

# Nicki Minaj, We Go Up (Extended feat. Fivio Foreign)

New York, stand the fuck up! (Yeah)  
You know what's goin' on, nigga  
Fivio, Barbie  
Fivio Foreign, Nicki Minaj, nigga  
Touch my crown again, bitch, these jealous ass niggas  
It's only one king, it's only one queen, there's two crowns, nigga  
Baow, grr

Ayo, this week, 'Rari ('Rari), next week, Lambo (Lambo)  
Bitch, I'm fly (Fly), I don't land though (Land though)  
This they funeral (Funeral), start the service (Service)  
Say my name, make 'em nervous  
Uh, you bitches is salty, I give them pressure (I give them pressure)  
Uh, you bitches is salty, pass me the pepper (Pass me the pepper)  
Uh, you bitches be jacking me like the Ripper (Like the Ripper)  
Uh, I am a hustler, I can sell water to flipper (Water to flipper)  
Uh, I know they teabagging, bitches is testy  
Get you a vacuum, bitches is messy  
Let's see  
After all of that surgery, you are still ugly  
And that is what gets me  
This shit ain't new to me, shit is just new to y'all (Shit is just new to y'all)  
I wish a bitch would upon a shooting star (Upon a shooting star)  
You thought you witnessed my final coup de grâce (Final coup de grâce)  
Brrt, look up, we shootin' stars

Sitting in the back of the Benz and my feet go up  
Bitches don't come outside when the beef go up  
But I love the way they mob when we roll up  
These bitches bums, when I see them, they make me throw up (Ooh)  
I wish a bitch would spin, I'm like, "Please show up" (Show up)  
When you talk to me, please don't bring a cheap ho up (Ho up)  
You keep talkin' 'bout a bitch for the streets, grow up (Grow up)  
'Cause you the type to say that shit and knock a freak ho up (Ugh)

Pink Rolls truck and my feet go up (Get money)  
Bitches don't come outside when the beef go up (Take money)  
But I love the way they mob when we roll up (Grrt)  
Bums, when I see them, they make me throw up (Yo, all these bitches [?])  
I wish a bitch would spin, I'm like, "Please show up" (Bow)  
When it come to Queen Sleaze, all the fees go up (Bow) (We're mobbin')  
I said we out, you can't breeze with us (Bow)  
And my wrist always on ice time, freeze, it's up (Bow) (The money)  
Mm

I'm 'bout to make you regret you chose me as an enemy, bitch (Bitch)  
Southside Jamaica, we mobbin' in Brix, so pull up with the blicks (Blicks)  
Some of the best shooters out of New York, they don't play with the knicks (Ayo)  
That ain't Fivio Foreign, it's Barbie new foreign, bitch  
These Nike, it ain't Reebok  
We back on that Ewok  
Percocets got a detox  
Firearms gon' get restocked  
Shooters hittin' that G-spot  
Bitches imitate, please stop  
Suck his dick like a freeze pop  
First, he gotta give me top (Brrt)  
Fendi bag or that Louis bag, more colorful than a peacock (Peacock)  
Weak niggas gotta get the boot, gotta get the boot with no treetop (No treetop)  
He was like, "Who that? She bad," I was like, "Oh, that's bestie"  
I could be all the way covered and still givin' sexy  
I know they sleepin' on me, bitches got epilepsy  
I don't do coke, little bitch, I don't even do Pepsi  
Let's see

How you don't like me but tryna do everything like me?  
That is what gets me (Ooh)

Sitting in the back of the Benz and my feet go up (Get money)  
Bitches don't come outside when the beef go up (Take money)  
But I love the way they mob when we roll up (Haha)  
These bitches bums, when I see them, they make me throw up (Yo, all these bitches [?]) (Ooh)  
I wish a bitch would spin, I'm like, "Please show up" (Show up) (Ooh, rockaway)  
When you talk to me, please don't bring a cheap ho up (Ho up) ([?])  
You keep talkin' 'bout a bitch for the streets, grow up (Grow up) (I'm not playin')  
'Cause you the type to say that shit and knock a freak ho up (Grrt)

Yeah, look, went on a drill and I make it look good to you  
Watch how my shooter could bully you (Baow, watch how my shooter could bully you)  
Yeah (Yeah)  
That nigga gon' kill you as soon as I look at you (Baow, baow, baow, baow)  
Huh, yeah, I never say what I wanna do (I never say what I wanna do)  
Yeah, look, open the door and I shoot out the bulletproof  
I'm with a baddie, she love the aggression  
I'm with a demon, he wanna get reckless  
I'm showin' them both and I'm teachin' 'em lessons  
Now watch how I'm moving 'cause I'm the investment  
Fuck her one night and I go and get breakfast  
I don't do paperwork or confessions (Nah)  
I don't do internet shows or texting (Nah)  
Shoot up the party, that send them the message (Bow, bow, bow)  
Them niggas started us (Them niggas started us, yeah, yeah)  
Bulletproof, was like a guarded truck (Skrtrt)  
Ain't no blicky with me, I got Nicki with me (Nah)  
And she Barbie dolled up (Lil' baby)  
We see 'em, we shooting the party up (Grrt)  
We ain't squashing shit, don't try to "Sorry" us (Nah)  
I got rich friends and they be riled up (Skrtrt)  
If they want to, they shooting the [?] up (Bow, bow, bow)  
Fivi' (Fivi'), spazzin' (Spazzin')  
Two shows (Two shoes), backend  
Fendi (Fendi), fashion (Fashion)  
Fendi fashion (Fendi fashion) (Yeah, look, huh)  
I put the brains on a napkin, I tell my demons to whack him  
My nigga died then that nigga died, I don't even know how it happened