

Nicki Minaj, Click Clack

[CHORUS:]

Alot of rap niggas be trynna paly hard

I was tought [?]

When I lift da shirt dats da end of discussion

Click Clcak mutha fuckaz, I ain't trynna hear dat

[Verse 1:]

They call me Nicholas, style defined as ridiculous

I beg your pardon, meet me at da garden

#1 draft, I'm New York's pick & I don't lose like dem dudes on da new york knicks... (check it)

I'm overseas rockin hella capris, in da west indies eatin delacasies... I tel em

Dey want cain like erica... please

Brotha your money young like [?] cheese

Dese broke rappers always rappin bout a pink truck, I'm only happy wen I hopin out da brincks truc

And I don't need a 16, I got a sentence... I goes on a fucka like an entrance

Dese old bitches betta change dey denture, wen I get in da game dey gon play da benches

Fuck your friendship, pay attention

Bitch get at me, I'm a pay my henchmen

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[Verse 2:]

Dey call me Maraj, Fuck u & fuck your squad

Head bitch in charge, I ain't talkin bout da tod

I'm on da other line & I ain't talkin bout call waitin

I'm VIP lil mama I jus walk str8 in

Lil Dolce & Gabanna got dis bul hatin, dats I pop up in da porch with da top vacant

Mami stop fakin, talkin bout wat u got, u ain't got NATHIN & your not caking

Your not my taste, get outta my face, I play da top like eight friendz on your Myspace

Stay in a childs place... Check da timin

I roc bitches like dey throwin up da diamond (ITS THE ROC)

U on a flight, I be bakin on islands

Mami your accent sound faker den Dylan

MURDA DEM, MURDA DEM, fuck a competition, Already murda dem

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[Verse 3:]

Dey call me Nicki M., hard to find me in a sticky gin

I play da club, with a thug & sum pretty friendz

And if dey ain't got da gat, dey got da knife on

Your too wack to get up on one of y song

U gotta deal, cause u was givn up da coochie proly, but I'll arrange one hit like oochie wallie

And u'll be gon to November like Wyclef, I hold wieght & I ain't talkin bout Biceps

I rep Queens like da crown, wen I'm in da town, ask Yung Joc... it's goin down

Kisses to my bitches and my niggas, getta pound

June, turn me up... mic check... [?]

Bitches don't kno da half, like dey flucked at math, give a fuck about a bitch & da clique she w

Unless u doin dem numbaz like arithmetic, young nic.holla bac & turn up my shyt

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