

Red Ruby Da Sleeze - Nicki Minaj Lyrics

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"Red Ruby Da Sleeze"

Queen

Only on them C's if it's breeze, Red Ruby Da Sleeze

Chinese on my sleeve, these wannabe Chun-Lis

Anyway, nǐ hǎo (nǐ hǎo)

Who the fuck told bitches they was me now? (Ooh)

I knew these bitches was slow, I ain't know these bitches senile (ooh)

Married a shooter case you niggas tried to breathe loud (brrrt)

Boom your face off, then I tell him, "Cease fire"

I'm the A-B side

Seven-hundred on 'em horses when we fixin' to leave

But I don't fuck with horses since Christopher Reeves

(Uh-oh, uh-oh)

Gotta be careful when I dip, it's flips all in the whip

It's .40s with .30 clips, FN's with the switch

Guacamole with the taco, waitin' on El Chapo

Came in the Rolls and left low in a Tahoe
Bad gyal don't die-die-die (brtt) (die-die)
Hunnid rounds on dat, grrah-ta-ta (grrah-ta-ta-ta)
Real one lick a shot-ta-ta (baow)
She my lil' vibe, my lil' ah-ah-ah (my lil' ahh)
Bad gyal don't run from nobody like, ah (ooh)
Rude boy want me touchin' on his body like, yeah (ooh)
Boy haffi dead if he ever diss me
You know what to do if he ever miss me, yeah
Miss me with that na-na-na-na-na-na-na
I stay with my na-na-na-na-na-na-na
His ex hit him, he like, "Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah"
He want the bad gyal sleeze like that, well, I'm a tease like that
Ill na-na-na-na-na-na-na
He told me bring him that na-na-na-na-na-na-na
We don't be Karen like Donna, na-na-na-na-na
I like it when he grab my cheeks like that (uh)
Well, I'm a freak like that
Bad gyal don't die-die-die
Hunnid rounds on that, grrah-ta-ta (grrah)
Real one lick a shot-ta-ta (blaow)
She my lil' vibe, my lil' ah-ah-ah (my lil' ahh)
Bad gyal don't run from nobody like, ah (ooh)

Rude boy want me touchin' on his body like, yeah (ooh)
Boy haffi dead if he ever diss me (me, yeah)
You know what to do if he ever miss me, yeah
When the Queen leave, bitches wanna come out like a cockroach
Until I'm cookin' in the kitchen like a pot roast
That new Spectre, we don't fill pot holes
Dorito bitches mad that they not chose
Shout out my vatos
Shout out to hoes that's watchin' me like Movados (click, click, click)
All them, all them botched face photos, why would you post those?
Make a gyal duppy since I heard you like my ghost, hoes
Big truck but I'm alone like Post though
Call Malone and tell him I'm goin' postal (brrrt)
These bitches rappin' like my blooper roll
Desert Eagle if your nigga actin' super bold
(Got 'em, got 'em, got 'em) got 'em like, "Uh-oh"
Gun fingers like niggas doin' the bogle
Ya fuckin' bozo
That .40 cal'll make 'em dance like a go-go
Super facts, that's word to Super Cat
We a rude gyal yute and we nuh tek back we chat
'Cause bitches couldn't walk in my Crocs, that's word to Dundee
Just a bunch of airheads like Kelly Bundy

Man, these bitches so slow, man, they slower than sloths

Six-hundred horse, how you gon' catch the boss?

Caught 'em with they hand out, tryna catch the sauce

Thierry Mugler flow, tryna cut the cloth

See the difference is I run businesses

If I ain't employ you then what ya business is?

I'll have staff roll up, like what the business is?

Oh, you don't know that my niggas kill witnesses?

Bad gyal don't die-die-die

Hunnid rounds on that, grrah-ta-ta (grrah)

Real one lick a shot-ta-ta (blaow)

She my lil' vibe, my lil' ah-ah-ah (my lil' ahh)

Bad gyal don't run from nobody like, ah (ooh)

Rude boy want me touchin' on his body like, yeah (ooh)

Boy haffi dead if he ever diss me (me, yeah)

You know what to do if he ever miss me, yeah

If you want me to stay

I'll never leave

If you want me to stay

We'll always be

If you want me to stay

Love endlessly

If you want me to stay

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