

My Chick Bad Remix (feat. Diamond, Trina & Eve)

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 couldMy, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yoursListen, I'm saying my chick bad, my chick hood
My chick do stuff that yo' chick wish she could
My chick bad, badder than yours
My chick do stuff that I can't even put in wordsHer 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 homeMy 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 couldMy, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yoursNow 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 pasties
Couple girlfriends and they all a lil' crazy
Comin' down the street like a parade, Macy'sI fill her up, balloons
Test her and guns get drawn like cartoons
D'oh, but I ain't talk about Homer
Chick so bad, the whole crew wanna bone herMy 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 couldMy, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yoursNow all 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, badder, badder than yours
My, my chick bad, badder, badder than yours
My, my, my chick bad, badder, badder 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 just tip her
She slides down the pole like a certified stripper

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>