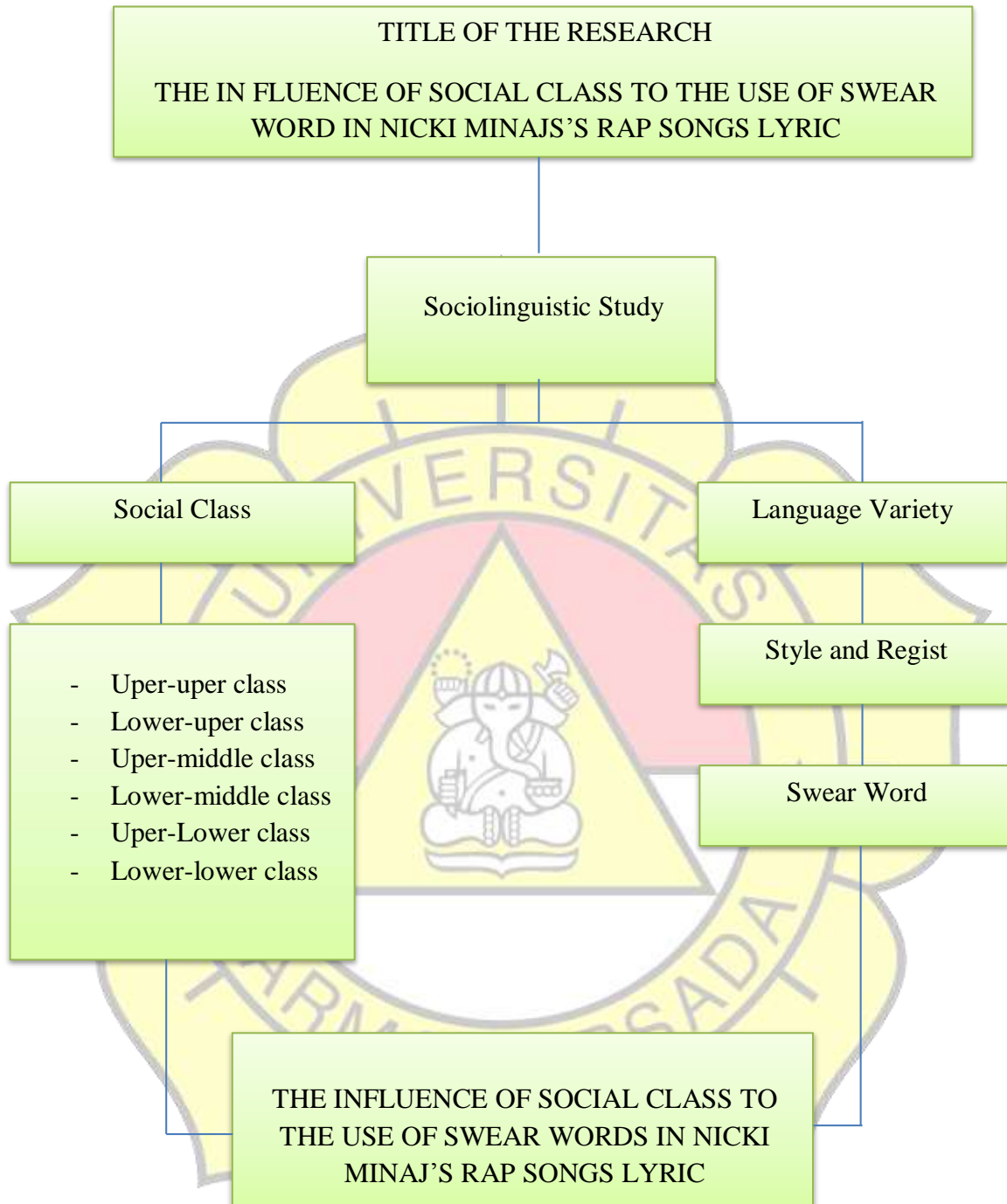


SCHEME OF THE RESEARCH



POSTER OF THE RESEARCH



THE FLUENCE OF SOCIAL CLASS TO THE USE SWEAR WORD IN NICKI MINAJ'S RAP SONGS LYRIC

Mely Arfiyanti

2015130032

DARMA PERSADA UNIVERSITY

BACKGROUND

Sociolinguistics is the study of the relationship between language and society. How social factors can influence the way people speak. Community development; Culture, technology and even religion, has caused people to form certain groups of social class. This form social class demands that group identities differ from other social classes. This need cause the effort to be different; Included in the use of language. Each social lass seeks to be different from other sociall classes through the use of a different language.

FRAME WORK OF THEORIES:

Sociolinguistics Theory:

- Factors of social class
- Type of scoial class

Language variety

- Style and register

METHOD OF THE RESEARCH

In this research, the writer use qualitative method to collect the data. The sources of the data are from journals, articles, books, and internet. The writer analyzes the data and theories. Then, the writer gives the result of the data and theories.

RESULT OF THE RESEARCH

Based on the songs that the writer analyzeds, style and register theory use in rap songs. They use swear words as her style asher special language that use in her environment and her songs. She registers her language for a particular style of situation, for example in her daily. Nicki Minaj often use swear in her songs, for example *bitch, nigga, fuck, hoes, pussy, damn, shit, and motherfucking*. the social class background of Nicki Minaj is upper-middle class are because of her education, envirounment, and income background.

CURRICULUM VITAE

Name : Mely Arfiyanti
Place/Date Of Birth : Kebumen/May 13, 1997
Status/Sex : Single/Female
Religion : Islam
Address : Jalan Bojong Permai XI Blok C49 No. 4
Rawalumbu, Bekasi
17116
Contact Number : 0896-11085-397
Nationality : Indonesian
E-mail : meliarfiyanti@gmail.com



FORMAL EDUCATION

School	Place	Years
Universitas Darma Persada	Jakarta	2015 - Now
SMK Mandalahayu Bekasi	Bekasi	2012 - 2015
SMPN 33 Bekasi	Bekasi	2009 – 2012
SDN Bojong Rawalumbu XI	Bekasi	2003 - 2009

ORGANIZATION ACTIVITIES

Organization	Place	Years
UNSADA Taekwondo Club	Chairman	2016-2017
Unsada Taekwondo Club	Secretary	2013-2014
OSIS SMK Mandalahayu Bekasi	Secretary	2014-2015

SKILLS : Computer : Microsoft Word
Microsoft Excel
Miscrosoft Access
Adobe Photoshop
: Able to operate the internet

RESEARCH EXPERIENCES

2015 : Analyzed short story The Lost Ghost by Mary Wilkins
2016 : Analyzed poetry Stranger Meeting by Wilfred Owen
2016 : Analyzed of feminism in King Lear drama by Shakespeare
2018 : Politeness strategies and Face Threatening Acts in BBC
news debate – fake news vs real politic
: Women's role on Afer All by Henry Lawson

WORKING EXPERIENCE

2013 : Field practice of the QC Steel division at PT. Binder
Indonesia
2017 – 2018 : English Teacher at Indovolunteer
2018 : PPL as English Teacher at VHS Mandalahayu
2018 : Volunteer in ticketing division at Asian Games 2018
Volunteer in catering division at Asian Para Games 2018
2019 : Volunteer in ticketing division at A Love Concert 2019
Volunterr in processing division at Big Book Wolf 2019

ACHIEVEMENT

Silver medal at Taekwondo tournament of *Jakarta Taekwondo Festival 2015*
Runner up *Saman Dance* female group 2013
Runner up vollieball competition 2014



JURUSAN SASTRA INGGRIS S-1 FAKULTAS SASTRA

Jl. Radin Inten II (Terusan Casablanca) Pondok Kelapa – Jakarta 13450
Telp. 8649051, 8649053, 8649057 Fax. 8649052
E-mail: humas@unsada.ac.id Homepage: <http://www.unsada.ac.id>

SURAT PERNYATAAN

Yang bertandatangan di bawah ini:

Nama : Mely Arfiyanti
Tempat/Tanggal Lahir : Kebumen, 13 Mei 1997
Alamat Rumah : Jl. Bojong permai XI Blok C49 No04 RT08/15 Kec.
Rawalumbu, Bekasi Timur
E-mail : meliarfiyanti@gmail.com
No. Telepon/Ponsel : 089611085397

Dengan ini menyatakan bahwa skripsi saya yang berjudul:

THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIAL CLASS USE SWEAR WORDS ON NICKI MINAJ'S SONGS

yang diajukan pada semester ganjil tahun akademik 2018/2019 bersifat orisinil dan belum pernah ditulis oleh orang lain, dan akan diselesaikan penulisannya selambat-lambatnya 1 (satu) tahun akademik dan/atau setara dengan 2 (dua) semester.


Bilamana di kemudian hari ditemukan ketidaksesuaian dengan pernyataan ini, maka saya bersedia dituntut dan diproses sesuai dengan ketentuan yang berlaku.

Demikian pernyataan ini dibuat dengan sesungguhnya dan dengan sebenar-benarnya.

Jakarta, 26 Maret 2019

Mengetahui,

Ketua Jurusan Sastra Inggris S-1


Tommy Andrian, SS, M.Hum
NIK. 05395 / NIDN. 0320097601

Yang menyatakan,

Mahasiswa


Mely Arfiyanti
NIM. 2015130032

**KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.**

**KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.**

**KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.**

**KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.**

**KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.**

Client/Institution Name: PT. Putra Pratama Raya

PT International Test Center-TOEIC Center Indonesia, Plaza Sentral 1 2nd Floor, Jl. Jend. Sudirman, Kay 47, Jakarta, Indonesia, 12930

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LISTENING

225 Your score

5 495

READING

245 Your score

5 495

TOTAL SCORE

470

LISTENING		READING	
<p>Your scaled score is close to 200. Test takers who score around 200 typically have the following strengths:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • They can understand short (single-sentence) descriptions of the central idea of a photograph. • They can sometimes understand the central idea, purpose, and basic context of extended spoken texts when this information is supported by a lot of repetition and easy vocabulary. • They can understand details in short spoken exchanges and descriptions of photographs when the vocabulary is easy and when there is only a small amount of text that must be understood. • They can understand details in extended spoken texts when the requested information comes at the beginning or end of the text and when it matches the words in the spoken text. <p>To see weaknesses typical of test takers who score around 200, see the "Proficiency Description Table."</p>		<p>Your scaled score is close to 250. Test takers who score around 250 typically have the following strengths:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • They can make simple inferences based on a limited amount of text. • They can locate the correct answer to a factual question when the language of the text matches the information that is required. They can sometimes answer a factual question when the answer is a simple paraphrase of the information in the text. • They can sometimes connect information within one or two sentences. • They can understand easy vocabulary, and they can sometimes understand medium-level vocabulary. • They can understand common, rule-based grammatical structures. They can make correct grammatical choices, even when other features of language, such as difficult vocabulary or the need to connect information, are present. <p>To see weaknesses typical of test takers who score around 250, see the "Proficiency Description Table."</p>	
ABILITIES MEASURED	PERCENT CORRECT OF ABILITIES MEASURED	ABILITIES MEASURED	PERCENT CORRECT OF ABILITIES MEASURED
Can infer get purpose and basic context based on information that is explicitly stated in short spoken texts	50	Can make inferences based on information in written texts	61
Can infer get purpose and basic context based on information that is explicitly stated in extended spoken texts	55	Can locate and understand specific information in written texts	62
Can understand details in short spoken texts	65	Can connect information across multiple sentences in a single written text and across texts	47
Can understand details in extended spoken texts	45	Can understand vocabulary in written texts	53
		Can understand grammar in written texts	54

* Proficiency Description Table can be found on our web site, www.ets.org/toeic

HOW TO READ YOUR SCORE REPORT:

Percent Correct of Abilities Measured:

Percentage of items you answered correctly on this test form for each one of the Abilities Measured. Your performance on questions testing these abilities cannot be compared to the performance of test-takers who take other forms or to your own performance on other test forms.

Note: TOEIC scores more than two years old cannot be reported or validated.

KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.

KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.

KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.

KNOW ENGLISH.
KNOW SUCCESS.

Mely Arliyanti

Name

2015130032

Identification
Number

1997/05/13

Date of Birth
(yyyy/mm/dd)

2019/01/31

Test Date
(yyyy/mm/dd)

2021/01/31

Valid Until
(yyyy/mm/dd)

LISTENING

Your score 275

5 495

READING

215 Your score

5 495

TOTAL
SCORE

490

Client/Institution Name: PT. Putra Pratama Raya

PT International Test Center-TOEIC Center Indonesia, Plaza Sentral, 17th Floor, Jl. Jend. Sudirman, Kav. 47, Jakarta, Indonesia
12916

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LISTENING

Your scaled score is close to 300. Test takers who score around 300 typically have the following strengths:

- They can sometimes infer the central idea, purpose, and basic context of short spoken exchanges, especially when the vocabulary is not difficult.
- They can understand the central idea, purpose, and basic context of extended spoken texts when this information is supported by repetition or paraphrase.
- They can understand details in short spoken exchanges when easy or medium-level vocabulary is used.
- They can understand details in extended spoken texts when the information is supported by repetition and when the requested information comes at the beginning or end of the spoken text. They can understand details when the information is slightly paraphrased.

To see weaknesses typical of test takers who score around 300, see the "Proficiency Description Table."

ABILITIES MEASURED

PERCENT CORRECT OF
ABILITIES MEASURED

0% 100% Your Percentage

Can infer gist purpose and basic context based on information that is explicitly stated in short spoken texts	52
Can infer gist purpose and basic context based on information that is explicitly stated in extended spoken texts	63
Can understand details in short spoken texts	52
Can understand details in extended spoken texts	58

READING

Your scaled score is between 150 and 250. Test takers who score around 150 typically have the following strengths:

- They can locate the correct answer to a factual question when not very much reading is necessary and when the language of the text matches the information that is required.
- They can understand easy vocabulary and common phrases.
- They can understand the most common, rule-based grammatical structures when not very much reading is necessary.

To see weaknesses typical of test takers who score around 150, see the "Proficiency Description Table." If your performance is closer to 250, you should review the descriptions for test takers who score around 250.

ABILITIES MEASURED

PERCENT CORRECT OF
ABILITIES MEASURED

0% 100% Your Percentage

Can make inferences based on information in written texts	58
Can locate and understand specific information in written texts	50
Can connect information across multiple sentences in a single written text and across texts	52
Can understand vocabulary in written texts	62
Can understand grammar in written texts	40

* Proficiency Description Table can be found on our web site, www.ets.org/toeic

HOW TO READ YOUR SCORE REPORT:

Percent Correct of Abilities Measured:




Percentage of items you answered correctly on this test form for each one of the Abilities Measured. Your performance on questions testing these abilities cannot be compared to the performance of test-takers who take other forms or to your own performance on other test forms.

Note: TOEIC scores more than two years old cannot be reported or validated.

I. Lembar Kepembimbingan Skripsi

LAPORAN KEMAJUAN PENULISAN
SKRIPSI SARJANA

Nama Mahasiswa : MELU Arifianti
 Dosen Pembimbing I : Dra. Inka Niswani, Ds. M. Hum
 Dosen Pembimbing II : Tommy Andrian, SS. M. Hum
 Judul Skripsi : The Influence of Tupak Class to the
 Use of Swear Word in Nicky Minaj's Rap
 Song Lyric
 Mulai Bimbingan :
 Tahun Akademik :

No.	Hari & Tanggal	Catatan Pembimbing	Paraf
1.	Jumat 5 April 2019	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Perbaikan judul - Formulation of problem di perbaiki - perbaiki grammar 	
2.	Jumat 26 April 2019	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Revisi penulisan Bab 2 - Penulisan teori 	
3.	Rabu 26 Juni 2019	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Bimbingan Bab 3 • Background Nicki minaj penempatan ya diubah 	


4.	Kamis 18 - Juli 2019	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Konsultasi Bab 3 • Perbaikan tabel 	ly
5.	Kamis 18 - Juli 2019	Crisis Oblivion	
6.	Kamis 25 Juli 2019	Words co-creation	
7.	26 Juli 2019	Penyusunan tata cara akademik & sosial Elax	ly
8.	29 Juli 2019	Conselin disyapkan untuk	ly
9.			

10.			
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Jakarta,

Menyetujui :

Pembimbing I


(.....)

Pembimbing II


(Tommy Andrian, SS, M. Hum)

Mengetahui :

Pembimbing Akademik


(.....)

Kajur Inggris S-1


(Tommy Andrian, SS, M. Hum)

Roman Revenge

Song lyric

[Nicki Minaj as Roman Zolanski]

I am not Jasmine, I am Aladdin

So far ahead, these bums is laggin'

See me in that new thing, bums is gaggin'

I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon

Look at my show footage, how these girls be spazzin'

So fuck I look like gettin' back to a has-been?

Yeah, I said it, has-been

Hang it up; flatscreen

Plasma

"Hey Nicki, hey Nicki," asthma

I got the pumps, it ain't got medicine

I got bars; sentencin'

I'm a bad bitch, I'm a cunt

And I'll kick that ho; punt

Forced trauma; blunt

You play the back, bitch, I'm in the front

You need a job, this ain't cuttin' it

Nicki Minaj is who you ain't fuckin' with

You lil' brag-a-lot, I beat you with a pad-a-lock

I am a movie; camera block

You outta work, I know it's tough

But enough is enough

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon

[Verse 2: Eminem as Slim Shady]

I ain't into S&M, but my whip's off the chain

A little drop of candy paint drips off the frame

Twisted-ass mind, got a pretzel for a brain

An eraser for a head, fuckin' pencil for a frame

You don't like it, then peel off, bitch!

Every last woman on Earth I'll kill off

And I still wouldn't fuck you, slut!

So wipe the smile on your grill off

I swear to God I'll piss a Happy Meal off

Get the wheels turning, spin, and wheel off

Snap the axle in half, bust the tie-rod

Quit hollering "Why, God?"

He ain't got shit to do with it

Bygones'll never be bygones

The world ain't finished swallowing my wad

I ain't finished blowing it, nice bra

Hope it'll fit a tough titty, bitch, life's hard

I swear to God, life is a dumb blonde white broad

With fake tits and a bad dye job

Who just spit in my fuckin' face and called me a fuckin' tightwad

So finally I broke down and bought her an iPod

And caught her stealing my music

So I tied her arms and legs to the bed

Set up the camera and pissed twice on her

Look, two pees and a tripod!

The moral to the story is, life's treating you like dry sod?

Kick it back in its face, my God

It's Shady and Nicki Minaj, you might find the sight quite odd

But don't ask why, bitch (Ask "Why not?")

The world-world is my punching bag and

If I'm garbage, you're a bunch of maggots
Make that face, go on, scrunch it up at me
Show me the target so I can lunge and attack it
Like a raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
You fell off, off, they musta bumped your wagon
You musta went off the back, I'm 'bout to go off the deep end
I told you to stay in your lane, you just jumped in traffic

[Nicki Minaj as Roman Zolanski]

Is this the thanks that I get for puttin' you bitches on?
Is it my fault that all of you bitches gone?
Shoulda sent a thank-you note, you little ho
Now I'ma wrap your coffin with a bow
"Nicki, she's just mad 'cause you took the spot"
Word, that bitch mad 'cause I took the spot?
Well, bitch, if you ain't shittin', then get off the pot
Got some niggas out in Brooklyn that'll off your top
I hear them mumblin', I hear the cacklin'
I got 'em scared, shook, panickin'
Overseas, church, Vatican
You at a standstill; mannequin
You wanna sleep on me? Overnight? I'm
the motherfuckin' boss, overwrite And
when I pull up, vroom, motorbike Now
all my niggas gettin' buck; overbite I see
them dusty-ass Filas, Levi's Raggedy
Ann, holes in your knee-highs
I call the play, now do you see why?
These bitches callin' me Manning Eli
Manning Eli, these bitches callin' me Manning Eli!!

[Eminem as Slim Shady]

All you lil' faggots can suck it
No homo, but I'ma stick it to 'em like refrigerator magnets
And I'm crooked enough to make straitjackets bend
Yeah, look who's back again, bitch, keep acting as if
You had the same passion that I have, yeah, right
Still hungry, my ass, you ass-dicks had gastric bypass
Ain't hot enough to set fire to dry grass
And 'bout as violent as hair on eyelids but eyelash
Go take a flying leap of faith off a fuckin' balcony
'Fore I shove a falcon wing up your fly ass
You know what time it is, so why ask?
When Shady and Nicki's worlds clash
It's (High class) meets (White trash)

[Hook: Nicki Minaj as Roman Zolanski]

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Raah, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Raah, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon

[Nicki Minaj as Martha Zolanski]

Roman, Roman! Stop it, stop it!
You've gone mad, mad, I tell you, mad!
You and this boy Slim Shady!
What's going on? They'll lock you away!
They'll put you in a jail cell! I promise!
Take your mother's warning, Roman, please
Back to bed! Run along! Let's go! Come on!
Wash your mouth out with soap, boys.

Roman Holiday

Song lyric

[Chorus]

Take your medication, Roman
Take a short vacation, Roman, you'll be okay
You need to know your station, Roman
Some alterations on your clothes and your brain
Take a little break, little break from your silencing
There's so much you can take, you can take
I know how bad you need a Roman holiday
Roman holiday, a Roman holiday

[Verse 1]

You done, you tight? You suck at life?
You don't want a round three? You done suffered twice
Worship the queen and you might could pass
Keep it real, these bitches couldn't wipe my ass
Anyway, stylist, go get Bvlgari
I am the ultimate Svengali
You, you bitches can't even spell that
You, you hoes bugging, repel that
Let me tell you this, sister
I am, I am colder than a blister
'Cause my flow's so sick, and I'm a lunatic
And this can't be cured with no Elixir
'Cause y'all know who the fuck, what the fuck I do
I done put the pressure to every thug I knew
Quack, quack to a duck and a chicken too
Put the hyena in a freakin' zoo

[Chorus]

Take your medication, Roman
Take a short vacation, Roman, you'll be okay
You need to know your station, Roman
Some alterations on your clothes and your brain
Take a little break, little break from your silencing
There's so much you can take, you can take
I know how bad you need a Roman holiday
Roman holiday, a Roman holiday

[Verse 2]

Bitch, twitch!
Bitch, motherfucking right, this is World War Six

This right here might make a bitch die
And this right here is gonna make a bitch cry
And if we being honest, I am such a great guy
And this what I do when a bitch breaks flock
[stuttering]
I'mma put her in a dungeon under, under
No them bitches ain't eating, they dying of hunger
Motherfucker, I me, who the fuck is this hoe?
And yes, maybe just a touch of Tourette's
Get my wigs, Terrence, go and get my beret

[Chorus]

Take your medication, Roman
Take a short vacation, Roman, you'll be okay
You need to know your station, Roman
Some alterations on your clothes and your brain
Take a little break, little break from your silencing
There's so much you can take, you can take
I know how bad you need a Roman holiday
Roman holiday, a Roman holiday

[Bridge]

Come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
I am Roman Zolanski
Come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
I am Roman Zolanski
Come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
I am Roman Zolanski

[Verse 3]

Talking 'bout me, you talking about me?
I dare a motherfucker to be talking about me
That bitch must be smokin' a couple of OZ's
They want the outline, I give them a goatee
Goddamn, motherfucker, you talking about me?
I dare a motherfucker to be talking about me
That bitch must be smokin' a couple of OZ's
A-buh-buh-buh now give them a goatee

[Chorus]

Take your medication, Roman
Take a short vacation, Roman, you'll be okay
You need to know your station, Roman

Some alterations on your clothes and your brain
Take a little break, little break from your silencing
There's so much you can take, you can take
I know how bad you need a Roman holiday
Roman holiday, a Roman holiday

Stupid Hoe

Song lyric

[Intro]

Uh, yaow, yaow

[Verse 1]

I get it cracking like a bad back
Bitch talking she the queen when she looking like a lab rat
I'm Angelina, you Jennifer
C'mon, bitch, you see, where Brad at?
Ice my wrist-es then I piss on bitches
You could suck my diznick, if you take these jizzes
You don't like them disses, give my ass some kisses
Yeah, they know what this is, give bitches the business

[Verse 2]

'Cause I pull up and I'm stuntin' but I ain't a stuntman
Yes, I'm rockin' Jordans, but I ain't a jumpman
Bitches play the back 'cause they know I'm the frontman
Put me on a dollar 'cause I'm who they trust in
Ayo SB, what the fuck's good?
We ship platinum, them bitches is shippin' wood
Them nappy headed hoes, but my kitchen good
I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish a bitch would

[Chorus]

You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho
Yeah, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
You a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
Yeah, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)

[Verse 3]

Uh, look Bubbles, go back to ya' habitat
MJ gone, and I ain't havin' that
How you gonna be the stunt double to the nigga monkey?
Top of that I'm in the Phantom lookin' hella chonky
Ice my wrist-es then I piss on bitches
You could suck my diznick, if you take these jizzes
You don't like them disses, give my ass some kisses
Yeah, they know what this is, give bitches the business

[Verse 4]

'Cause I pull up in the Porsche, but it ain't de Rossi
Pretty bitches only could get in my posse
Yes, my name is Roman, last name is Zolanski
But no relation to Roman Polanski
Hey, yo Baby Bop, fuck you and your EP
Who's gassin' this ho? BP?
Hmm... thinks
One, two, three, do the Nicki Minaj blink
These hoes so busted, hoes is so crusty
These bitches is my sons and I don't want custody
These hoes so busted, hoes is so crusty
These bitches is my sons and I don't want custody

[Chorus]

You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho
Yeah, you a, you a stupid ho
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
You a stupid ho, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
You a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)
Yeah, you a, you a stupid ho (You stupid, stupid)

[Verse 5]

If you cute, then your crew can roll
If you sexy, eat my cucka roll
Put ya' cape on, you a super ho
2012, I'm at the Super Bowl

[Bridge]

Stupid hoes is my enemy, stupid hoes is so wack
Stupid ho shoulda befriended me then she coulda prolly came back
Stupid hoes is my enemy, stupid hoes is so wack
Stupid ho shoulda befriended me then she could've probably came back
You a stupid ho, you a stupid ho, you a stupid ho
And I ain't hit that note, but fuck you stupid ho, fuck you stupid ho
I said fuck a stupid ho and fuck a stupid ho
I said fuck a stupid ho and fuck a stupid ho
I said fuck a stupid ho and fuck a stupid ho

[Outro]

I am the female Weezy

Anaconda

Song lyric

[Intro]

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't
My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun

[Verse 1]

Boy toy named Troy used to live in Detroit
Big dope dealer money, he was gettin' some coins
Was in shootouts with the law, but he live in a palace
Bo-bought me Alexander McQueen, he was keeping me stylish
Now that's real, real, real
Gun in my purse, bitch, I came dressed to kill
Who wanna go first? I had them pushing daffodils
I'm high as hell, I only took a half a pill
I'm on some dumb shit, by the way, what he say?
He can tell I ain't missing no meals
Come through and fuck him in my automobile
Let him eat it with his grills and he tellin' me to chill
And he telling me it's real, that he love my sex appeal
Say he don't like 'em boney, he want something he can grab
So I pulled up in the Jag, and I hit him with the jab like
Dun-d-d-dun-dun-d-d-dun-dun

[Pre-Chorus]

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't
My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun

[Chorus]

Oh my gosh, look at her butt
Oh my gosh, look at her butt (I-ohhaha)
Oh my gosh, look at her butt
(Look at her butt)
Look at, look at, look at
Look, at her butt

[Verse 2]

Thi-this dude named Michael used to ride motorcycles
Di-dick bigger than a tower, I ain't talking about Eiffel's
Real country-ass nigga, let me play with his rifle
Pussy put his ass to sleep, now he calling me NyQuil
Now that bang, bang, bang
I let him hit it cause he slang cocaine
He toss my salad like his name Romaine
And when we done, I make him buy me Balmain
I'm on some dumb shit, by the way, what he say?
He can tell I ain't missing no meals
Come through and fuck him in my automobile
Let him eat it with his grills, and he telling me to chill
And he telling me it's real, that he love my sex appeal
He say he don't like 'em boney, he want something he can grab
So I pulled up in the Jag, Mayweather with the jab like
Dun-d-d-dun-dun-d-d-dun-dun...

[Pre-Chorus]

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't
My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun

[Chorus]

Oh my gosh, look at her butt
Oh my gosh, look at her butt (I-ohhaha)
Oh my gosh, look at her butt
(Look at her butt)
Look at, look at, look at
Look, at her butt

[Breakdown]

Little in the middle but she got much back
Little in the middle but she got much back

Little in the middle but she got much back
(Oh my God, look at her butt)

[Pre-Chorus]

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't
My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun
(Do-don't) My anaconda don't (don't)
(Do-don't) want none unless you got buns, hun

[Chorus]

Oh my gosh, look at her butt
Oh my gosh, look at her butt
Oh my gosh, look at her butt
(Look at her butt)
Look at, look at, look at
Look, at her butt

[Outro]

Yeah, he love this fat ass, hahahahahahahaha!
Yeah! This one is for my bitches with a fat ass in the fucking club
I said, where my fat ass big bitches in the club?
Fuck the skinny bitches
Fuck the skinny bitches in the club
I wanna see all the big fat-ass bitches in the muthafuckin' club
Fuck you if you skinny bitches, what?! Kyuh
Hahahaha RRRRRR (Kyuh)
Yeah, I got a big fat ass (ass, ass, ass, ass) (Kyuh!)
Come on!
Hey

GANJA BURN

Song lyric

[Verse 1]

Ayo, as the world turns, the blunt burns
(Who you gettin' at, Nicki?)
Watch them cunts learn
Fashion icon, Audrey Hepburn
I move keys, but you hoes get one turn
Yeah, you get one turn, and one urn
I straighten all these bitches out with one perm
Who ever gassed 'em ain't none of my concern
But, see, the Lord showed me dreams to confirm

They done went to witch doctors to bury the Barbie
But I double back, kill bitches, bury the body
And that go for anybody, you'll be thoroughly sorry
I could wage war or I come in peace like Gandhi
All my powers back, now I'm scary to zombies
Bring the heat to her, sizzle, I ain't talking Kalonji
I done fasted and prayed, had to cleanse my body
Abstaining from sex, had to zen my body
I ain't givin', so don't ask, I don't lend my body
Gotta be king status to give men my body
(He gotta be king status to get in ya body?)
Fuck yeah, 'cause a Queen is what I embody, uh

[Chorus]

Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah

[Verse 2]

Yo, you can't wear a Nicki wig and then be Nicki
That's like a fat nigga thinkin' he can be Biggie
One rough ride, now you DMX and Swizzy
One hot video, you Hype? Nah, you just giddy
You made one dope beat, now you Kanye?
You got a nigga named JAY, now you 'Yoncé?
You got about three stacks, now you André?
You put a part in your fade, yeah, you Nas, bae
You gotta have real skill, gotta work for that
If it's really your passion, would you give the world for that?
Unlike a lot of these hoes, whether wack or lit
At least I can say I wrote every rap I spit
Put my blood, sweat, and tears in perfectin' my craft
Still every team's number one pick in the draft
You could bring anybody, weatherman, pick a day
I'm Kobe, KD, Kyrie, pick a K

[Chorus]

Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Every time I get high, I just think about you
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn, yeah
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

[Interlude]

I see ya, I see you
I see ya, I see you

[Outro]

To my surprise, I saw you in my eyes
The nights I cried, repented of the lies
To my, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
To my, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
Oh, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na (Ooh)
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
Ooh, burn, baby (Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na)

BARBIE DREAMS

Song lyric

[Intro]

Uh, mmm, kyuh
R.I.P. to B.I.G.
Classic shit

[Verse 1]

I'm lookin' for a nigga to give some babies
A handful of Weezy, sprinkle of Dave East
Man, I ain't got no type like Jxmmi and Swae Lees
But if he can't fuck three times a night, peace!
I tried to fuck 50 for a powerful hour
But all that nigga wanna do is talk Power for hours
B-beat the pussy up, make sure it's a K-O
Step your banks up like you're movin' that yayo
Somebody go and make sure Karrueche okay, though

I heard she think I'm tryna give the coochie to Quavo
They always wanna beat it up, goon up the pussy
Man, maybe I should let him autotune up the pussy
All these Bow Wow Challenge niggas lyin' and shit
Man, these Fetty Wap niggas stay eyein' my shit
Drake worth a hundred mill, he always buyin' me shit
But I don't know if the pussy wet or if he cryin' and shit
Meek still be in my DMs, I be havin' to duck him
"I used to pray for times like this" face-ass when I fuck him
Man, Uzi is my baby, he ain't takin' a L
But he took it literally when I said "Go to hell"
Used to fuck with Young Thug, I ain't addressin' this shit
C-caught him in my dressing room, stealin' dresses and shit
I used to give this nigga with a lisp tests and shit
How you want the pu-thy? Can't say your S's and shit, uh

[Chorus]

Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (Barbie dreams)
Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (B-B-B-Barbie dreams)
Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (B-B-B-Barbie, B-B-B-Barbie dreams)
Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers (Barbie dreams)
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin'

[Verse 2]

I remember when I used to have a crush on Special Ed
Shoutout Desiigner 'cause he made it out of special ed
You wanna fuck me, you gotta give some special head
'Cause this pussy have these niggas on some special meds
Like Mike Tyson, he was bitin' my shit
Talkin' 'bout, "Yo, why you got these niggas fightin' and shit?"
On the, on the real, I should make these niggas scrap for the pussy
Young M.A and Lady Luck, get the strap for this pussy, uh
And I woulda had Odell Beckham bangin' the cake
'Til I saw him hoppin' out of cars dancin' to Drake
I been a five-star bitch, man, word to Gotti
I'ma do that nigga Future dirty, word to Scottie
Had to cancel DJ Khaled, boy, we ain't speakin'
Ain't no fat nigga tellin' me what he ain't eatin'
YG and The Game with the hammer yellin', "Gang! Gang!"

This ain't what I meant when I said a gang bang
Tekashi want a ménage, I said "tre-way"
Curved him and went the Kim and Kanye way
Em, cop the Barbie Dreamhouse, then you can play the part
I-I ain't tryna bust it open in a trailer park

[Chorus]

Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (Barbie dreams)
Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (B-B-B-Barbie dreams)
Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (B-B-B-Barbie, B-B-B-Barbie dreams)
Dreams of fuckin' one of these little rappers (Barbie dreams)
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (B-B-B-Barbie dreams)
(Barbie Dreams)
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin' (B-B-B-Barbie, B-B-B-Barbie dreams)

[Verse 3]

You know I'm all 'bout them dollars
I be supportin' them scholars
I let him give me some brain, but he wanted me to ride it
So I said, "Fuck it, I'm in"
He wanna cut like a trim
And if he act like he know, I let him fuck it again
I got them bars, I'm indicted
I'm poppin', I'm uninvited
I said, "Just lick on the clitoris, nigga, don't fuckin' bite it"
I ride his **** in a circle
I turn Stefan into Urkel
I go arounds and arounds and I'ma go down in slow motion
The-then I pick it up, look at it
I said, "Daddy, come get at it," uh
Yellow brick road, he said that I am a wiz at it
Yeah, they want it, want it
You know I flaunt it, flaunt it
I'm a trendsetter, everything I do, they do
Yeah, I put 'em up on it, on it
¡Dimelo, papi, papi!
Yo quiero sloppy, sloppy
I'll give it to you if you beat it up like Pacqui, Pacqui
I-I-I-I'ma kill 'em with the shoe

No ceiling is in the roof
And I'm big, give me the loot
12 cylinders in the coupe
I get dome with the chrome, no tellin' when I'ma shoot
I just bang, bang, bang, real killas is in my group
Gorillas is in my unit, vacationin' where it's humid
And I shine, shine, shine, got diamonds all in my cubans
I'm in LA Times more than when niggas lootin'
And my flow spit crack, I think that nigga usin'
He done bodied everybody, in closing, these bitches losin'
Usin', usin' up, a bitch movin'
No, I ain't stuttered and no, I ain't Ruben
Damn, a bitch snoozin'
Shoutout to my Jews, l'chaim, Rick Rubin
Big fat titties, yes, they be protrudin'
I be like, fuck 'em, fuck 'em, bring the lube in
I be like, fuck 'em, fuck 'em, bring the lube in

MAJESTY

Song lyric

[Chorus: 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-la
Boom shang-a-lang-a-la

[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]

Mmm, 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 (Kyuh)
The Nicki challenge when I fly to Prague, uh

[Refrain: Labrinth]

'Cause I'm a sucker for ya

Boom shang-a-lang-a-la
Boom shang-a-lang-a-la

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

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 missus like sippi now, uh

[Chorus: 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-la
Boom shang-a-lang-a-la

[Post-Chorus: Eminem]

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 (Oh)

[Verse 3: Eminem]

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 over
Think that shit's got pneumonia"
I told her, "Bitch, now, just hold up!"
That's why rap needs a doctor
Our genre's lymph nodes are 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
Demented with the pen, I'll make the mothafucker detonate
I wanna make it acapella—wait, I gotta set a date
With the devil and celebrate, together we can renovate
And re-develop, Hell awaits, 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 the fucking media
Right in the 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
And 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 peek
Am I indeed the last of a dying breed?
Even if you fire-breathe, ain't 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 100
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

[Chorus: 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-la
Boom shang-a-lang-a-la

[Verse 4: Nicki Minaj]

Yo, now 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 piggyback
Ha, piggyback, ah, ah, ah back
Ah, ah, ah back, ah, ah

[Outro: Nicki Minaj]

Out ah road, they lovin' my style
The man dem want digits fi dial
Inna the dance, we a go skin out I know
And when I come out, y'all suicidal
Yeah, on the real, I'm these bitches' idol
Gotta be dumb to make me your rival
'Cause I'm too powerful ('Cause I'm too powerful)
And you not powerful (Yeah, you not powerful)
So say your prayers 'cause you 'bout to die slow (Die slow)
Die slow (Die slow), die slow (Die slow)
Jealousy is a disease, die slow (Die slow)
Die slow (Die slow), die slow
Tell her that jealousy is a disease, die slow

Rich Sex

Song lyric

Full blown, run rich, Brinx
Yo! Mula! Yo! Yeah
Ayo!

I know what these niggas like, and it ain't my charm
I ain't stupid, this \$250 on my arm
I like money more than dick, nigga, that's a fact
You think pussy's everything? Well, let's have a chat
A-a-ass out, pussy fat, point me to a rich nigga
Who gon' Rico, Ace me, pay in full my money, Mitch nigga?
I'ma help him fuck the check up, I'ma run the business
If your girl don't get it poppin', put me on your wishlist
Hitlist, now he sendin' gifts like if it's Christmas
He say, "Baby, everyday we ballin'," I say, "Swish, swish"
Got him callin' nonstop 'cause he don't wanna miss this
I said, "Don't panic, keep the faith, nigga, Big's bitch"

If you know your pussy worth a Benz truck

(Rich sex)

Don't let homie fuck unless his bands up

(Rich sex)

Go to DR, get that fat transfer

(Rich sex)

It ain't such a thing as broke and handsome

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

Lil' mama said she only fuckin' on a rich dick

I cum in her face and tell her, "Now you lookin' rich, bitch"

Her friend in the other room, can I get a witness?

We could have some rich sex, cannot have no rich kids

Facts, all my bitches have no limits

Fucked her in a helicopter, now she screamin' "Sky's the limit"

Fuck her in the drop top, now she screamin' "Sky's the limit"

Sent her back to who she with, now she screamin' "Why I'm with him?"

Damn, lil' mama said she only suckin' on a rich dick

Make you put your money where your mouth at, that's some lipstick

Let's fuck on the money 'fore we count that, that's some rich shit

Pussy smell like money when I'm down her, that some Nick shit

If you know your pussy worth a Benz truck

(Rich sex)

Don't let homie fuck unless his bands up

(Rich sex)

Go to DR, get that fat transfer

(Rich sex)

It ain't such a thing as broke and handsome

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

If you let that broke nigga fuck, we tellin'

(Rich sex)

Rich who? Got bricks, too

The rich get richer, that's my ritual

Rich crew, link my bitch, too

Mack took the Wraith, me and Tune flew

I don't even know where we going these days, where we landing

Queen, where we going again?

To the moon, Alice, the goon palace

We don't get fly, we take flight, haha

Woo! Haha, ahh-haha, ahh!

You mad, doggie? You mad, doggie?

(Next stop: New York)

Hahaha, rrrr

HARD WHITE

Song lyric

[Chorus]

Work hard, just to get half back

Used to work hard, just to get half back

Now I'm gettin' to it that way (Straight up, straight up)

I ain't coming through unless the bag straight

I used to work hard just to get half back

Used to work hard, just to get half back

[Verse 1]

Ayo, just last week I told 'em to pick a side
I bust shots, don't duck if it don't apply Bae
out in Paris, he told me to pick a ride Sike,
made you look, I still didn't pick a guy
I'm the trophy of the game, everybody tryna win me
Me, Olivier, Jourdan Dunn, my baby, Winnie
Partying in Paris, these bitches is embarrassed
'Cause they know I'm the queen, I still didn't pick an heiress
Mirror, mirror, who's the fairest?
You the motherfucking fairest, Nicki
What I drop on this watch?
I don't know, about a hundred-fifty
I'm who they wishin' to be
These hoes is on the 'Gram, Nicki pitchin' a ki'
'Bout to cop Neverland, Michael up in the tree
You got bars and still broke? You might as well took a plea, uh
Be in the bando or would you rather move weight, Don Pablo? Uh

[Chorus]

Work hard, just to get half back
Used to work hard, just to get half back
Now I'm gettin' to it that way (Straight up, straight up)
I ain't coming through unless the bag straight
I used to work hard just to get half back
Used to work hard, just to get half back

[Verse 2]

Ayo, just last week I told 'em they run done
My legacy could never be undone
I'm a prodigy, R.I.P Thun-Thun
Got these bitches shook, they shocked, no stun-gun
I'm the billy, billy goat, the GOAT, the GOAT's here
Vintage Hermès by Jean Paul Gaultier
Lagerfeld customize my gold chair
I run the point, you bitches just go cheer
Uh, look at my knockoffs, I told 'em knock it off
Anything that Nicki do, you know they knock it off
Put my crown on again, and I'ma knock it off
Anything with Nicki in it, they gon' pocket off
I mean profit off, my plug drop it off

You see them copyin' my hair, tell 'em, "Chop it off"
Uh, bad gyal whip, the top is off
You nuh see him downgrade when mi drop 'em off
Uh, I ain't never play the ho position
I ain't ever have to strip to get the pole position
Hoes is dissin'? Okay, these hoes is wishin'
You're in no position to come for O's position
I ain't movin' weight, but I'm in the dope position
I ain't movin' weight, but I'm in the dope position

[Chorus]

Work hard, just to get half back
Used to work hard, just to get half back
Now I'm gettin' to it that way (Straight up, straight up)
I ain't coming through unless the bag straight
I used to work hard just to get half back
Used to work hard, just to get half back

[Outro]

W-w-w-w-w-work hard
W-w-w-w-w-work hard
J-j-just last week, I told 'em to pick a side
I-I-I bust shots, don't duck if they don't apply

GOOD FORM

Song lyric

[Intro]

Eardrums
Mhm, uh-huh, uh-huh
Mhm, yo, hold up, hold up
Mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm

[Verse 1]

Yo, hold up, hold up, hold up, okay, hold up
You see a bad bitch coming through, yo, what's the hold up?
I'm in that new new, me and New New when I roll up
I tell the valet, "Park my Benz and bring the Rolls up"
Yo, hold up, hold up, hold up, okay, hold up
He see me lookin' pretty every time he scroll up
Might gotta let the blicky hit you if you stroll up
Now put your hands up, it's a hold up
Run me the money (Go!)

[Refrain]

'Cause I be the baddie, B, Barbie tings, banging body B (Go!)
Everybody be on my D, yo, I gotta be (Go!) in reality
Suck a D if you doubted me
Back of the 'Bach, back of the 'Bach
Back of the 'Bach, back of the 'Bach (Woo!)
Who on Barbie D? Who on Barbie D? Everybody (Go!)
Ooh, you gotta see, honestly, on my odyssey (Go!)
I'm the baddest B, I don't even know how to speak
Hat to the, hat to the back and relax, you in the back of the 'Bach
(Come on!)

[Pre-Chorus]

See, a bitch got more coins than a game room
So we ain't ever hatin' in TheShadeRoom (Nah)
See, I keep my sons in a playroom
So me and you ain't ever in the same room

[Chorus]

I tell him eat the cookie 'cause it's good for him
And when he eat the cookie he got good form
He know I don't never cheat because I'm good to him
Might gotta have his baby, nurses yellin' "push" for him
You see I let him eat the cookie 'cause it's good for him
And whenever he eat the cookie he got good form
He know that when I'm pullin' up, I'm in a good foreign
I be like ooh, he love me, ooh, he love me, good for him
Come on, come on, come on
I be like ooh, he love me, ooh, he love me, good for him
Come on

[Verse 2]

I slick, slick drop the top like nip slips
So he tryna smash like when the whip flips
I hit licks just to floss with this wrist
And when I leave my bitches we all say, "Kiss, kiss"
I'm in that new new De La Renta, channeling Bugs Bunny
'Cause all I want is karats and some big drug money
I'm only loyal to the niggas that'll bust guns for me
The jig up, it's a stick up, run me the money (Go!)

[Refrain]

'Cause I be the baddie, B, Barbie tings, banging body B (Go!)
Everybody be on my D, yo, I gotta be (Go!) in reality
Suck a D if you doubted me
Back of the 'Bach, back of the 'Bach
Back of the 'Bach, back of the 'Bach (Woo!)
Who on Barbie D? Who on Barbie D? Everybody (Go!)
Ooh, you gotta see, honestly, on my odyssey (Go!)
I'm the baddest B, I don't even know how to speak
Hat to the, hat to the back and relax, you in the back of the 'Bach
(Come on!)

[Pre-Chorus]

See a bitch get more press than a key pad
Before you suck me off, get a knee pad
See, I pull the strings like a tea bag
I'm proolly with my jeweler playin' freeze tag

[Chorus]

I tell him eat the cookie 'cause it's good for him
And when he eat the cookie he got good form
He know I don't never cheat because I'm good to him
Might gotta have his baby, nurses yellin' "push" for him
You see I let him eat the cookie 'cause it's good for him
And whenever he eat the cookie he got good form
He know that when I'm pullin' up, I'm in a good foreign
I be like ooh, he love me, ooh, he love me, good for him
Come on, come on, come on
I be like ooh, he love me, ooh, he love me, good for him
Come on

LLC
Song lyric

[Chorus]

I just took her name and made that bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in there, bitch, get on your feet
You'd make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see
To you, he's rich and famous, but he's just a guy to me

[Verse 1]

I feel like I'm King Kong, name still going ding-dong
It's two girls gettin' more money, and they don't rap, they sing songs
I stay with that pink on, pink furs and them pink thongs
Goons out if they blink wrong, think hard, but don't think long
Pink Friday had Eminem, spit hard but I'm feminine
Iconic trio on Monster, Goblins and Gremlins
What's left that I didn't do? You bit the forbidden fruit
You thought you'd get my spot? Who the fuck was kiddin' you?
Took a lil' break, but I'm back to me
Tryna make a new Nicki, where the factory?
They'll never toe to toe on a track with me
There'll never be another one after me
'Cause the skill level still just a half of me
Blasphemy, my niggas will blast for me
All these low IQ hoes baffle me
Tell 'em that I wash bitches take a bath for me
Bunch of trophies in my crib like a athlete
I see them giving fake love but that trash is weak
Man, you know that I ripped, every rapper beat
You know Nicki gon' eat, Bon Appétit
Used to get real hype off a half a mil'
Used to get real high off a half a pill
We don't pay niggas to front like they like my shit
We don't pay niggas to come in and write my shit, uh

[Pre-Chorus]

Now carry on, now carry on
Now carry on, now carry on
Swish, swish, I'm just gettin' my Curry on
G6 flow, all Louis V carry-ons

[Chorus]

I just took her name and made that bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in there, bitch, get on your feet
You'd make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see
To you, he's rich and famous, but he's just a guy to me

[Bridge]

You made me, you made me, yeah
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah

On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah, yeah
You made me (Okay), you made me (Haha, uh)

[Verse 2]

Yo, you made me do it, hoe, I told you, get low (Told you get low)
I'm popping tens, but they gotta be yellow
I'm New York Nick, I'm ballin', where Carmelo? (O.K. 'Melo)
I'm wavy, word to Shawty L-O, hello
How your jacket say Porsche and you never rode a Porsche?
How you supposed to make the quota when you never went North?
How the fuck you got Ferraris when you never went sport?
All that hoopin' and hollerin', still ain't scorin' on the court (Rrrr)

[Bridge]

You made me, you made me, yeah
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah
You made me (Okay), you made me (Haha)

[Verse 3]

Ayy yo, look at what they made me do, they made me do
Switched the foreign on 'em, navy blue to baby blue
Look at how they started pussy poppin' when 80 flew
All my niggas move that Britney, Ari, yeah, Katy, too
Niggas gassed on the really though, gas I pumped them
Straight trash on the really, yo, yes, I dumped him
Push the limits, I'm a pushy bitch, yes, I bumped him
Pushed past being filthy rich, ask I trumped them
'Cause I scare her, scare her, my biggest era, era
Never been clearer, clearer, don't force it, Farrah, Farrah
Because you'll never be me, that's word to Bella, Gigi
Dolce Gabbana, DG, pretty gang rated PG (Woah)

[Pre-Chorus]

Now carry on, now carry on
Now carry on, now carry on
Swish, swish, I'm just gettin' my Curry on
G6 flow, all Louis V carry-ons

[Chorus]

I just took her name and made that bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in there, bitch, get on your feet

You'd make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see
To you, he's rich and famous, but he's just a guy to me (guy to me)

[Outro]

On blood, you made me, you made me
You made me, you made me, yeah, yeah
On blood, you made me, you made me, yeah, yeah, yeah
You made me (Okay), you made me (Haha)

NIP TUCK

Song lyric

[Intro]

Gave you everything, everything, everything, everything, everything

[Chorus]

Gave you everything, yeah
Think I need to take it all back (Take it all back, hey)
I gave you everything, yeah
But you don't know what to do with all that
And that's on everything
I'ma have to switch, switch up on you
Snip, snip, hit that nip tuck on you
Ring, ring, never pick up on you (Yeah, brr)
I'ma have to switch, switch up on you
Snip, snip, hit that nip tuck on you
Let go, time to give up on you

[Verse 1]

Mmm, see, I used to curve niggas like you
Skrr, skrr, swerve niggas like you
Even though I heard what you might do
I didn't get concerned 'cause I liked you
But no, no, I can't hide who you are
I can't lie, it's too hard (So hard, so hard)
I need more than what you got from me
You want a bad bitch and new cars

[Chorus]

And I gave you everything, yeah
Think I need to take it all back (Take it all, take it all back)
I gave you everything, yeah

But you don't know what to do with all that
And that's on everything
I'ma have to switch, switch up on you
Snip, snip, hit that nip tuck on you
Ring, ring, never pick up on you, oh
I'ma have to switch, switch up on you
Snip, snip, hit that nip tuck on you
Let go, time to give up on you

[Verse 2]

I know how to flip niggas like you
I get petty and clip niggas like you
Fuck around and forget niggas like you
Promise I could never miss niggas like you
Said no, no
Feelings fading away, I can't hear what you say
I need more than what you got for me
You got a bad bitch who won't stay

[Chorus]

And I gave you everything, yeah
You gon' need to take it all back (Take it all, take it all back)
I gave you everything, yeah
But you don't know what to do with all that
And that's on everything
I'ma have to switch, switch up on you
Snip, snip, hit that nip tuck on you
Ring, ring, never pick up on you, oh
I'ma have to switch, switch up on you
Snip, snip, hit that nip tuck on you
Let go, time to give up on you

[Verse 3]

Yo, give up on 'em, I don't even wanna get up on 'em
And I ain't tryna work it out
But I'm at the gym on a mat doin' sit-ups on 'em
You let yourself go, you don't represent O'
So trust me, just go
You settle for less, yo, you disrespectful
You was special, the new you just dull
So cut all that bull, the nerve of me to come off my pedestal
Come off my pedestal, money off that edible

Which means them bags stacked high
You ain't got the drive, my nigga ya pedal stalled
You said you wept, aww, every day, a queen you slept on
And I ain't talkin' 'bout your mattresses
But um, you the type of player I press eject on
I can't believe you played for that long
I never re-respected nobody
I never needed you, you must've thought I did
I should have copped the stick, but I'm teflon
Pressed on, headstrong, sex the bomb
Dreams of a bad bitch tryna F a don
If his word bond and he wanna sex icons
If he bust down and don't wanna waste my time
Who the fuck you thought you was, tryna stunt on Nick?
Shoulda put you on blast like a gun on hip
But it's okay, we gon' keep secrets, nigga
'Cause a true bad bitch ain't weak or bitter

Sir

Song lyric

[Intro: Future]

Damn, damn, damn right

Huh? Pluto! Yeah

I can see it

All this green, sir

Rollin' weed, sir

Big ol' racks, sir

Zaytoven

Metro Boomin want some more, nigga

[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]

Yo, headline tours, sir, with a band, sir

I ain't pressed, sir, over a band, sir

Get her a ticket, sir, she's a fan, sir

Can't keep her man off my Instagram, sir

New slaves, but I'm still the master

I'm whippin' foreigners to make 'em go faster

Miss Aretha, I think I just passed her

Icy Patek, tell 'em, "Kiss my ass, sir"

Pretty gang, sir, pretty gangster

Said she was better than me, what a prankster

He said, "You bad, Nicki," I said, "Thanks, sir"
Stay in some fresh prints, Ashley Banks, sir
Call me A.I., sir, I'm The Answer
I'm in the playoffs, sir, I advance, sir
These niggas broke, they ain't got no plans, sir
I call 'em Sway, they ain't got the answer
Ass shots, sir, with no chaser
Pretty titties all up in his face, sir
They double tap, sir, it's a fact, sir
All the comments sayin', "It's a snack," sir
New bae, I'm his dirty dancer
I said I wouldn't, but I took a chance, sir
Ride him like a sled, Dasher, Prancer
I bust it open for him out in Cannes, sir
If I don't ball, sir, I'll have a drought, sir
Them bum bitches ain't allowed, sir
Yeah, NickiHndrxx (Brrr)

[Chorus: Future]

On the gas, sir, on the gas, sir
Splurgin' cash, sir, blowin' cash, sir
Fuckin' hoes, sir, fuckin' hoes, sir
Ridin' foreigners, sir, ridin' foreigners, sir
Dirty Fanta, sir, dirty Fanta, sir
Hot Atlanta, sir, Hot Atlanta, sir
Cockin' hammers, sir, cockin' hammers, sir
'Scuse my manners, sir, excuse my manners, sir

[Verse 2: Future]

Automatic, sir, my bitch the baddest, sir (Bitch bad)
I'm livin' lavish, sir, fuck all the static, sir (Fuck all the static)
Out on bond service, servin' dope, sir (Sir)
Where I'm from, sir, they'll serve your mom, sir (Serve your mom, sir)
Cocaina dealin', jackboy, sir (Jackboy)
Stars in the ceilin', sir, dope in the attic, sir (Sir, dope)
Tarzan, sir, I drive fast, sir (Drive fast, sir)
Jeff Gordon sir, NASCAR, sir (Pew!)
Pluto my first name, Cash last name, sir (Yeah, sir)
He wanna body, sir, you tryna get some stains, sir

[Chorus: Future]

On the gas, sir, on the gas, sir

Splurgin' cash, sir, blowin' cash, sir
Fuckin' hoes, sir, fuckin' hoes, sir
Ridin' foreigners, sir, ridin' foreigners, sir
Dirty Fanta, sir, dirty Fanta, sir
Hot Atlanta, sir, Hot Atlanta, sir

[Outro: Future & Nicki Minaj]

Cockin' hammers, sir, cockin' hammers, sir
If I don't ball, sir, I'll have a drought, sir
Them bum bitches ain't allowed, sir
(Excuse my manners, sir, excuse my manners, sir)

MIAMI

Song lyric

[Intro: Kodak Black]

I ain't really finna tell y'all how to get away with murder and shit

[Chorus: Nicki Minaj]

Just the other day I was out in Miami
Got the low-low on them Percs, low-low on them Xannies
Nigga's know my bitches petty, I ain't talkin' mani's
Pull up with a lot of baddies, don't forget the Addies
When I run up in the town, I ain't chitty-chatty
Got some real pretty titties, they come with a fatty
Too much money, I ain't never need a sugar daddy
I'm La Belle of the ball, you could call me Patti

[Verse 1: Nicki Minaj]

I flew in from Trinidad, peep this nigga pressin'
I think that he popped a molly 'cause look how he sweatin'
I'ma let my niggas rob him as soon as it set in
None of you bum bitches can't sit with me and Gretchen
It's the biggest, a bitch ain't cough one time, it's the sickest
I don't never clique up, but they know who the clique is
Fast little bitches, but of course I'm the quickest
Mortal Kombat, ninja Nicki, who ya pick is?

[Interlude: Patty Duke]

Ayo, queen, got the customers out here, man
They lovin' this shit, man, they lovin' this shit, man
Where you at, man? Where you at, man?

We need you here, man, I know you in Miami

[Chorus: Nicki Minaj]

Just the other day I was out in Miami
Got the low-low on them Percs, low-low on them Xannies
Nigga's know my bitches petty, I ain't talkin' mani's
Pull up with a lot of baddies, don't forget the Addies
When I run up in the town, I ain't chitty-chatty
Got some real pretty titties, they come with a fatty
Too much money, I ain't never need a sugar daddy
I'm La Belle of the ball, you could call me Patti

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

Yo, you could take all of my bitches out to Abu Dhabi
Let one of my besties confiscate your Maserati
You should throw a party on the yacht for everybody
If we fuck your shit up, OMG, I'm very sorry
You could call me Barbie, 'cause I look just like a dolly
Yes, I bury them when they come for me, call me Halle
Since I finished her, my niggas call me the finale
I'm a busy bitch, I'm filthy rich, no time to Polly
Ayo, swerve to the palace, this the Queen's like it's Hollis
Put 15 million dollars, on it, ask LL, I'm doin' it
Don't get cute and ruin it, all my skill, I hone it
I pity opponents, it look easy don't it
(It look easy don't it, it look easy don't it)

[Chorus: Nicki Minaj]

Just the other day I was out in Miami
Got the low-low on them Percs, low-low on them Xannies
Nigga's know my bitches petty, I ain't talkin' mani's
Pull up with a lot of baddies, don't forget the Addies
When I run up in the town, I ain't chitty-chatty
Got some real pretty titties, they come with a fatty
Too much money, I ain't never need a sugar daddy
I'm La Belle of the ball, you could call me Patti

[Outro: Patty Duke]

Yo, Nick, what's good? This ya boy Patty Duke
Man, you already know we got shit movin' out here, man
That these bitches ain't fuckin' wit' you
They ain't fuckin' wit' the team, man, all of 'em, man

'Cause niggas know that bag heavy, boy, that bag heavy
Niggas get fuckin' dropped 'round here
Queens get the money, man
Never fakin' it, always makin' it, ya heard?
Iconic shit, man

BARBIE THINGZ

Song lyric

[Intro]

Dem-dem-dem-dem dem-dem
Dem-dem-dem-dem
Dem-dem-dem-dem dem-dem
Dem-dem-dem-dem

[Verse 1]

Uh, I'm in my prime, Optimus Sagittarius, so
you know I'm an optimist Man, keep it all
real, I'm a prophetess (okay)
So at least you took an L off your bucket list (bucket list)
It's time to make hits and it's time to diss
How you still dissin', still can't find some hits? (Okay)
Was it worth it, dummy? I ain't mind a bit
Still on that show gettin' no chips, time to dip

[Pre-Chorus]

I, I, I, I-I, I-I, I (okay)
I'm still fly, just bagged a white guy (okay)
Ritchie like Guy and I still eat Thai
Want the Nicki cheat code? Come on, bitch, nice try

[Chorus]

Let's be real, all you bitches wanna look like me
Wanna be in demand, get booked like me
Wanna run up in the lab and cook like me
But ain't nan you hoes pussy good like me
Pussy so good his ex wanna still fight me
Face so pretty bitches wish they could slice me
She just mad 'cause he never bought her ice like me
I cut all my niggas off, but they would still wife me (still wife me)

[Verse 2]

Rap bitches tell they team, "Make 'em like Barbie"

Had to come off IG so they can't stalk me
All they do is copy looks, steal music too
Want to see what bitches do when they lose the blue-print
I mean the pinkprint, ho, let it sink in
I spoke to Jay the other day, he's still the kingpin
He's still the only nigga that I woulda signed to
If I ain't sign to Wayne's perfectly designed crew
'Cause we the big three, don't need a big speech
We made the biggest impact, check the spreadsheet
That's Lil Weezy, the Barbie and Drizzy Drake
Niggas gettin' more cheese, kissy face
I'm a bad bitch, fuck the bitch (uh)
Bitch get slick, I'ma cut the bitch
I'm a bad bitch, suck some dick (okay)
If that bitch get slick, I'll cut the bitch
I'll cut up the bitch, I'll gut the bitch (okay) Had
to fuck up the bitch, man, fuck the bitch Won't
shoot her but I will gun-butt the bitch When we
say "Fuck the bitch," dick up the bitch
She was stuck-up so my niggas stuck up the bitch
Still draggin' her so don't pick up the bitch
Get the combination to the safe, drug the bitch
Know the whole operation been bugged the bitch

[Pre-Chorus]
I, I, I, I-I, I-I, I (okay)
I'm still fly, just bagged a white guy (okay)
Ritchie like Guy and I still eat Thai
Want the Nicki cheat code? Come on, bitch, nice try

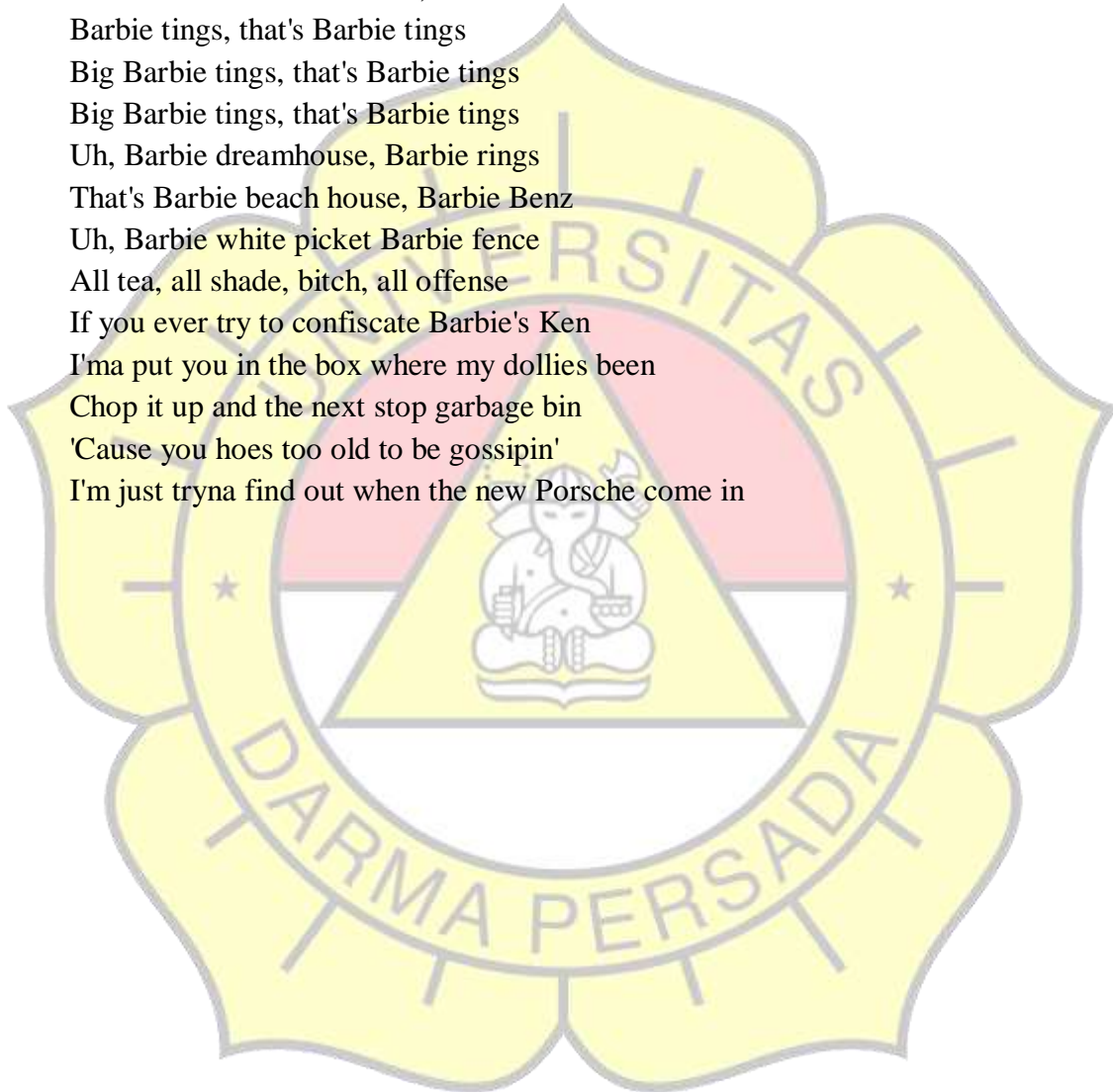
[Chorus]
Let's be real, all you bitches wanna look like me
Wanna be in demand, get booked like me
Wanna run up in the lab and cook like me
But ain't nan you hoes pussy good like me
Pussy so good his ex wanna still fight me
Face so pretty bitches wish they could slice me
She just mad 'cause he never bought her ice like me
I cut all my niggas off, but they would still wife me (still wife me)

[Bridge]
They would still wife me

They would still wife me
Yup, him too, he would still wife me
Ahh, ha

[Verse 3]

When it come to stealin' flows, these birds is fluent
But they stutter when get asked 'bout the queen's influence
When it's clear they bite me, I'm flattered they like me
I don't wanna check bitches, tell 'em wear their Nikes
Barbie tings, that's Barbie tings
Big Barbie tings, that's Barbie tings
Big Barbie tings, that's Barbie tings
Uh, Barbie dreamhouse, Barbie rings
That's Barbie beach house, Barbie Benz
Uh, Barbie white picket Barbie fence
All tea, all shade, bitch, all offense
If you ever try to confiscate Barbie's Ken
I'ma put you in the box where my dollies been
Chop it up and the next stop garbage bin
'Cause you hoes too old to be gossipin'
I'm just tryna find out when the new Porsche come in



THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIAL CLASS TO THE USE OF SWEAR WORD IN NICKI MINAJ'S RAP SONG LYRICS

2015130032 / MELY ARFIYANTI

NICKI MINAJ *Pink* FRIDAY

Background of the Problem

Nicki Minaj is a famous American rapper and singer

She has won a lot of awards

She is the most profane female rapper

Identification of the Problem

How sociolinguistic factors such as social class can influence how people talk. The writer identifies that the problem of the research is the use of the swear words in Nicki Minaj rap song lyrics.

The writer assumes that Nicki Minaj's social class influences the use of swear words in her song lyrics.

Formulation of the Problem

What kind of swear word in Nicki Minaj song lyric?

Does Nicki Minaj's social class influence the use of the swear words on her song lyrics?

Objectives of the Research

To identify kind of swear word in Nicki Minaj song lyrics

To prove Nicki Minaj's social class can influence the use of swear words on her song lyrics

Methods of the Research

This research uses qualitative method to collect the data. The source of the data from journals, articles, books, and internet

