

# I'm Legit (feat. Ciara)

Nicki Minaj

I'm shit with no makeup, don't have to curl my hair up  
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime  
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say  
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" I'm legit with no makeup,  
don't have to curl my hair up  
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime  
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say  
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" Beat em' like they stole  
some, beat em' like they stole some  
All this booty here got 'em dreaming, lemme hold some  
Let me, let me hear that boy, let me, let me wear that boy  
Let me get the most expensive car, and let me steer that boy  
Real big pretty titty, shut down every city  
If you want the kid kitty, gotta get the key from me  
All new everything, plus pay the rent for me  
If we in the wilderness, niggas pitch the tent for me  
Tent for me, tent for me, get me bodied  
Long hair, no makeup, doing pilates  
Those niggas don't step on my damn Zanottis  
All them bitches my sons but who's the Daddy? I graduate with honors, I ball, 'Nead O'Connor  
I did a freestyle, then I got a shout out from Obama  
Yes, yes, I am ill I go in for the kill  
Hoes is my sons, birth control, I am on the pill  
What I gotta do? What I gotta do to 'em?  
Step up in the club, everybody like who them?  
Girls girls, me and my girls  
What you done did? I need some referrals  
Motherfuckers know I'm the shit, legit  
And if a motherfucker don't he can suck my dick  
I tell 'em, "Everybody else is my opposite!"  
I put 'em on the game, give 'em five percent I'm shiit with no makeup, don't have to curl my hair  
up  
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime  
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say  
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" I'm shit with no makeup,  
don't have to curl my hair up  
All this booty here, mine, I'm a dollar worth a dime  
Real bosses stand up, ladies throw your hands up and say  
"I know I'm cute I know I'm fly. You ask me why? Cause I'm shit!" I'm like really famous, I got  
a famous anus  
No, not Famous Amos, all this fame is heinous  
Lemme, lemme hear that boy, lemme, lemme wear that boy

All this money coming in, but I never share that, boy  
No lipstick, no lashes though  
But I got a real big ol' ratchet, though  
I said dude, yo dude, you packing dough  
He said he want a good box like Pacquiao  
I said, "Well, my name Nicki and it's nice to meet you."  
If you really wanna know, I'll give you my procedure  
Got a whole bunch of pretty gang in my clique  
And we lookin' for some ballers, alopecia  
I hate wack niggas, I should really slap niggas  
These niggas trippin' when I put 'em on the map niggas  
How you gon' break fly? How you gon' fake die?  
Ain't at no wedding but all my girls cake, ha!  
Sleeping on me, no mattress though  
I'm a burn the beat down, no matches though  
No they can't keep up? They molasses slow  
I'm the greatest Queens bitch, with the cashes flow  
Looking at me like it's my fault  
Trying to take sneak pictures with they iPhone  
I like independent bitches like July 4th  
Now that's what young Harriet died for  
I'm shit with no makeup, don't have to curl my hair up  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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