

## Hurricane Chris "She Fine"

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Bow, bow, bow, bow, bow  
Bow, bow, bow, bow, bow  
Bow, bow, bow, bow, bow  
Hurricane  
Bow, bow, bow, bow, bow  
Bow, bow, bow, bow, bow

Bum bum bum  
Bum bum bum  
Bum bum bum  
Bum bum bum

She fine den a bitch, ass and her tits  
Thick in tha hips every nig want her  
Call her Halle Berry, Halle Berry  
Halle Berry, Halle Berry

She walkin' like a model, hands on your knees  
Scrub the ground, she ain't nothing but a tease  
Halle Berry, Halle Berry  
Halle Berry, Halle Berry

Well, let's get ratchet, let's get ratchet  
Look at her prettier then Halle and thicker than Janet  
She say she like all of my club bangers, I be jamming

Told her to bust it open let me see what's really  
happenin'  
She the ship and I'm the captain, I'm tha captain  
Booty bigger than the pus

And I'm all the way in your city  
I'm from Louisiana so you gotta show me how your  
City do it for that camera  
Make it drop and bring it back to the top

I'm no amateur  
Girl, you can give it to me it ain't nothing I can't handle  
She just got out of the shower smellin' like a scented  
candle  
And I'm finna, finna?

Sliding off tha mattress, no moving, no acting, baby  
this is real action  
Beat it up so bad you be scared to walk past me  
I know you're Halle Berry, baby there's no acting  
I beat it up so bad you be scared to walk past me for  
real

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Halle Berry, you jazze, that's way past fine  
Girl, you look like something that should be on tha  
dance line  
Incredible by tha waist plus she got a pretty face

Even tho 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

I got enough bread to take me and you to London  
And back to America and all over the country  
She make me want to keep her close by like a side kick

She tha type of chick that ain't gone 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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Gone bob your head, gone work your shoulder  
Now what I just said, girl, do it on tha d age ain't she  
I done got a little older  
Me or you man, baby girl take a pick which one

She so classy, she's so jazzy  
Lil momma blow like a, do it on tha d  
She don't need no help, she say she got it  
She do it all by her self

Get so fine like a goddamn ticket, gave her a hickey  
In order for a nig 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 bitch  
Take her from tha club to tha car to tha D

Superstar

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