

Halle Berry (She's Fine)

Hurricane Chris

Bow bow bow

Bow bow

Bow bow bow

Bow bow

Bow bow bow

Hurricane

Bow bow

Bow bow bow

Bow bow

Bow bow bow

Bum bum bum

Bum bum bum

Bum bum bum

Bum bum bum

She fine den a bitch, ass and her tits

Thick in tha hips every nig want her

Call her Halle Berry, Halle berry

Halle Berry, Halle berry

She walkin like a model

Hands on your knees

Scrub the ground

She ain't nothing but a tease

Halle Berry, Halle berry

Halle Berry, Halle berry

Well let's get ratchet

Let's get ratchet

Look at her prettier then Halle and thicker than Janet

She say she like all of my club bangers I be jamming

Told her to bust it open let me see what's really happnin

She the ship and I'm the captain

I'm tha captain

Booty bigger than the pus

And I'm all the way in your city

I'm from louisiana so you gotta show me how your

City do it for that camera

Make it drop and bring it back to the top

You no amateur
Girl you can give it to me it ain't nothing I can't handle
She just got out of the shower smellin like a scented candle
And I'm finna finna?
Sliding off tha mattress
No moving no acting baby this is real action
Beat it up so bad
You be scared to walk past me
I know your halle berry
Baby there's no acting
I beat it up so bad
You be scared to walk past me for real

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Thick in tha hips every nig want her
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Halle Berry, Halle berry, Halle berry
Halle Berry, Halle berry

Halle berry you jazze
That's way past fine
Girl you look like something that should be on tha dance line
Increadable by tha waist
Pluss she got a pretty face
Even tho she got class she listen to UGK
I'm finna flip her through traffic
With tha top back of tha donk
Girl I gaurntee I can make you go numb numb numb numb
I got enough bread to take me and you to London
And back to America and all over the country
She make me want to keep her close by
Like a side kick
She tha type of chick that ain't gone never look sloppy
I'm a beat it out the frame
Hurricane that's who I be
You must be Halle berry
I don't need to see your Id

She fine den a bitch ass and her tits
Thick in tha hips every nig want her

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Gone bob your head
Gone work your shoulder
Now what I just said girl do it on tha dick
Age ain't shit
I done got a lil older
Me or you man baby girl take a pic
Whitch one
She so classy, Shes so jazzy
Lil momma blow like a
Do it on tha dick
She don't need no help
She say she got it
She do it all by her self
Get so fine
Like a god damn ticket
Gave her a hickey
In order for a nig like me to spend cash
You gotta bounce like shocks in your ass
You, bed, ass, work
Start slow faster
Mr. Halle Berry
Mr. Take your bitch
Take her from tha club
To tha car to tha dick

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Lyrics submitted by Breanna Lynn.

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