

I'm Legit (feat. Ciara)

Nicki Minaj

I'm shit with no makeup, don't have to curl my hair up
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" I'm legit with no makeup,
don't have to curl my hair up
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" Beat em' like they stole
some, beat em' like they stole some
All this booty here got 'em dreaming, lemme hold some
Let me, let me hear that boy, let me, let me wear that boy
Let me get the most expensive car, and let me steer that boy
Real big pretty titty, shut down every city
If you want the kid kitty, gotta get the key from me
All new everything, plus pay the rent for me
If we in the wilderness, niggas pitch the tent for me
Tent for me, tent for me, get me bodied
Long hair, no makeup, doing pilates
Those niggas don't step on my damn Zanottis
All them bitches my sons but who's the Daddy? I graduate with honors, I ball, 'Nead O'Connor
I did a freestyle, then I got a shout out from Obama
Yes, yes, I am ill I go in for the kill
Hoes is my sons, birth control, I am on the pill
What I gotta do? What I gotta do to 'em?
Step up in the club, everybody like who them?
Girls girls, me and my girls
What you done did? I need some referrals
Motherfuckers know I'm the shit, legit
And if a motherfucker don't he can suck my dick
I tell 'em, "Everybody else is my opposite!"
I put 'em on the game, give 'em five percent I'm shiit with no makeup, don't have to curl my hair
up
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" I'm shit with no makeup,
don't have to curl my hair up
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" I'm like really famous, I got
a famous anus
No, not Famous Amos, all this fame is heinous
Lemme, lemme hear that boy, lemme, lemme wear that boy

All this money coming in, but I never share that, boy
No lipstick, no lashes though
But I got a real big ol' ratchet, though
I said dude, yo dude, you packing dough
He said he want a good box like Pacquiao
I said, "Well, my name Nicki and it's nice to meet you."
If you really wanna know, I'll give you my procedure
Got a whole bunch of pretty gang in my clique
And we lookin' for some ballers, alopecia
I hate wack niggas, I should really slap niggas
These niggas trippin' when I put 'em on the map niggas
How you gon' break fly? How you gon' fake die?
Ain't at no wedding but all my girls cake, ha!
Sleeping on me, no mattress though
I'm a burn the beat down, no matches though
No they can't keep up? They molasses slow
I'm the greatest Queens bitch, with the cashes flow
Looking at me like it's my fault
Trying to take sneak pictures with they iPhone
I like independent bitches like July 4th
Now that's what young Harriet died for
I'm shit with no makeup, don't have to curl my hair up
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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