me hater, I get that loosely-paper  
Them being next-bes, started out to vex me, got that  
Tell her Nicki be chillin'  
Gonna keep her inner-feelings, because you never sure  
And you can't even be picking  
You couldn't even be trippin'  
You can't afford a vacation,

I?m not be hatin? them bitches,  
I go to Asia with Asians  
You met Dusty, you unload Dusty-possum  
I just come through with a six, like my neighbors blossom

[Cassie:]

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