

# LLC

## Nicki Minaj

I just took her name and made the bitch a LLC  
Stuff a couple stacks up in, then bitch, get on your feet  
You make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see  
To you he's rich and famous, but he's just a guy to me I feel like I'm King Kong, name still  
going ding-dong  
It's two girls gettin' more money, and they don't rap, they sing songs  
I stay with that pink on, pink furs and them pink thongs  
Goons out if they blink wrong, think hard but don't think long  
Pink Friday had Eminem, spit hard but I'm feminine  
Iconic trio on Monster, Goblins and Gremlins  
What's left that I didn't do? You bit the forbidden fruit  
You thought you'd get my spot? Who the fuck was kiddin' you?  
Took a lil' break but I'm back to me  
Tryna make a new Nicki with a factory  
They'll never toe to toe on a track with me  
There'll never be another one after me  
'Cause the skill levels still a half of me  
Blasphemy, my niggas will blast for me  
All these low IQ hoes baffle me  
Tell 'em that I watch but just take a bath for me  
Put the trophies in my crib like a athlete  
I see them give me fake love but that trash is weak  
Man, you know that I rip every rap and beat  
You know Nicki gon' eat, Bon Apetit  
Used to get real hyped off a half a mil'  
Used to get real hyped off half a pill  
We don't pay niggas to front like they like my shit  
We don't pay niggas to come in and write my shit (uh) Now carry on, now carry on  
Now carry on, now carry on  
Swish, swish, I'm just gettin' my Curry on  
G6 flow, all Louis V carry on  
I just took her name and made the bitch a LLC  
Stuff a couple stacks up in, then bitch, get on your feet  
You make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see  
To you he's rich and famous, but he's just a guy to me You made me, you made me, yeah  
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah  
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You made me (okay), you made me (hahaha) Yo, you made me do it, hoe, I told you, get low  
(told you get low)  
I poppin' tens but they gotta be (be)  
I'm New York Nick, I'm ballin' with Carmelo (ok 'Melo)  
I'm wavy, word to Shawty Lo, hello

How your jacket say Porsche and you never rode a Porsche?  
How you supposed to meet the quarter when you never went North?  
How the fuck you got Ferraris when you never went sport?  
All that hoopin' and hollerin' still ain't scorin' on the court (rrah)You made me, you made me,  
yeah  
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah  
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah  
You made me (okay), you made me (hahaha)Ay, yo, look at what they made me do, they made  
me do  
Swerve the foreign on 'em, navy blue, they baby blue  
Look at how they started pussy poppin' when 80 flew  
All my niggas move that Britney, Ari', yeah, Katy too  
Niggas gassed on it, really though, gas I pump them  
Straight trash on the really, yo, yes, I dumped him  
Push the limits, I'm a pushy bitch, yes, I bumped him  
Push past filthy rich, ask I trumped them  
'Cause I scare her, scare her, my biggest error, error  
Never been clearer, clearer, don't Fawcett, Farrah Farrah  
Because you'll never be me, that's word to Bella, Gigi  
Dolce Gabbana, DG, pretty gang rated PG (woah)Now carry on, now carry on  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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