

## Andre Nickatina "Baddest Bitch On The Planet"

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Could you be the baddest bitch up in the world?  
Money aint a thing whip cream with a swirl  
Baby you could ball or bounce  
Lip gloss, floss up your mouth  
Can I get the keys to your house?  
Your skin color keep 'em in a daze  
It's somethin like a maze  
All bad bitches get paid  
Baby you can put me in your grand design  
By lookin in my eyes for the dollar signs  
Because your face so bright like Las Vegas nights  
Fill 'moe down rap cat in yo life  
Man other bitches hate all the time  
Bitches tell lies  
Feet hurt cuz they wear the wrong shoe size  
But yours is a body like a cruise  
How could you lose?  
Go and get the money from the foo's  
Man everything back there is jelly  
Made for those five star tellys  
Cats can't wait to spend bread  
Bitch go ahead  
Do it like Simon Says  
If it don't hurt it aint done  
Arch your back out  
I'll pull a stack out that'll blow your back out  
I like when your hair run wild in the wind  
You and your girlfriend act like twins  
But could you be the baddest bitches on the planet?  
You got it goin on to where you man can't stand it  
Well I'm not him  
Leave that cat  
Tell him you a ho and you like it like that  
You think I don't like ya  
You got it all wrong  
I get goose bumps when I see that you call  
You know that I'll ball like Barkley Charles  
People like to stare when you walk through the halls  
Put some steel in your heels  
Chase the dollar bills and give it to a playa that's real  
Because ya at least once a week she like to kiss  
another freak

Fine ass bitches sometimes don't speak  
But bitch don't run from the ism  
The ism aint a track star leanin in a fat car  
Bitches know I charge  
I'm not a matador so you know I don't bull  
Real bitches like to stay paid in full  
Man, I don't do favors  
This aint no caper  
Get my paper  
Leather black calf high boots  
Stuffed with loot  
Attract those men in the business suits  
You know I'm gonna lace you with game  
Andre Nicky is the name  
Dope bitch

Could you be the baddest bitch that exist?  
Always top five in every cats list  
It's never hit or miss you my bitch  
Even Santa Claus gotta spend chips  
It's a cold winter  
I'm cold when I go get her  
She wear t-shirt and panties that don't fit her  
And I'm gonna get at least a rack you best believe that  
I holla bout scratch like a real rap cat  
I get it off top man like it or not  
I let my perm blow in my homie's drop top  
She latch like a garter belt make a trick heart melt  
First rate, high rate  
And he's heart felt  
You's a bad bitch you know I gotta say this  
You'd be somethin that I wanna run away with  
But until then tell your boyfriend  
It's quick cuz I'm a bitch  
I'm not your girlfriend

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