

# My Chick Bad

## Ludacris

My chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could  
My, my chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours Listen, I'm saying my chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could  
My chick bad, better than yours  
My chick do stuff that I can't even put in words Her swagger don't stop, her body won't quit  
So, fool, pipe down, you ain't talkin' 'bout shit  
My chick bad, tell me if you've seen her  
She always bring the racket like Venus and Serena All white top, all white belt  
And all white jeans, body looking like milk  
No time for games, she's full grown  
My chick bad, tell your chick to go home My chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could  
My, my chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours Now your girl might be sick but my girl sicker  
She rides that dick and she handles her liquor  
I knock a bitch out and fight  
Comin' out swingin' like Tiger Woods's wife Yeah, she can get a lil' hasty  
Chicks better cover up their chests like pasty's  
Couple girlfriends and they all a lil' crazy  
Comin' down the street like a parade, Macy's I fill her up, balloons  
Test her and guns get drawn like cartoons  
Doh, but I ain't talk about Homer  
Chick so bad, the whole crew wanna bone her My chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could  
My, my chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours Now will these bitches wanna try and be my bestie?  
But I take a left and leave 'em hangin' like a testie  
Trash talk to 'em, then I put 'em in a hefty

Running down the court, I'm dunkin' on 'em, Lisa Leslie  
It's going down, basement  
Friday, the 13th, guess who's playing Jason?  
Tuck yourself in, you better hold on to your teddy  
It's nightmare on Elm Street and guess who's playing Freddy?  
Chef cooking for me, they say my shoe came  
crazy  
The mental asylum looking for me  
You a rookie to me, I'm in that wham-bam-purple-lam  
Damn, bitch, you been a fan  
My chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could  
My, my chick bad, my chick hood  
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours  
My, my chick bad  
And when we all alone, I might just tip her  
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper  
When we all alone, I might tip her  
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper  
When we all alone, I might just tip her  
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper  
When we all alone, I might tip her  
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper

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