

Nicki Minaj, Wutchoo Know

Chin checka
Chin checka
Chin checka,
I'm the chin checka.

[Verse 1:]

It was a quarter pass 3 when I ran into Rell
Didn't forget my keys but my name ring bells
A little white tee some Adidas with the shells
Turn in the coup. Oh shoot broke a nail
Let me, let me think what I gotta, gotta do
Should I get the black or the chrome 22
That's if a bird try to get out of the cage
1 bitch down New York Times front page
I went to Starbucks I wanted to get a frapo
Then had a Snapple apple with the capo
That's Fendi but that's irrelevant
Threw him a couple benji's now I'm the president
I'm Nicki and Nicki so picky
Slick like Ricky flow be so icky
Now class is finished you'll be home 'bout 3
So all ya'll rap bitches what ya'll know bout me, nigga.

[Chorus:]

Whutchoo know bout me
Wutchoo, wutchoo know bout me
Whutchoo know bout me
Wutchoo, wutchoo know
They say the girl is a fool, the girl keep on boppin'
The girl get them girls, and them girls get it poppin'
Whutchoo know bout me
Wutchoo, wutchoo know bout me
Whutchoo know bout me
Wutchoo, wutchoo know
The girl gettin' money, alot of dirty money
I'll show you how to do it if you gettin' somethin' from me

[Verse 2:]

Got some nice titties, yes they are pretty
That's how I got the S the 550
That's cause I gets, I gets, I gets busy
That's why I don't need you to come get me
I'm badder than the dude at the Neverland
In a money green coup with a leprechaun
Holla at'em get a four leaf clover
Go, go against me guaranteed ya over
Look, all the kids sweat Nick like a mexican
Cause I got more kicks than a temper tan-trum trum trum
Ya slow poke, betta run, run, run, my lil coke
And S-M-I-the L-E and ain't one thing them could tell me
Cause I write, write, write my own shit
I'm the one like I'm the culprit, nigga

[Chorus]