

## Hurricane Chris "She's Fine"

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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 aint nothing but a tease  
Halle Berry, Halle berry  
Halle Berry, Halle berry

Well let's get ratchet  
Lets 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  
happnin  
She the ship and I'm the captain  
I'm tha captain  
Booty bigger than the pus big ocean 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 that camera  
Make it drop and bring it back to the top  
I'm no amateur  
Girl you can give it to me it aint 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 your 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 the  
dance line  
Incredable by tha waist  
Pluss 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 gaurntee 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 aint gone never look sloppy  
Imma beat it out the frame  
Hurricane that's who I be  
You must be Halle berry  
I don't need to see your l'd

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Gone bob your head  
Gone work your shoulder  
Now what I just said girl do it on the d  
Age aint shi  
I done got a lil older  
Me or you man baby girl take a pic  
Whitch one  
She so classy, she's so jazzy  
Lil momma blow like a  
Do it on the d

She don't need no help  
She say she got it  
She do it all by her self  
Get so fine  
Like a god damn 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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