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 itShe 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
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Ain't talkin' 'bout the singer, the thing'll sting-stingGimme 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-IThe 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
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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
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