

# Nicki Minaj

## "Click Clack"

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### "Click Clack"

*[Chorus:]*

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

*[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 over seas rockin hella capris, in da west indies  
eatin delacacias... I tel 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 hopin out da brincks truck  
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

*[Chorus:]*

Alot of rap niggas be trynna paly hard  
I was taught ?  
When I lift da shirt dats da end of discussion  
Click Clcak mutha fuckaz, I ain't trynna hear nuthin

*[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 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

*[Chorus:]*

Alot of rap niggas be tryinna paly hard  
I was tought ?  
When I lift da shirt dats da end of discussion  
Click Clcak mutha fuckaz, I ain't tryinna hear nuthin

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

*[Chorus:]*

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I was tought ?  
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