

My Chick Bad (Feat. Diamond, Trina & Eve)

Ludacris

My chick bad
My chick hood
My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she could
My chick bad (the pussy rules the World version)
My chick hood
My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she couldMy chick bad, badder than yours
My my chick bad, badder than yours
My my my chick bad, badder than yours
My my chick bad, badder than yoursRide or die chick with a pocket full of relish
Jimmy Choo fetish keep me fresh like lettuce
Bitches get jealous cause I'm quite cocky
Since fourteen ain't nah hoes stop me
Money I get it, on the tracks I spit it
Thats why the credit cards don't come with no limits
Y'all just don't get it, a crib with no tenets
Walk through closets like I'm walking outta limits
Now thats swagger on a hundred thousand trillion
Row of bad bitches and they all look Brazilian
These niggas can't leave me, I swear they can't leave me
Ass so fat and the pussy like FijiMy chick bad (diamond)
My chick hood
My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she couldMy chick bad
My chick hood
My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she could
My chick bad, badder than yours
My my chick bad, badder than yours
My my my chick bad, badder than yours
My my chick bad, badder than yoursI'm the baddest chick and they don't call me that for nothing
Diamond princess straight VVS stuntin
Like grey eyes, hour glass frame
Still got the crown for best ass in the game
Hips of a Goddess, watch how I throw em
So good it make 'em wanna tattoo my lips on 'em
I'm so bad and I rep that hood
Pussy stay wet, sex so good
10 years strong you should act like you know me
Hair so fine make you do the hokey Pokey
A good stroke in and a good stroke out
Now thats what I'm all about

I'm the baddestMy chick bad
My chick hood
My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she could
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My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she couldMy chick bad, badder than yours
My my chick bad, badder than yours
My my my chick bad, badder than yours
My chick bad, badder than yoursYeah I took a couple years off, came back still bussin'
Still reppin' Philly still the Eve of destruction
Still pushing buttons that'll do away the roof
Still walk around with 5 thousand dollar boots
So when I'm in the club the chicks get jealous
'Cause I'm dat bitch that still keep a mean fetish
Still stack lettuce, still stack cheese
And I got a bad temper tell your nigga say please
'Cause this is for the G's, never for the Busta's
So put your diamond rings on and get yourself a hustler
Better yet a customer, guaranteed to buy it
Sick from the lips, caramel wanna try itMy chick bad
My chick hood
My chick do stuff that ya chick wish she could
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Songwriters

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