

Chun Swae (feat. Swae Lee)

Nicki Minaj

Fall off in the spot
while you drop
Metro!

Pull up with no top

If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you
Fall off in the spot, every girl coming like a shark

Hanging on my necklace, this ain't no ski resort
Fall off in the spot, every girl coming like a shark
Put that thing in park, I'ma let my fit pick you apart
Glowing in the dark, pretty young girls on board
Running with the marksmen, everything on point like, "En garde"
Yo I'm me, I'm Barbie drippin', DB9, Barbie whippin'
If he say he don't want me back, he be lyin'
Bitch I'm the sauce, Barbie dippin', I'm the boss, Barbie sippin'
They keep tellin' work it, I ain't got no choice
I'm all yours, Barbie kissin', call the stores, Barbie shippin'
Out or indoors, baby I'ma floss
Wet, why of course, Barbie tippin', I endorse, Barbie strippin'
Mink carpet, but I ain't got no flaws
Doors look like rings, Barbie sittin', bad-da-bing, Barbie trippin'
Curve niggas like they arms in a slin'
Hot off the swing, Barbie swingin', to the ring, Barbie blingin'
Good box, so he called Donna King
Who the fuck gon' party with them dollies,
tell' em never do the money till em hate you probably gon' sew
Who the fuck gon' cop me with the body,
always thinkin' like a hottie, always saying what someone won't do
Who the fuck gonna pull up in your city,
looking every bit pretty, with the itty bitty titty bitch crew
Who the fuck gon' beat him with a 22,
if he don't lose the attitude, and run off with his credit cards too

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Fall off in the spot, every girl coming like a shark
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Glowing in the dark, pretty young girls on board
Running with the marksmen, everything on point like, "En garde"
Thousand dollar massage

I don't ever miss my mark
Anything I like goes in the cart
I might spend it all to prove a point
Rolling west coast, Arnold Schwarz
If she lick her lips then I'mma join

Indo I'mma spark

When I cash out its her favorite part They deliver my Lambo, all white with a tan bow

My body is a work of art, he eatin' this Van Gogh

I'm not in the bando, I'm Pablo Sandals

White beaches, candles, we sexin', anglo

Wh-wh-what you think all the niggas wanna cuff for?

A lot of Bloods, what you think they in the cut for?

Yeah it's the sweep, I ain't talkin' when the dust fall

My winnin' streak still hasn't peaked, you little dust ball

Bitch I'm a star-ar, me and Swae Lee, yah, yah

G-Force flights, Chun-way on the runway, yah, yah

Riccardo Tisci in Milan, you see me modelin', ah

Dinner with Kar-ar, dinner with Karl lagerfeld yah

Yeah this that Steven Klein, Mert & Marcus, yah, yah

You're used to taking pictures, I go raise the bar far

I'm bitchy, yah, yah, really bitchy, yah, hay

America's Next Top Model, call me, Yaya

Everytime I score she gon' hear them swishes, ah

Tell that bitch I'm in the league, she still play for Wichita

I piss hit, call me the swish God

The swish, swish God? Yup the swish God? Fall off in the spot, every girl coming like a shark

Aye you know I ain't like this, see no ski resort

Fall off in the spot, every girl coming like a shark

Put that thing in parts, I'ma let my fit pick you apart

Glowing in the dark, pretty little girls on a board

Running with the marksmen, everything on point like, "En garde" Mhm, shout out Giovanni

For doing that Barbie Tingz video, uh-huh

Nina Garcia, L mag yuh, uh-huh

I'm still on my Naomi shit

even the models tip

Weezy, Mack, Baby, Slim

Jay I see you, jean, Taz, Al, Sean G

Monte, Avery., jo, Katrina, Mike, Dave, Garry Josh

Banks

Juice, I see you Juice

Keep me rolling Juice

You're in the middle of Queen right now, thinking

I see why she called this shit Queen

This bitch is really the fucking Queen

I love my fans, I love you so much

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>