

Rick Ross

"Bossy Lady"

Visit "[Bossy Lady](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rick Ross(Talking)

To deal with a dude like me baby, you gotta be the
HBIC, The Head Bitch in Charge calling all the shots
baby, Can't be scared to gamble, gotta role the dice,
(Feel Me) Scared money don't make none

Verse 1(Rick Ross)

Shawty look I know my ego looking 40 foot, Big chain
not talking bout the naughty look, Mind guardedness'
im going for the sparty look, he young and rich and
bitch that go without an argument, my kicks Brown now
I'm looking for Rihanna nem, smoke junkie kush funkier
than Parliament, what's the problem then, girl fuck ya
apartment, move in with me on the beach now you top
ten, you could do the spa, see the new ?, these my
feelings and im really feeling who you are, baby light
brown, with the right smile, first lady and she ready for
the white house

Chorus(Ne-Yo)

Baby you, do shine just like I do, just like you're
supposed to, Everyone knows you're the boss's girl,
My diamond, envy of all your friends, These moves
that we're making, got us on top of the world, you're
the boss's girl, ooh, Baby You're The Boss's Girl,
Baby You're The Boss's Girl

Verse 2(Rick Ross)

Stretch limonzines, tall waterfalls, valley at the crib, my
cars I love'em all, boss lady she the head bitch in
charge, she ask for head first so she gets it off the top,
champagne pop, rubber band knots, ? millionaire, I
know that other man not, let her call the shots, she
want me on the top, and the way I want it It'll be a
month before I stop, kinda walk funny, stumble out the
pad, snap of her finger niggas picking up her tab,
walking through the mall, got me carrying her bags, I
gotta pause cause the mutherfucker bad

Chorus(Ne-Yo)

Baby you, do shine just like I do, just like you're
supposed to, Everyone knows you're the boss's girl,

My diamond, envy of all your friends, These moves
that we're making, got us on top of the world, you're
the boss's girl, oooh, Baby You're The Boss's Girl,
Baby You're The Boss's Girl

Verse 3(Rick Ross)

Cruising down Collins, knocking Trick Daddy, when I'm
upset all my niggas trigger happy, do me a favor,
watch your behavior, cause them insanes will send you
straight to your savior, looking at my savings baby I
can save ya, take ya para-sailing straight to Jamaica,
ya man a bot? boy, what the bumble clot, you deserve
better, 6 car garage, come in late night,? airport, as I
take flight, I'm your air jordan, we the world champs,
come and ball with us, gotta take my time when I put it
all in her.

Chorus(Ne-Yo)

Baby you, do shine just like I do, just like you're
supposed to, Everyone knows you're the boss's girl,
My diamond, envy of all your friends, These moves
that we're making, got us on top of the world, you're
the boss's girl, oooh, Baby You're The Boss's Girl,
Baby You're The Boss's Girl

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