

# Click Clack

Nicki Minaj

[CHORUS:]Alot of rap niggas be trynna play hard

I was told only reach for the heat if you're [? ]

So when I lift da shirt dats da end of discussion

Click Clak 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 that nigga Jeezy

These broke rappers always rappin bout a pink truck, I'm only happy when I hopin out da brinks truck

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

These old bitches betta change dey denture, wen I get in da game they 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:]DTheey call me Maraj, Fuck u & fuck your squad

Head bitch in charge, I ain't talkin bout [?]

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

I'm VIP lil mama I jus walk straight in

Lil Dolce & Gabanna got dis whore hatin, thats why 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 friends on your myspace

Stay in a child's place... Check da timin

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

You 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 my songs  
U gotta deal, cause u was givn up da coochie proolly, but I'll arrange one hit like oochie wallie  
And u'll be gon to November like Wyclef, I hold weight & 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... how I sound?  
Bitches don't kno da half, like dey flucked at math, give a fuck about a bitch & da cliique she with  
Unless u doin dem numbaz like arithmetic, young nick holla bac & turn up my sht  
[CHORUS:]Alot of rap niggas be trynna play hard  
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