

# Bollywood Chick (feat. Tech N9ne & Tre Nyce)

## Swollen Members

[Chorus]

I gotta Bollywood Chick, she says she wants to know what Hollywood is,  
I gotta Bollywood chick, I love the way she makes her hips do a twist,  
yeah I gotta hip hop chick her favorite rappers Pac and Big,  
I gotta hip hop chick ask her who's better and she say they both the shit. She Sexy [x4]

She Workin [x4][Verse 1]

I'm a slum dog millionaire

Thug livin', out of prison

Pistols in the Air

When the Remi's in the system

Ain't no tellin if Nyce goin diss em, hit em that flip em

Activate her mouth talking down about the pimpin

Move to the next chick and continue my mission

Money over bitches, money over snitches

Money over this over that

If you rather bring it back

Shawty sayin Nyce gimme one more chance

I'm like I'm not tryna be you man

The things these fellas do for romance

You can hate but you can't stop my swag[Chorus][Verse 2]

Hey Tecca Nina

I gotta Bollywood dame ya

Gotta have gouda moola queso gotta have change ta

Get her to give you

Poonana Nina gets brain cause my money game is insane I'm a hip hop hall of famer

Nina gots grills so the bitches wanna know me

Wrists don't chill lookin betta than your rollie

Bollywood bitch want the Louis and the Chloe

And thats what she'll get after she do me and blow me

Black, white and Indian she'll take from any man

But when we are finished she then begin to spend to get me in

Cause my dicks a tight fit fight with the nice split Tech Nina

I do that Bollywood chick likes this[Chorus][Verse 3]

I met this fly young hip chick

Like pink lipstick

She said I like a bad man I said come get me

Known to ball

I said I got it all

More writing on my body than a bathroom stall

Getting cash by the fist full  
Pinky and my wrist glow  
First I took her shopping and then to the disco  
Windy, Windy, grind on the stallian  
Double D Cup fuck with the champion  
Yes I am that dude  
I said when God made you he was in a good mood  
She said I can't be contolled only unleashed  
I said you came to the right place baby I'm a beast  
Hop into my wip cops pulled me over  
Don't worry bout a thing shorty Mad Child sober  
She listen to my music and she loves every verse  
Now she's my bottom bitch got my piece in her purse  
Ya she kept the trap shut when police went to work  
If anyone disrespect my boo they gettin murked[Chorus][Verse 4]  
She called me from the deli  
In LA on my cellai  
I'm flying in tommorow well I'm already ready  
The jewel on the third eye  
She jumped on the red eye  
We do the right thing my best friend like besta  
My little Indian queen  
The kind of glamour girl you can see in your dreams  
Moves like a gypsy  
Her groove got me tipsy  
Her nod of her hips  
Move a rod of concipse  
Very flexible studys the yoga  
Charming snake play with the cobra  
Can't slow down banged tiger  
Jump a fever know why I like her[Chorus]

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