

TROLLZ

6ix9ine & Nicki Minaj

[Intro]

(Sad Pony)[Refrain: CanonF8]

Watch, mhm, Glock, mhm, cocked, mhm, got it, mhm

You need that? I got it,?this?cash, my pockets

The?'Cat one hundred, you need that?'I got it

Need it, got it, cash, pockets

Bands on me,?sticks?on?me

You need that?'I got it,?this cash, my pockets

The 'Cat one hundred, you need that?[Chorus: 6ix9ine]

Yeah, she like how I throw them racks, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Keep on throwin' that cash, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Keep on throwin' that ass, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Benz truck in the back, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: 6ix9ine]

I know you don't like me, you wanna fight me

You don't want no problems at your party, don't invite me

I don't worry 'bout you niggas, please stop talking 'bout me

Always talking 'bout me 'cause you looking for the clouty

6ix-nina, the 9ine-nina

Riding in a two-seater with two ninas

Baby got that Aquafina, it's cocaina

Smoking on that OG reefer, no TMZ-a

Forgiatos on a Benz truck, make her friends fuck

Told her she could get Chanel if she let my friends fuck

Stars shining in the Rolls Royce, it got red guts

Wait, hold up, nah, I still don't give a fuck

Vroom, vroom, G5, vroom, vroom, we high

You the type of nigga that I never wanna be like

You a type of bitch that will never get a reply

Hi, hater, bye, hater, vroom

[Chorus: 6ix9ine]

Yeah, she like how I throw them racks, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Keep on throwin' that cash, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Keep on throwin' that ass, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Benz truck in the back, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

Dollar, dollar bill, come get her

Even your man know Nickis do it better

I know you don't like me, you wanna fight me

Always on my page, never double-tap like me

Baddies to my left and my right

Never chase a corny nigga, put that on my life

Just put it in his face, all this cake, he wanted a taste
 We sippin' on that Ace, itsy-bitsy waist, pretty face
 Yeah, eat it, Cookie Monster (Ooh)
 He a slave to this pussy, call me master
 Real wet, I said, Slurp it like it's pasta
 They get nervous when it's Nicki on the roster (Rrr)
 Somebody usher this nigga into a clinic
 My flow's still sick, I ain't talkin' a pandemic
 I write my own lyrics, a lot of these bitches gimmicks
 They study Nicki style, now all of them wan' mimic
 Talkin' 'bout snitches when it's snitches in your camp
 Never stand alone, you always itchin' for a stamp
 Me, I'm still money, wrists light up like a lamp
 They gon' have to send they best fighter for the champ
 Racks, I got 'em, Mary, I'm poppin'
 They keep hatin', but still watchin'
 Check the boards, I'm still toppin'
 Bustdown or plain jane, I got options
 It's a bunch of mini mes, I'm the one they mockin'
 Showed you how to get a bag, now you goin' shoppin'
 When I come out, all the sneak bitches start plottin' (Plottin')
 When I come out, it's a sweep, bitches start moppin'
 [Chorus: 6ix9ine]
 Yeah, she like how I throw them racks, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
 Keep on throwin' that cash, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
 Keep on throwin' that ass, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
 Benz truck in the back, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah [Refrain: CanonF8 & Nicki Minaj]
 Watch, mhm, Glock, mhm, cocked, mhm, got it, mhm
 If he like, I throw it fast, real fast, fast, fast
 He singin' my old song, yellin', Ass, ass, ass
 They be speedin', tryna beat me, then they crash, crash, crash
 Still a hundred like the number on my dash, dash, dash [Outro: Nicki Minaj]
 That real ass ain't keep your nigga home

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>