

# Majesty (feat. Eminem)

## Nicki Minaj & Labrinth

Whatever you say, Mrs. Majesty (oh, oh)  
Whatever you want, you can have from me (oh, oh)  
I want your love, just lead me on  
Won't give it up, hey, hey, hey, hey  
'Cause I'm a sucker for ya  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang Uh, uh, yo, I got the money and the power now  
The G5'll get me out there in an hour now  
The MAC movin' like crack, I'm sellin' powder now  
G-game over, locker room, hit them showers now  
I got the trophies and the catalogue  
Just did a deal, Mercedes-Benz, check the catalogue  
I'm buyin' buildings, we don't buy the blogs  
The Nicki challenge when I fly to Prague, uh  
'Cause I'm a sucker for you  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang Uh, yo, who want it with Nicki now?  
I smoke 'em like hippies now  
They see me, say yippie now  
Homes runnin' like Griffey now  
They switchin' like sissies now  
You niggas is iffy now  
Bitches tune switchin' up  
We take 'em to Jiffy now  
I'm thicker than peanut butter  
He nuttin' like Skippy now  
He want me to be his wife  
His misses like sippy now, uh  
Whatever you say, Mrs. Majesty (oh, oh)  
Whatever you want, you can have from me (oh, oh)  
I want your love, just lead me on  
Won't give it up, hey, hey, hey, hey  
'Cause I'm a sucker for ya  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang She invites me to the condo  
Uh-oh, wifey's in Chicago (oh, oh)  
My side piece, but she's also someone's wife  
So time we spend is borrowed  
But it's our moment  
Right here, fuck tomorrow  
'Cause moments like these are to die for  
And she's clear all

Nice and easy as hair when I'm bleaching it blonde  
So we got that lightning in a bottle She's tipsy, I'm sober  
So she gets a chip on her shoulder  
Sits on the sofa, I go to load a  
Slick Rick song or throw some Souls of Mischief on  
She goes, "All that old school hip-hop is so fucked  
Think that shit's got pneumonia"  
I told her, "Bitch now, just hold up"  
That's why rap needs a doctor  
A genre slip, known to swole up  
It's time to check it for strep or some tonsillitis  
'Cause like what they swab you with when your throat hurts  
That's why Tribe is so vital, we need Q-Tip for the culture Speed it up a little bit  
You ain't dealin' with a fuckin' featherweight  
I used to medicate until I'd get a fuckin' bellyache  
And now I'm finna step on the pedal, don't wanna ever brake  
I wanna accelerate to a level that I can elevate  
The men up with the pen, I'll make it mothafuckin' detonate  
I wanna make it acapella, wait, I gotta set a date  
With the devil and celebrate, together we can renovate  
And re-develop hella weights, and I'ma get a special place... now...  
Take a ride with me, hop into my time machine  
I'ma take the driver's seat as I thrust into hyperspeed  
Like I'm a meteorite and mothafuck love, fuck a knee to your right  
And be behind, I'm a human encyclopedia I must be like pie crust because I was bred to rise like  
I was yeast  
And you're never gonna reach these  
heights, they're just too high to reach it  
I ain't even reached my fuckin' highest  
You better pick another game, try hide-and-seek  
And you might wanna decide to cheat  
'Cause you gotta open your eyes to peep  
Am I indeed the last of a dying breed?  
Even if you're fire-breathing, shit you can say to inspire heat  
If you wrapped your entire meat pad up in a dryer sheet  
And I'm back to rule the kingdom of fuck it  
Better not use me as your topic, anybody who brings me up, duck it  
Let me keep it one hundred,  
two things shouldn't be your themes of discussion  
The queen and her husband,  
last thing you're gonna wanna be is our subjects, yeah Whatever you say, Mrs. Majesty (oh, oh)  
Whatever you want, you can have from me (oh, oh)  
I want your love, just lead me on  
Won't give it up, hey, hey, hey, hey  
'Cause I'm a sucker for ya  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang  
Boom shang-a-lang-a-lang Yo, yo, let me hit you back  
Told 'em I'd get you back  
I know you sittin' there just thinkin' 'bout who did you that

I am who did you that  
You trippin', did you pack?  
Can't post on Nicki block unless you sellin' Nicki crack  
Here, take a Nicki pack, check out this Nicki act  
Nicki this Nicki that, all these bitches piggypack  
Nicki back, ah, ah, ah back  
Ah, ah, ah back  
Ah, ahHow dare all them mirror my style  
The mandem want  
Inna the dance, we a go skin out time now  
I wanna, just suicidal  
Yeah, on the real I'm these bitches' idol  
Gotta be dumb to make me your rival  
'Cause I'm too powerful, yeah, you not powerful  
So say your prayers 'cause you 'bout to die slow  
Die slow, die slow  
Jealousy is a disease, die slow  
Die slow, die slow  
Tell her that jealousy is a disease, die slow

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