

Nicki Minaj, Yasss Bish (ft. Soulja Boy)

[Soulja Boy:]

Yasss, Bish, Yasss (x12)

Me, I'm just me, me, I'm just real
Me, I'm that bitch that be footing the bill
Only a real nigga could cop a feel
Credit Card blacker than that nigga Seal
25 million to broker the deal
Jewish my lawyer, he Kosher, the deal
And I am still poppin' them pills
I don't give a fuck how you bitches feel
Jealousy, jealousy that's how you feel?
I am still living in Beverly Hills
Tell 'em to chill, tell 'em to chill
Tell all them people, my wrist is on chill
Bitches can't beat me, they ain't got the skill
Eye of the tiger they ain't got the kill
Look up to Jada, I love her and Will
Bitches my sons but they not in my will
The fuck be wrong with these bitches?
The fuck be wrong with these niggas?

[Soulja Boy & Nicki Minaj:]

Yasss, Bish, Yasss (x12)

Tell 'em give a bad bitch her proper due
What they say ain't never what they gon' do
It say 250, on that fucking sticker
Pink Print hot, it should be in some slippers
Niggas know me, yeah

I don't fuck with you niggas, I own the Clippers
I own some homes, I own my own liquor
Bitches is bitter, my titties is bigger
You bitches my sons, I need a babysitter
I am the dream, on the dream team
I am Olajuwon I am Hakeem
Dul Jabbar, I am Kareem
I am the Queen because I'm a machine
You not ready, you not seasoned
Go against me I say, "Fix it Jesus"
Thinking they hot, talk shit a lot
But when they shit drop I say "Fix it Jesus"
Oh, your shit, ain't cold!
Word, to my bank roll
Real niggas, ain't sold
Dropping my single in two weeks
The Pink Print album a movie
Bitches be thinkin' they hot
But, these bitches be using that term, so loosely

[Soulja Boy & Nicki Minaj:]

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