

Nicki Minaj "Hip Hop Awards '09"

Visit "[Hip Hop Awards '09](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh

Call me Dracula, cuz all i do is count chips
Ya money mini i aint talkin' bout the mouse trick
These girls runnin' like i jus threw the bouquet
They know i'm headed to the top like a toupee
Now all the bums is wonderin' where i beez at
If you aint a barbie, it's none of your freakin beezwax
These lil rappers, i can see 'em in my bash cam
I know they grouchy like Oscar up out the trash can
I'm on stage
You can sit in the crowd
I be up in leir jets
Take a left at the cloud (hehe)

I think she needs the heimlich
She da chokin kind
She gets no burns
No smoking sign (yea)
Metaphor, heaven
So they approve Nicki like my credit scores' seven
Mac n' cheese stix, fried chicken, da guts?
And i'm killen these bxtches
Mike Vickin it up
CHEA

Visit [Nicki Minaj](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.