So Sick

Fine Stylez

[Natasha]
Yeah! since you said it right
You better recognize
Iâ€™d be the chick up in the corner
Catchin all your eyes
Yea I know Iâ€™m looking slim
And girl u wanna fight
5'9, light skin, got some juicy thighs
My hair is long,
And I aint gotta front cause
every inch is my own,
Donâ€™t be trying to check me
â€˜Cause your man is on my phone
Go and tell my mama â€˜cause she donâ€™t care â€˜cause Iâ€™m grown

(Bring that back)

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Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
You look so sick â€˜cause Iâ€™m looking so fit
You look so sick â€˜cause these boys wantin this
You look so sick â€˜cause I make these boys flip

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You look so sick â€˜cause Iâ€™m looking so fit
You look so sick â€˜cause these boys wantin this

You look so sick â€˜cause I make these boys flip

You must be sick â€˜cause u didnâ€™t find me
You must be sick â€˜cause dark child's behind me
Plus u real sick â€˜cause mochas inside me
W-W-W-W-W-Why you so sick?

I donâ€™t want you hating me â€˜cause you think Iâ€™m conceited
But as I ? â€˜Cause you man like what heâ€™s seeing
Donâ€™t be mad â€˜cause when I walk these boys be breathing
And they panting and they staring and these - breathing
Iâ€™m seventeen
And Iâ€™m up in the club with no ID
Escorted past you by security
And Iâ€™m chilling with your - up in VIP

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You're looking all retarded
Crazy with all that started
But you canâ€™t get mad at me
â€˜Cause Iâ€™m looking some outta of magazine
Oh! All Iâ€™m trying to do is make this money
Cant help these boys is on me
You better fall back off of me
Take 2 of these and just call me in the mornin'

[Clipse]
Call the doctor
These - so sick
The truth is back
We do away with the imposters
Sit amongst the mobsters
Stones blue as Doppler
You track the storm
Lightning wrapped around the collar
Follow the fast lane
And re-up rulers

We started from four and a half like preschoolers
Now we in the middle of old like hula hoopers
Crown Vic's fuller that - we stay troopers
Aviator lens
Drop head coop
Let your head blow in the wind u the envy of your friends
Yves St. Laurent
Make every woman grin
Pocket full of bobble heads
Lets spin them to the end

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(Rewind That)

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