

The Boys

Nicki Minaj & Cassie

Punch line Queen, no boxer though
Might pull up in a Porsche, no boxster though
Tell a hater, "Yo don't you got cocks to blow?"
Tell them Kangaroo Nick, I'll box a ho
And they said I got 5 in a possible
Don't go against Nicki, Impossible
I done came through with my wrist on Popsicle
Man these hoes couldn't ball with a Tosticle, Nigga Your lipstick stain
Smells like a cheap hotel
Got diamond watches and a gold chain
Can't make my frown turn around The Boys always spending all their money on love
The Boys always spending all their money on love
They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it
Clone it, own it, Yeah yeah
Dial it, Dial it paper chase it get that money
Yeah yeah
You get high and fuck a bunch of girls
And then cry on top of the world
I hope you have the time of your life
I hope I don't lose it tonight Bald head pussy got lots of juice
Lop-sided on the curb so I block the coupes
Watch the deuce
Man I'm stingy with my cuttie cat daddy
Did you ever really love me steebie
Rrrrrr
Pull up in the rrrrrr
Wrist on burrrr
Pussy on purrrr-purrrr
I don't even brake when I'm backing up
I'll swerve on a nigga if he acting up
I done pushed more sixes then a play date
Get money by the millions, fuck a day rate nigga
Your bossed up swag
Got them drooling like a new born babe
The dollars in they eyes
Got them blinded by a Masquerade The Boys always spending all their money on love
The Boys always spending all their money on love
They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it
Clone it, own it, Yeah yeah
Dial it, Dial it paper chase it get that money
Yeah yeah You get high and fuck a bunch of girls
And then cry on top of the world

I hope you have the time of your life
 I hope I don't lose it tonight I put all you bitches on to them good lace fronts
 Girls is my sons, carried them for 8 months
 And yes you're Pre-Mature
 Young Money to the Core
 I might give you a ticket so you can come see the tour
 Oh that's your new girl?
 That's that Mid Grade
 Buck 50 on yo face with the switch blade
 Or the Razor
 Yeah the Razor
 She my son yeah
 But I ain't raise her
 Goose me hater
 I get that Loose leaf Paper
 Them V-Necks be studded out
 T-Rex be gutted out
 Told Nicki be chilling them
 I'mma keep hurting they feelings
 Because you'll never be Jordan
 You couldn't even be Pippen
 You couldn't even be tripping
 You can't afford a vacation
 I'm out in Haiti with Haitians
 I go to Asia with Asians
 You mad dusty, you a lil dusty possum
 I just come through with the six like my name was Blossom You get high and fuck a bunch of
 girls
 And then cry on top of the world
 I hope you have the time of your life
 I hope I don't lose it tonight
 You get high and fuck a bunch of girls
 And then cry on top of the world
 I hope you have the time of your life
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 The Boys always spending all their money on love
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 The Boys always spending all their money on love
 Uh huh, Pretty Gang, Young Money, Cassie
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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