

TROLLZ - Alternate Edition

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

That's?cash, 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

That's cash, 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 niñas

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 & 6ix9ine]

Boomin' at your man, now we boomin' at his matas

Split his fucking wig, bust it open like piñata

He tryna put it en mi culo, real fat gato

When he eat it, I tell him to squeeze it like a taco

All my niggas out of town, moving all that blanco

I ain't letting up on you bitches say "uncle"

Still the baddest bitch, quarantining en mi casa
Talking all that shit, but you bitches ain't saying caca
Uh, a flock of birds, waka
All my bitches pretty, juicy booty, pretty knockers
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[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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>