

## HBIC

Bobby Brackins

If looks could kill  
You'd be a killer  
If love was a drug  
You'd be my dealer  
Cause I love how you make me feel  
Let's hit the club k-k-keep it real  
H.B.I.C head bitch in charge  
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Come chill with a playa ball like a raider  
Allergic to da haters get range like a laker  
I'm a fool with da paper I got a rich neighbor  
She ain't ready I'm ready in the bed I do favors  
Girl you gotta return em' money burn none  
I buy things, don't, never return them  
I don't need two top back see through  
Ballin everyday girl you know how weee doo  
Boo you a boss introduce you to my people  
HBIC honey lemme beat though  
Sip and chill we out of it  
Champagne bubbly we never runnin out of it

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Boo call up your local radio station  
Say I got hits, that's to get them in rotation  
You bad, you bad you belong on probation  
Better croc I ain't run now we cakin'  
H.B.I.C how she good looks bad attitude  
Doin' big things girl I can't be mad at you  
Let's hit da club and get some medical  
Let's hit da bank withdraw some federal  
You go girl don't take mess from nobody  
Yeah I respect it, sex I expect it  
Grapefruit cranberry OJ mixes  
We stay poppin' bottles and takin pictures

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Lil mama you bad  
Lil mama you a boss  
Lil mama you sexy  
Ah woo-oh  
You be killin' em'  
You be killin' em'  
You you be killin' em'  
Haters gotta deal with em'  
Hottest on the scene  
Boss lady, boss lady  
You be, my baby, my baby  
Let's do it big girl oh my gosh  
I need a head bitch in charrrrrge

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