

# She Got The Title

Red Café

That Girl bad, That Girl bad, That Girl bad  
She bad  
That Girl bad, That Girl bad, That Girl bad  
She got the title, she got the title, she got the title  
She bad, she got the title  
It is she go that girl bad  
That girl bad, that girl bad, that girl bad  
She bad  
That girl bad, that girl bad, that girl bad  
She got the title, she got the title, she got the title  
She bad, she got the title  
It is she go that girl bad

Go, go, go, let me take a picture  
You's a centerfold  
I wanna cut ya no scissor  
In your Gucci, Louie, Fendi, Prada  
Stylin on them silly  
All these bitches mad  
You the baddest in the city  
Baby you deserve,  
Everything that you want  
Even on your day off,  
I'm a still turn you on

I sick her, I tip her,  
Off liquor, I might lick her,  
She bust it, I bang it  
Til it's broke then I fix her  
Grab yo bag, you invited  
To the chocolate factory  
I'm a make you come fast  
Like you ordered Japanese  
They should pay per view  
For your badass  
You belong on T.V.  
With that fat ass

[x2:]  
That girl bad, that girl bad,  
That girl bad  
She bad, that girl bad,  
That girl bad  
She got the title,  
She got the title,  
She got the title  
She bad, she got the title  
Ay there she go

First things first you the baddest,  
Before I start this verse I'm savage  
Lovin' if it's real, if it's plastic  
Tell me watcha want  
You can have it  
Stacks of paper plus plastic  
You badder than these other ones  
(Whoo)

Hundred after hundred  
Yeah I'm done with ones  
Oh yes she's super hot  
I call her summer fun  
That's my bitch dawg all I do is,  
Make her cum  
I pop that ass hard  
Yeah like her daddy used to  
She don't ever stall  
Like my caddy used to

She do whatever I say  
So it's never "why Trey? "  
And forever all day, ay

[x2:]  
That girl bad, that girl bad,  
That girl bad  
She bad, that girl bad,  
That girl bad  
She got the title,  
She got the title,  
She got the title  
She bad, she got the title  
Ay there she go

Girl you independent  
You got your own shit  
Got your vibrator in your  
Purse you on that grown shit  
Heard you get wet enough,  
You could Sill a pool  
Damn your dangerous  
Put that on your nigga boo  
Leave these hos critical  
You don't need no stylist  
But when you want that hardcore  
You know your bov bout it

I ain't no romantic baby  
You don't gotta pet it  
But I could take you down  
Like the (like the) Titanic  
Yeah

[x2:]  
That girl bad, that girl bad,  
That girl bad  
She bad, that girl bad,  
That girl bad  
She got the title,  
She got the title,  
She got the title  
She bad, she got the title  
Ay there she go