

The Baddest Bitch On The Planet

Andre Nickatina

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
Its 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 cant 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
Its never hit or miss you my bitch
Even Santa Claus gotta spend chips
Its 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
Its quick cuz I'm a bitch
I'm not your girlfriend