

Baddest In Here

Webbie

Wat Up, Wat Up
We in dis bitch
Webbie Trill ENT Young Savage
We in dis bitch
I'm lookin for da baddest bitch up in here
We in dis bitch
Baddest-Bitch-In-Here
We in dis bitch
I want her, I want her
We in dis bitch

Look
Niggas still talking thousands, man dats ol' money
I den got so much of cake, I'm gettin hoes money
Like da Birdman bitch, I got blow money
Lookin for a friend girl, tryna let her hold something
Pull up in a cold something, bought a whole dozen bottles
da club still bucking jus to throw something
just got finished smokin a cigar, finna roll something
I got my people wit me, look like a hundred of us
stupid as chain on, I spent a hundred something
Bent her over like a dawg, I had her running from me
Ask me where I came from, I told dat hoe from nuthin
Lil pretty perky titties, booty like a bubble
Told me dat she had a man, she do it on da under
U know Savage gone, stay wit da baddest one
Heard it was gone be jumpin, so I jus had to come
I'm on a hundred dawg, man who I'm lookin for

We got big dollas, yaw got lil chips
Champagne bottles, riding round in big whips
We make it rain on em, yaw make it drip drip
I'm tryna leave wit da baddest bitch in here
Throw some cheese on da baddest bitch in here
Make ya self seem like u da baddest bitch in here
I believe she da baddest bitch in here
Yes indeed u da baddest bitch in here
I-WANT-HER

Fuck dat shit, I want dat bitch there
Da pretty one, I don't want da sadiddy one
Seen to many ratchet ass hoes gettin sitcoms
'hind closed doors, all dey do is suck big boys
Everytime I go up to da awards, Imma get one
Matter fact me and Phat just gone just stick one
Really in da streets mane, I ain't just on
Da microphone checkers, dey crack up under pressure
Lookin for da baddest bitch up in here
And wen I get her, Imma hit her and forget her
And name a nigga trilla, I'll admit it
Ain't da richest nigga, but my cake, straight
And most of these other niggas fake
Drankin Rosa, smoking on grapes
And i can sit here, and throw dis money all day
Let em hate
Remind them haters don't play
I'll hate to have to bloody up da place

I-WANT-HER

I want my bitch to be a big fine ass juicy
And u don't have to tell her, she know wat she doing
Trill ENT still here still booting
Da bitch standing still, but her booty still moving
Can catch me in a benz drop top just cruising
Or even in da club popping bottles wit a cutie
Da niggas hollering at me, sayin Webbie how ya do it
Got dat type of shit, dat a make everybody loose it
These niggas rapping bout gettin money
Can't prove it, Nigga I got 9 or 10 cars sittin stupid
And these niggas going to jail high pussy stupid
Cuz I den seen some hoes leave some niggas lookin stupid
Cupid, yaw ain't playa's yaw foolish
Spend ya last dolla on cuchi, u a clown
You clown of excuses, and we got money flying everywhere
So just excuse it,
I-WANT-HER