

Ludacris "My Chick Bad"

Visit "[My Chick Bad](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus:]

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: better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours

[Verse 1 (Ludacris):]

Listen!
I'm sayin' 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 words
Her swagga 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 seen her
She always bring the racket like Venus & Serena
All-white top, all-white belt and all-white jeans
Body lookin' like milk
No time for games; she's full-grown
My chick bad; tell your chick to go home!

[Chorus:]

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, better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours

[Verse 2 (Ludacris):]

Now your girl might be sick but my girl sicker
She rides that dick and she handles hard liquor
I knock a bitch out and fight
She comin' out swingin' like Tiger Woods' 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's
I fill her up, balloons!
Test her and guns get drawn like cartoons
But I ain't talk 'bout Homer
Chick so bad the whole crew wanna bone her!

[Chorus:]

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, better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my, my chick bad, better better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours

[Verse 3 (Nicki Minaj):]

Now will these bitches wanna try and be my besty
But I take a left and leave 'em hangin' like a testi
Trash talk to 'em, then I put 'em in a hefty!
Runnin' down the court
I'm dunkin' on them - Lisa Leslie
It's goin' down - basement
Friday the 13th, guess who's playin' Jason
Tuck yourself in, you better hold on to ya teddy
It's nightmare on Elm Street and guess who's playin'
Freddy
Chef cookin' for me
They say my shoe came crazy
The mental Asylum lookin' for me
You a rookie to me
I'm in that wam bam purple lam, damn, bitch, you been
a fan!

[Chorus:]

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, better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my, my chick bad, better, better than yours
My, my chick bad, better, better than yours

And when we all alone I might just tip her
She slides down da pole like a certified stripper
When we all alone I might just tip her
She slides down da pole like a certified stripper
When we all alone I might just tip her
She slides down da pole like a certified stripper

When we all alone I might just tip her
She slides down da pole like a certified stripper

Visit [Ludacris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.