## So Sick

## Che'Nelle

[Natasha]

Yeah! since you said it right

You better recognize

I'd be the chick up in the corner

Catchin all your eyes

Yea I know I'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,

Don't be trying to check me

†Cause your man is on my phone
Go and tell my mama †cause she don't care †cause I'm grown

(Bring that back)

Yeah! since you said it right
You better recognize

I'd be the chick up in the corner
Catchin all your eyes
Yea I know I'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,
Don't be trying to check me
†Cause your man is on my phone
Go and tell my mama †cause she don't care †cause I'm grown

Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
You look so sick †cause I' looking so fit
You look so sick †cause these boys wantin this
You look so sick †cause I make these boys flip

Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
You look so sick â€~cause I'm looking so fit
You look so sick â€~cause these boys wantin this

## You look so sick †cause I make these boys flip

You must be sick †cause u didn't find me You must be sick †cause dark child's behind me Plus u real sick †cause mochas inside me W-W-W-W-Why you so sick?

I don't want you hating me  cause you think I'm conceited
But as I ?  Cause you man like what he's seeing
Don't be mad  cause when I walk these boys be breathing
And they panting and they staring and these - breathing
I'm seventeen
And I'm up in the club with no ID
Escorted past you by security
And I'm chilling with your - up in VIP

Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
You look so sick †cause I†mlooking so fit
You look so sick †cause these boys wantin this
You look so sick †cause I make these boys flip

Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
You look so sick †cause I†m looking so fit
You look so sick †cause these boys wantin this
You look so sick †cause I make these boys flip

You're looking all retarded
Crazy with all that started
But you can't get mad at me
â€~Cause I'm looking some outta of magazine
Oh! All I'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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Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
You look so sick †cause I†m looking so fit
You look so sick †cause these boys wantin this
You look so sick †cause I make these boys flip

(Rewind That)

Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
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Why you looking all twisted in ur grill
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