

# Nicki Minaj, Barbie Dangerous

(Tony ain't shit)

Ayo

Barbie dangerous

Weak bitches don't endanger us

You are over, you ain't in range of us

'Cause I won, won, won, won angel numbers

Fashions and Burberry rain boots

Lookin' like every designer fav muse

Front row, next to the who's who's

Tryna build another Barbie doll, screw's loose

Name a rapper that can channel Big Poppa and push out Papa Bear, whole mother of the year

Every summer I come out to walk, bitches, make 'em disappear, but to me it's just another year

She ain't got that kind of flare, let me see what I'ma wear, they gon' copy, I'ma wear Moncler

Heavy on the arch (Facts), he was hittin' from the back

Then he asks was all this my hair, um, yeah

Spit-spit-spit your game, pop your shit, face on pretty, ass they thick

Beef with who? She got the right one

All these rap bitches, ain't got to like none

Kitty on fleek, I got the tight one

Pick one ticket, I got the white one

These rap bitches you like is my sons

Stick 'em on this rap shit when I'm done

I'm still sittin' here, you got a lot to prove

Appreciatin' my solitude

Beef ain't my go-to but I got bags and this bread if we buyin' food

And I'm still queenin', Chanel bags

They still swingin', old hits

They still swingin', they like the flow, they still streamin'

But it's kill season, you apologize, but it's still treason

Got 'em steamin' like dry cleanin'

Move on my timin', I ain't no demon

Hoes' words ain't got no meanin'

Queen of this rap shit, it's Bohemian

Their worst nightmare, they still dreamin'

Bitches Jack and I'm still queenin'

And I'm still prayin'

You would too if you knew how these jealous bitches move

First twenty-two by twenty-two

They don't know the half 'til they cracked in two

So called beef with who, wait, who?

Broke a couple rap niggas hearts in two

Now that my jack pun interviews (Interviews, interviews)

It's clear to see they wanna be me

Hit the road, E-X-I-T

My flow, they B-I-T

Shots thrown, but I-D-C

Go home or do it B-I-G

My throne, they can't S-I-T

My crown, you can't F-I-T

I'ma tell you like a nigga told me

Spit-spit-spit your game, pop your shit, face on pretty, ass they thick

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