

## Yo Gotti

### "Halle Berry Official Remix"

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She finer den a B, ass and her T  
Thick in tha hips, every nigga wanna call her  
Miss Berry, Miss Berry  
(Miss Berry)  
Miss Berry, Miss Berry  
(Miss Berry)

She walkin' like a model, hands on your knees  
Scrub the ground, she ain't nothin' but a tease  
Miss Berry, Miss Berry  
(Miss Berry)  
Miss Berry, Miss Berry  
(Miss Berry)

Well, let's get ratchet, let's get ratchet  
Look at her prettier than Halle and thicker than Janet  
She say she like all of my club bangers I be jammin'  
I told her to bust it open let me see what's really  
happenin'

She the ship and I'm the captain, I'm the captain  
Booty bigger and the pussy be poaching that make me  
happy  
And I'm all the way in your city, I'm from Louisiana  
So you gotta show me how your city do it for tha  
camera

Make it drop and bring it back to the top, I'm no  
amateur, girl  
You could give it to me, it ain't nothin' I can't handle  
She just got out of the shower smellin' like a scented  
candle  
And I'll bend her, bend her backwards,  
I'll have her slidin' off the mattress

No movin', no actin', baby this real action  
Beat it up so bad you be scared to walk past me  
I know you're Halle Berry, baby this no actin'  
I beat it up so bad you be scared to walk past me for  
real

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Halle Berry you jazzy, and that's way past fine  
Girl, you look like somethin' that's supposed to be on  
the dance line  
Incredible by the waist plus she got a pretty face  
Even though she got class, she listen to UGK

I'm finna flip her through traffic with tha top back of tha  
donk  
Girl I guarantee I can make you go numb, numb, numb,  
numb, numb  
I got enough bread to take me and you to London  
And back to America and all over the country

She make me wanna to keep her close by like a side  
kick  
She the type of chick that ain't gon' never look sloppy  
I'mma beat it out the frame, Hurricane that's who I be  
You must be Halle Berry, I don't need to see your ID

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Gon' bob your head  
(Head)  
Gon' work your shoulder  
(Shoulder)

Now what I just said girl do it on the D  
Age ain't shit, I done got a lil' older  
Me or you man, baby girl take a pick, which one?

She's so classy, she's so jazzy  
Lil' mamma blow like a rail  
Do it on the D, she don't need no help  
She say she got it, she do it all by herself

Do it, do it sick  
Get so fine like a goddamn ticket, gave her a hickey  
In order for a nigga like me to spend cash  
You gotta bounce like shocks in your ass

You, bed, ass, work, start slow, faster  
Mr. Halle Berry, Mr. Take Your B  
Take her from tha club to tha car to tha D  
Superstar

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