

# Coco Chanel (feat. Foxy Brown)

## Nicki Minaj

Whole lotta gang shit  
Oh, uh, ugh, ayy yo Chun  
Ayy yo Chun  
We back on that Coco shit nigga number one, uh  
Whole lotta gang shit  
Haha, every bitch bloodclaat, you heard me  
Oh, ayy yo, uh, Brooklyn!  
Kick for my stomach, let's go!  
Yo! He got me like a coco, yeah uh la coco  
Ellas quieren coco, y yo tampoco  
Never trust a broke hoe, don't fuck with po-po  
Numero uno, me llama Yoko  
Pull up in them thing things and them things fling  
Niggas know my name ring, and it go "ding-ding"  
If I get an inkling, the thing'll sing-sing  
Ain't talkin' 'bout the singer, the thing'll sting-sting  
Ayo if I'm in the Gurkha, then they in the back of it  
If I tell 'em eat food, then they make a snack of it  
If they take your cocaine then they make a crack of it  
If they grab your gold chain then they make a plaque of it  
Know we never lack on it, run up with the MAC on it  
Put a couple racks on it, they gon' put the whack on it She got the Nicki bundles, worth a stack  
on it  
That's word to Brook' now, that's word to Bucktown  
That's word to Harlem World, shout out to uptown  
You know I shine on 'em, I spray sheen on 'em  
That's word to southside, Jamaica, Queens on 'em  
I'm mad Queens on 'em, with mad schemes on 'em  
I never scale back, the triple beams on 'em  
My ice gleams on 'em, Wu-Tang creams on 'em  
I pull up on the block bumpin' Biggie "Dreams" on 'em  
A nigga greased on 'em, but ice freezed on 'em  
I light breezed on 'em, I might breeze on 'em  
Might do it like it's Christmas and light trees on 'em  
I see the copycats bitin' my steez on 'em  
He got me like a coco, yeah uh la coco  
Ellas quieren coco, y yo tampoco  
Never trust a broke hoe, don't fuck with po-po  
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Ain't talkin' 'bout the singer, the thing'll sting-sting Gimme some bloodclaat gunshots  
 Brooklyn where the fuck we at?  
 Flatbush, Bed-Stuy  
 That's my word to Big, I'ma murder them rasclats  
 All black Chloe straps, caliento skully to the back  
 Fuck my ratchet at? Come make me dirty that  
 spit on my chest, back like I never left  
 Went down when I come 'round, all y'all bitches bow down  
 King fox, King Kong, back on my Trini, nigga  
 Valentino bling thong, all y'all bitches duck me, fuck  
 Nick, come fuck it up, bad gyal a back it up  
 Coco 'pon my foot dem, C's pon my licka  
 Pretty red boots, see them box but I never see them chop  
 They say want try I-I-I-The bloodclaat this, them mowin' up my day  
 Them bitches in them bum-ass Louis thigh highs  
 On my clip, blue chip get hooked in bright eyes  
 Gun slingers, let me see y'all gun fingers  
 Y'all bitches dick riders  
 Little Nicki's, little IngaHe got me like a coco, yeah uh la coco  
 Ellas quieren coco, y yo tampoco  
 Never trust a broke hoe, don't fuck with po-po  
 Numero uno, me llama Yoko  
 Pull up in them thing things and them things fling  
 Niggas know my name ring, and it go "ding-ding"  
 If I get an inkling, the thing'll sing-sing  
 Ain't talkin' 'bout the singer, the thing'll sting-stingFoxy plus one is me, young Chun  
 And me, I can fuck up the place, I'm done  
 So tell 'em run, come and bring a lump sum  
 Ayo Fox, they don't make us or break us, word to young guns  
 Put your hands up  
 Unless they ever do it, tell' em fi recognize  
 On a cartel dem fi fi real vibes  
 They call me Ms. Bitch, but I don't miss, bitch  
 Got real shooters, better D up, guys  
 Who me? I'm physically fine  
 Who she? It's like we know she dyin'  
 Bitch ain't see the board in 2017  
 Had to drop Queen on 'em like a guillotine  
 All these jealous bitches on the jelly team  
 Keepin' it a hundred, that's a jelly bean  
 Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh  
 Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh

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

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