

# Nicki Minaj - Ganja Burn

Tom: Db

m [Intro] Dbm B  
B A

Dbm  
As the world turns, the blunt burns

B  
Who you gettin' at, Nicki?

Watch them cunts learn

B  
Fashion icon, Audrey Hepburn

A Gbm  
I move keys, but you hoes get one turn

Dbm  
You get one turn, and one urn

B  
I straighten all these bitches out with one perm

B  
Who ever gassed 'em ain't none of my concern

A  
But, see, the Lord showed me dreams to confirm

Dbm  
They done went to witch doctors to bury the Barbie

B  
But I double back, kill bitches, bury the body

B  
And that go for anybody, you'll be thoroughly sorry

A Gbm  
I could wage war or I come in peace like Gandhi

Dbm  
All my powers back now I'm scary to zombies

B  
Bring the heat to a sizzle, I ain't talking Kalonji

B  
I done fasted and prayed, had to cleanse my body

A  
Abstaining from sex, had to zen my body

Dbm  
I ain't giving, so don't ask, I don't lend my body

B  
Gotta be king status to give men my body

B  
(He gotta be king status to get in ya body?)

A Gbm  
Fuck, yeah, cause a Queen is what I embody, uh

Dbm B B A  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

Dbm B A Gbm  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

Dbm B  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

B A  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

Dbm B  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

B A Gbm  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

Dbm B B A  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

Dbm B A Gbm  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

Dbm

Yo, you can't wear Nicki wig and then be Nicki

B  
That's like a fat nigga thinkin' he can be Biggie

B  
One rough ride, now you DMX and Swissy

A  
One hot video, you Hype? Nah, you just giddy

Dbm  
You made one dope beat, now you Kanye?

B  
You got a nigga named JAY, now you 'Yoncé?

B  
You got about three stacks, now you André?

A  
You put a part in your fade, oh, you Nas, bae?

Dbm  
You gotta have real skill, gotta work for that

B  
If it's really your passion, would you give the world for that?

B  
Unlike a lot of these hoes whether wack or lit

A Gbm  
At least I can say I wrote every rap I spit

Dbm  
Put my blood, sweat and tears in perfecting my craft

B  
Still every team's number one pick in the draft

B  
You could bring anybody, weatherman, pick a day

Kobe, KD, Kyrie! Pick a K

Dbm B A  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn  
Dbm B A Gbm  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

Dbm B  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

B A  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

Dbm B  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

B A Gbm  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you

Dbm B B A  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

Dbm B A Gbm  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn

( Dbm B B A )

Dbm B A Gbm  
I see ya, I see you

Dbm B A  
I see ya, I see you

( Dbm B B A Gbm )

( Dbm B B A Gbm )

Dbm B A  
To my surprise I saw you in my eyes

Dbm B A Gbm  
The nights I cried, repented under lies

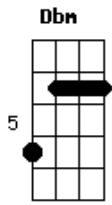
Dbm B A  
To my, to my

[Final] Dbm B B A Gbm  
Dbm B B A

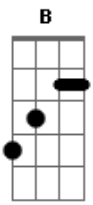
## Acordes



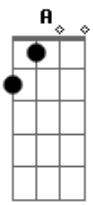
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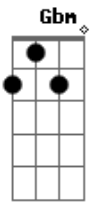
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