

# Nicki Minaj, Wutchoo Know

Chin checka  
Chin checka  
Chin checka,  
I'm the chin checka.

[Verse 1:]

It was a quarter pass 3 when I ran into Rell  
Didn't forget my keys but my name ring bells  
A little white tee some Adidas with the shells  
Turn in the coup. Oh shoot broke a nail  
Let me, let me think what I gotta, gotta do  
Should I get the black or the chrome 22  
That's if a bird try to get out of the cage  
1 bitch down New York Times front page  
I went to Starbucks I wanted to get a frapo  
Then had a Snapple apple with the capo  
That's Fendi but that's irrelevant  
Threw him a couple benji's now I'm the president  
I'm Nicki and Nicki so picky  
Slick like Ricky flow be so icky  
Now class is finished you'll be home 'bout 3  
So all ya'll rap bitches what ya'll know bout me, nigga.

[Chorus:]

Whutchoo know bout me  
Wutchoo, wutchoo know bout me  
Whutchoo know bout me  
Wutchoo, wutchoo know  
They say the girl is a fool, the girl keep on boppin'  
The girl get them girls, and them girls get it poppin'  
Whutchoo know bout me  
Wutchoo, wutchoo know bout me  
Whutchoo know bout me  
Wutchoo, wutchoo know  
The girl gettin' money, alot of dirty money  
I'll show you how to do it if you gettin' somethin' from me

[Verse 2:]

Got some nice titties, yes they are pretty  
That's how I got the S the 550  
That's cause I gets, I gets, I gets busy  
That's why I don't need you to come get me  
I'm badder than the dude at the Neverland  
In a money green coup with a leprechaun  
Holla at'em get a four leaf clover  
Go, go against me guaranteed ya over  
Look, all the kids sweat Nick like a mexican  
Cause I got more kicks than a temper tan-trum trum trum  
Ya slow poke, betta run, run, run, my lil coke  
And S-M-I-the L-E and ain't one thing them could tell me  
Cause I write, write, write my own shit  
I'm the one like I'm the culprit, nigga

[Chorus]