

# 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