

# I'm Out (feat. Nicki Minaj)

Ciara

Ladies, it's your song  
So as soon as this come on  
You should get out on the floor  
Gon' and get your sexy on  
If you know that you better  
Than the new girl that he on  
Go 'head and tell him now  
"You gon' miss me when I'm gone" Aye yo, Ci Ci  
Let me show you how to do a singin' bitch, greasy  
You was by Lennox, yeah the one on Peach Street  
I was with Demetri, seen you on your lovin' hip hop men, D. C  
"F\*\*k these petty niggas" is a bitch motto  
If I say I don't wax, every bitch follow  
If I'm sippin' in the club, mix Moscato  
I got a big fat ass, big dicks follow  
Hit him with the back shots  
Hit him with the ass shots  
Take him to the bank then I hit him with cash shots  
I do it big, I hit him with the caps lock  
I'm gonna ball, I hit him with the mascot  
No, I never been there, but I like to Bangkok  
Big fat titties when they hangin' out my tanktop  
You gon' play me  
On Instagram niggas tryna shade me  
But your bitch at home tryna play me  
I'm Nicki and Weezy F, baby  
Man, f\*\*k you and your lady  
Gon' butt you, cause you shady  
Now which bitch run it?  
Cause that bitch dig it  
I gave him to you bitch  
Don't fucking forget it  
I just went through a break up  
But it's okay, I got my cake up  
Do my hair, put on some makeup  
Tryna see where tonight gon' take us  
I put some pics up lookin' sexy  
Now this nigga wanna text me  
How much you wanna bet me?  
He gon' regret the day he left me Celebratin' our breakin' up, oh whoa  
What's in the door  
Go 'head and pour me a little more

Tonight we gon' have us a good time  
 Let's have a toast to our goodbyes, oh whoa Ladies, it's your song  
 So as soon as this come on  
 You should get out on the floor  
 Gon' and get your sexy on  
 If you know that you better  
 Then the new girl that he on  
 Go 'head and tell him now  
 "You gon' miss me when I'm gone" I'm out  
 I'm out  
 I'm out  
 I'm out Now tell me, do my ladies run this  
 Not even Hammer can touch this  
 We standin' up on all the couches  
 Tomorrow you gon' hear about this  
 This is what you hearin' through your speakers  
 That's why we dancin' til our feet hurt  
 See I found out he was my problem  
 Tonight I came out here to solve him Celebratin' our breakin' up, oh whoa  
 What's in the door  
 Go 'head and pour me a little more  
 Tonight we gon' have us a good time  
 Let's have a toast to our goodbyes, oh whoa Ladies, it's your song  
 So as soon as this come on  
 You should get out on the floor  
 Gon' and get your sexy on  
 If you know that you better  
 Then the new girl that he on  
 Go 'head and tell him now  
 "You gon' miss me when I'm gone"  
 I'm out The way I put it on you got you goin' trippy (whoa)  
 You wanna come for it, wishin' you could get it (whoa)  
 No, No  
 I got you high, make you stop, when you see me, see me  
 You got your hand up, talkin' 'bout "gimme, gimme"  
 No, No Ladies, it's your song  
 So as soon as this come on Say "f\*\*k these petty niggas" if these niggas did you wrong  
 If he got a new bitch  
 Then tell that bitch meet you outside  
 And pop her like a molly, tell them bitches recognize  
 Winnin' (I'm out)  
 I'm winnin'  
 The end and the beginnin'  
 I send them on an errand  
 Then I send them like my children  
 You couldn't get a fan  
 If it was hangin' from the ceilin' (I'm out)

