

My Chick Bad

Ludacris

My chick bad, my chick hood
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could
My, my chick bad, my chick hood
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours Listen, I'm saying my chick bad, my chick hood
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could
My chick bad, badder than yours
My chick do stuff that I can't even put in words Her swagger don't stop, her body won't quit
So, fool, pipe down, you ain't talkin' 'bout shit
My chick bad, tell me if you've seen her
She always bring the racket like Venus and Serena
All white top, all white belt
And all white jeans, body looking like milk
No time for games, she's full grown
My chick bad, tell your chick to go home My chick bad, my chick hood
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My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours Now your girl might be sick but my girl sicker
She rides that dick and she handles her liquor
I knock a bitch out and fight
Comin' out swingin' like Tiger Woods's wife
Yeah, she can get a lil' hasty
Chicks better cover up their chests like pasties
Couple girlfriends and they all a lil' crazy
Comin' down the street like a parade, Macy's I fill her up, balloons
Test her and guns get drawn like cartoons
D'oh, but I ain't talk about Homer
Chick so bad, the whole crew wanna bone her My chick bad, my chick hood
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My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours Now all these bitches wanna try and be my bestie
But I take a left and leave 'em hangin' like a testie
Trash talk to 'em, then I put 'em in a Hefty
Running down the court, I'm dunkin' on 'em, Lisa Leslie It's going down, basement

Friday the 13th, guess who's playing Jason?
Tuck yourself in, you better hold on to your teddy
It's Nightmare on Elm Street and guess who's playing Freddy? Chef cooking for me, they say
my shoe came crazy
The mental asylum looking for me
You a rookie to me, I'm in that wham-bam-purple-lam
Damn, bitch, you been a fan My chick bad, my chick hood
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could
My, my chick bad, my chick hood
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad And when we all alone, I might just tip her
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper
When we all alone, I might tip her
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper When we all alone, I might just tip her
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When we all alone, I might just tip her
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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