

# Bollywood Chick (feat. Tech N9NE & Tre Nyce)

## Swollen Members

I gotta Bollywood Chick, she says she wants to know what Hollywood is,  
I gotta Bollywood chick, I love the way she makes her hips do a twist,  
yeah I gotta hip hop chick her favorite rappers Pac and Big,  
I gotta hip hop chick ask her who's better and she say they both the shit. She Sexy She Workin  
I'm a slum dog millionaire  
Thug livin', out of prison  
Pistols in the Air  
When the Remi's in the system  
Ain't no tellin if Nyce goin diss em, hit em that flip em  
Activate her mouth talking down about the pimpin  
Move to the next chick and continue my mission  
Money over bitches, money over snitches  
Money over this over that  
If you rather bring it back  
Shawty sayin Nyce gimme one more chance  
I'm like I'm not tryna be you man  
The things these fellas do for romance  
You can hate but you can't stop my swag  
Hey Tecca Nina  
I gotta Bollywood dame ya  
Gotta have gouda moola queso gotta have change ta  
Get her to give you  
Poonana Nina gets brain cause my money game is insane  
I'm a hip hop hall of famer  
Nina gots grills so the bitches wanna know me  
Wrists don't chill lookin betta than your rollie  
Bollywood bitch want the Louis and the Chloe  
And thats what she'll get after she do me and blow me  
Black, white and Indian she'll take from any man  
But when we are finished she then begin to spend to get me in  
Cause my dicks a tight fit fight with the nice split Tech Nina  
I do that Bollywood chick likes this  
I met this fly young hip chick  
Like pink lipstick  
She said I like a bad man I said come get me  
Known to ball  
I said I got it all  
More writing on my body than a bathroom stall  
Getting cash by the fist full  
Pinky and my wrist glow

First I took her shopping and then to the disco  
Windy, Windy, grind on the stallian  
Double D Cup fuck with the champion  
Yes I am that dude  
I said when God made you he was in a good mood  
She said I can't be contolled only unleashed  
I said you came to the right place baby I'm a beast  
Hop into my wip cops pulled me over  
Don't worry bout a thing shorty Mad Child sober  
She listen to my music and she loves every verse  
Now she's my bottom bitch got my piece in her purse  
Ya she kept the trap shut when police went to work  
If anyone disrespect my boo they gettin murkedShe called me from the deli  
In LA on my cellai  
I'm flying in tommorow well I'm already ready  
The jewel on the third eye  
She jumped on the red eye  
We do the right thing my best friend like besta  
My little Indian queen  
The kind of glamour girl you can see in your dreams  
Moves like a gypsy  
Her groove got me tipsy  
Her nod of her hips  
Move a rod of concipse  
Very flexible studys the yoga  
Charming snake play with the cobra  
Can't slow down bangled tiger  
Jump a fever know why I like her

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>