

# The Boys

## Nicki Minaj & Cassie

Punch line Queen, no boxer though  
Might pull up in a Porsche, no boxster though  
Tell a hater, "Yo don't you got cocks to blow?"  
Tell them Kangaroo Nick, I'll box a ho  
And they said I got 5 in a possible  
Don't go against Nicki, Impossible  
I done came through with my wrist on Popsicle  
Man these hoes couldn't ball with a Tosticle, Nigga Your lipstick stain  
Smells like a cheap hotel  
Got diamond watches and a gold chain  
Can't make my frown turn around The Boys always spending all their money on love  
The Boys always spending all their money on love  
They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it  
Clone it, own it, Yeah yeah  
Dial it, Dial it paper chase it get that money  
Yeah yeah  
You get high and fuck a bunch of girls  
And then cry on top of the world  
I hope you have the time of your life  
I hope I don't lose it tonight Bald head pussy got lots of juice  
Lop-sided on the curb so I block the coupes  
Watch the deuce  
Man I'm stingy with my cuttie cat daddy  
Did you ever really love me steebie  
Rrrrrr  
Pull up in the rrrrrr  
Wrist on burrrr  
Pussy on purrrr-purrrr  
I don't even brake when I'm backing up  
I'll swerve on a nigga if he acting up  
I done pushed more sixes then a play date  
Get money by the millions, fuck a day rate nigga  
Your bossed up swag  
Got them drooling like a new born babe  
The dollars in they eyes  
Got them blinded by a Masquerade The Boys always spending all their money on love  
The Boys always spending all their money on love  
They wanna touch it, taste it, see it, feel it  
Clone it, own it, Yeah yeah  
Dial it, Dial it paper chase it get that money  
Yeah yeah You get high and fuck a bunch of girls  
And then cry on top of the world

I hope you have the time of your life  
 I hope I don't lose it tonight I put all you bitches on to them good lace fronts  
 Girls is my sons, carried them for 8 months  
 And yes you're Pre-Mature  
 Young Money to the Core  
 I might give you a ticket so you can come see the tour  
 Oh that's your new girl?  
 That's that Mid Grade  
 Buck 50 on yo face with the switch blade  
 Or the Razor  
 Yeah the Razor  
 She my son yeah  
 But I ain't raise her  
 Goose me hater  
 I get that Loose leaf Paper  
 Them V-Necks be studded out  
 T-Rex be gutted out  
 Told Nicki be chilling them  
 I'mma keep hurting they feelings  
 Because you'll never be Jordan  
 You couldn't even be Pippen  
 You couldn't even be tripping  
 You can't afford a vacation  
 I'm out in Haiti with Haitians  
 I go to Asia with Asians  
 You mad dusty, you a lil dusty possum  
 I just come through with the six like my name was Blossom You get high and fuck a bunch of  
 girls  
 And then cry on top of the world  
 I hope you have the time of your life  
 I hope I don't lose it tonight  
 You get high and fuck a bunch of girls  
 And then cry on top of the world  
 I hope you have the time of your life  
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 The Boys always spending all their money on love  
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 The Boys always spending all their money on love  
 Uh huh, Pretty Gang, Young Money, Cassie

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>