

# 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  
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 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 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 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  
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper  
When we all alone, I might just tip her  
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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