

Click Clack

Nicki Minaj

Alot of rap niggas be trynna play hard
I was taught to only reach
When I lift da shirt dats da end of discussion
Click Clack mutha fuckaz, I ain't trynna hear dat

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 k
nicks... (check it)
I'm over seas rockin hella capris, in da west indies eatin delacasies... I t
el em
Dey want cain like erica... please
Brotha your money young like goverment cheese
Dese broke rappers always rappin bout a pink truck, I'm only happy wen I hop
in out da brincks truck
And I don't need a 16, I got a sentence... I goes on a fucka like an entranc
e
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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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 yo
ur myspace
Stay in a child's 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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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 prolly, but I'll arrange one hi

t 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 do
wn
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 bit
ch & da clique she with
Unless u doin dem numbaz like arithmetic, young nic.holla bac & turn up my s
hyt

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