I'm Out (feat. Nicki Minaj)

Ciara

Ladies, it's your song
So as soon as this come on
You should get out on the floor
Gon' and get your sexy on
If you know that you better
Than the new girl that he on
Go 'head and tell him now
"You gon' miss me when I'm gone"Aye yo, Ci Ci
Let me show you how to do a singin' bitch, greasy
You was by Lennox, yeah the one on Peach Street
I was with Demetri, seen you on your lovin' hip hop men, D. C
"F**k these petty niggas" is a bitch motto
If I say I don't wax, every bitch follow
If I'm sippin' in the club, mix Moscato
I got a big fat ass, big dicks follow
Hit him with the back shots
Hit him with the ass shots
Take him to the bank then I hit him with cash shots
I do it big, I hit him with the caps lock
I'm gonna ball, I hit him with the mascot
No, I never been there, but I like to Bangkok
Big fat titties when they hangin' out my tanktop
You gon' play me
On Instagram niggas tryna shade me
But your bitch at home tryna play me
I'm Nicki and Weezy F, baby
Man, f**k you and your lady
Gon' butt you, cause you shady
Now which bitch run it?
Cause that bitch dig it
I gave him to you bitch
Don't fucking forget it
I just went through a break up
But it's okay, I got my cake up
Do my hair, put on some makeup
Tryna see where tonight gon' take us
I put some pics up lookin' sexy
Now this nigga wanna text me
How much you wanna bet me?
He gon' regret the day he left meCelebratin' our breakin' up, oh whoa
What's in the door
Go 'head and pour me a little more

Tonight we gon' have us a good time
Let's have a toast to our goodbyes, oh whoaLadies, it's your song
So as soon as this come on
You should get out on the floor
Gon' and get your sexy on
If you know that you better
Then the new girl that he on
Go 'head and tell him now
"You gon' miss me when I'm gone"I'm out
I'm out
I'm out
I'm outNow tell me, do my ladies run this
Not even Hammer can touch this
We standin' up on all the couches
Tomorrow you gon' hear about this
This is what you hearin' through your speakers
That's why we dancin' til our feet hurt
See I found out he was my problem
Tonight I came out here to solve himCelebratin' our breakin' up, oh whoa
What's in the door
Go 'head and pour me a little more
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Let's have a toast to our goodbyes, oh whoaLadies, it's your song
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If you know that you better
Then the new girl that he on
Go 'head and tell him now
"You gon' miss me when I'm gone"
I'm outThe way I put it on you got you goin' trippy (whoa)
You wanna come for it, wishin' you could get it (whoa)
No, No
I got you high, make you stop, when you see me, see me
You got your hand up, talkin' 'bout "gimme, gimme"
No, NooLadies, it's your song
So as soon as this come onSay "f**k these petty niggas" if these niggas did you wrong
If he got a new bitch
Then tell that bitch meet you outside
And pop her like a molly, tell them bitches recognize
Winnin' (I'm out)
I'm winnin'
The end and the beginnin'
I send them on an errand
Then I send them like my chilren
You couldn't get a fan
If it was hangin' from the ceilin' (I'm out)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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