Bollywood Chick (feat. Tech N9ne)

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 bangled tiger
Jump a fever know why I like her[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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