

Celine Dion % Andrea Bocelli "Superbitch"

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[Verse 1]

She's a hustler, get it off the muscler, raw
motherfucker
Other hoes can't touch her
Fly bitch, do or die bitch, my bitch don't play, baby
Doin' every damn thing for J, baby
And she luv to see a nigga on top
Even though she know there's other bitches wantin' the
spot
But they can't fuck wit Slim, cuz baby be the real
Got nerves of steel, feds can't make her squeal
She's a freak in bed, love gettin' head
Keep a nigga welfare wit plenty of bread
Call her Superbitch, love nice shit
All the high price shit, the golden ice shit
Wit the game to mack, no strings attached
Type of bitch only rich niggas dream they had
All the money that she make, it be comin' to me
And that's the version of the ideal woman to me
Oh, you don't know?

[Chorus]

She's a Superbitch, a Superho
'Bout chasin' flow, and always good to go
She's a Superbitch, a Superho
'Bout chasin' flow, and always good to go
I say, now where J's babies at (Hey) Huh?
Where my hustlin' ladies at (Right here) Huh?
And if you freaks start makin' stacks (You know it) Huh?
You a female mack, You a (I'm a female mack) That's
right

[Verse 2]

She's a hood thang wit some good thangs
Good looks and brains, bout makin' some change
Talkin' fine as fuck, for all eyes to see
Might blow a lil' weed and be on the grind like me
And the next for the playa, but I know ho's shit
Cuz that's slowin' down the money that she can go get
She's a polite assassin, always classy
Exotic, erotic, far beyond trashy

Female rider, keep the heat inside
Down with gangsta shit and my getaway driver
She is J's baby, number one lady
Luv the way she play me and drive these niggas crazy
She's a ??? Swiss, and I'm her pimp
Know how to work these hoes and how to break these
???

All the money that she make, be comin' to me
And that's the version of the ideal woman to me
Oh, you don't know?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Who dat chick? Down to do that shit
A Superbitch, I ride wit a crew that's sick
Shorty keep it off the chains, I don't fuck wit lames
If I'm pushin' my nigga whip, better send my name
I'm the one wit the keys to the cribs and the cars
So I ain't worried at all bout y'all other broads
Shit, a nigga gon' flirt, for whatever it's worth
You the fool if you twerk and let him get in your skirt
But until he done testified up in the court session
And answered every question wit not to my recollection
Now shorty gettin' steppin', a Superbitch don't snitch
If you insist, I show you how real it can get
Shit, I ride for my nigga, grab the heat and aim
Do time for my nigga, won't speak a name
You don't know another chick can keep it realer than
this
Man, all y'all niggas gotta feel me on this
Cuz I'm...

[Chorus]

[repeat until fade]

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