My Chick Better

Nelly

Your b**** bad, your b**** bad
Your b**** bad, but my b**** better
I said my b**** better, my b**** better
My b**** better, my b**** better than yours
You even get mad, that's just the way it is

You know she walk like that talk like that, dress like the s***
She 5'5 got brown eyes you damn right she thick
That daytime that night time man anytime she with
That's why that YSL and that Louboutin and that Gucci bag she get
I ride out she ride out, I'm somewhere she flyin' out
Quit me and she wilin' out, I click clack she fired out like (pow pow)
My 45 her 9's out like (pow pow)
Then stop, like timeout
No disrespect to your broad I know she might be your hard
But mine is more like my brain, without her man I'm insane
Got down b**** and a round a**
Shotgun in the ghost while I'm whipping up the coast
Passin' ? while I'm whipping up the dope
If she run for president I be the first n**** to vote

Your b**** bad, your b**** bad
Your b**** bad, but my b**** better
I said my b**** better, my b**** better
My b**** better, my b**** better than yours
You even get mad, that's just the way it is

I'm talking watch up grades, she get better with time
I write a song about her, probably better my rhymes
Throw down in the kitchen, might need better then moms
Wake me up with some head, ain't no better alarm
Move in by myself, a force when we together
I was sick of these n****s, of course she made me better
I put her in her position others never could be in
Couple racks for her shoes but she never been skiing
Kind you never be seeing, everything European
She look black, white, Spanish, and mixed with Korean
I say she the baddest, cause I don't know no better

I say she the baddest, and I don't know no better

Your b**** bad, your b**** bad
Your b**** bad, but my b**** better
I said my b**** better, my b**** better
My b**** better, my b**** better than yours
You even get mad, that's just the way it is

Uh, pulled up smellin' just like Marley
Spent all that bread on Givenchy
Your b****es more less be basic
My b**** fly private rock fly s***
That 911 she driving in it
Off shore she diving in it
Rolex match Rolex I hit the jeweler go buy some minutes
Lift weights I pound up in it
Hit the walls I climb up in it
Applause need a round up in it
Ever lost I get found up in it
I'm a boss and my lady floss when I take her down in rodeo
You would think they was on pay roll
They don't close the store till I say so
And the car I'm riding is payed for
She know I'm high when I'm going places you know I'm fly
When you step outside n****s know you fine but they know you mine

Your b**** bad, your b**** bad
Your b**** bad, but my b**** better
I said my b**** better, my b**** better
My b**** better, my b**** better than yours
You even get mad, that's just the way it is

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MCGEE, JOHN STEVEN / THOMAZ, CAMERON JIBRIL / YOUNG, BARTELL / HAYNES, CORNELL / JACKSON, JOHN DAVID
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/