

# My Chick Better

Nelly

Your bitch bad, your bitch bad  
Your bitch bad, but my bitch better  
I said my bitch better, my bitch better  
My bitch better, my bitch better than yours  
You even get mad, that's just the way it is

You know she walk like that talk like that, dress like the shit  
She 5'5 got brown eyes you damn right she thick  
That daytime that night time man anytime she with  
That's why that YSL and that Louboutin and that Gucci bag she get  
I ride out she ride out, I'm somewhere she flyin' out  
Quit me and she wilin' out, I click clack she fired out like (pow pow)  
My 45 her 9's out like (pow pow)  
Then stop, like timeout  
No disrespect to your broad I know she might be your hard  
But mine is more like my brain, without her man I'm insane  
Got down bitch and a round ass  
Shotgun in the ghost while I'm whipping up the coast  
Passin' ? while I'm whipping up the dope  
If she run for president I be the first nigga to vote

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I'm talking watch up grades, she get better with time  
I write a song about her, probably better my rhymes  
Throw down in the kitchen, might need better then moms  
Wake me up with some head, ain't no better alarm  
Move in by myself, a force when we together  
I was sick of these niggas, of course she made me better  
I put her in her position others never could be in  
Couple racks for her shoes but she never been skiing  
Kind you never be seeing, everything European  
She look black, white, Spanish, and mixed with Korean  
I say she the baddest, cause I don't know no better  
I say she the baddest, and I don't know no better

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Uh, pulled up smellin' just like Marley  
Spent all that bread on Givenchy  
Your bitches more less be basic  
My bitch fly private rock fly shit  
That 911 she driving in it  
Off shore she diving in it  
Rolex match Rolex I hit the jeweler go buy some minutes  
Lift weights I pound up in it  
Hit the walls I climb up in it  
Applause need a round up in it  
Ever lost I get found up in it

I'm a boss and my lady floss when I take her down in rodeo  
You would think they was on pay roll  
They don't close the store till I say so  
And the car I'm riding is payed for  
She know I'm high when I'm going places you know I'm fly  
When you step outside niggas know you fine but they know you mine

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