

Bad To the Bone (Remix)

Your Old Droog

Get popped twice, once with the dice
Got shooters that'll take out any mark for a price
Still gotta' get 'em back for that [?] Bronx heist
Been busy in the lab trying to get it Tony Starks nice
With no Perb in sight, tell dawg, "you's a suburbanite"
I'll knock that silly looking turban right off your head
You're dead
On your bitch, I'll break your nose if you cockblock
Might say some wild stuff on the mic but don't refer to me as a shock jock
I'm very cocky ock, eating teryaki
Wild groupies willing to drink sake out of sock
They flock in droves to tell us that they're fans, mad over-zealous
To hell with this rap shit, I'm about to start writing novellas
We best sellers, dodging Jerry Hellers and never rocking Perry Ellis
The composer, piping the cellists
Got us doing something vile in a homemade movie
That's a porn flick mate, when me and her fornicate
From my point of view, lames will anoint a few so called rulers
But only after a joint or two
That's why it's mine, I'm mad known
That other rappers just another king that I had to dethrone
Cause I'm bad to the bone, bad to the bone
Bad to the bone, bad to the bone
Bad to the bone, bad to the
2014 George Thorogood, thorough-good in any borough or hood
Used to bag bitches from Murrow to Midwood
Back when you was in the crib watching Squidward
You don't want no beef, kids will get torn like some Fronto Leaf
Front of freaks, moving in fly sneaks
Two finger rings and gold teeth
That ain't afraid to hold heat
Hold heat where it smells like whole wheat
Pumpnickel, pump your dimes, pump your nickles
Let me flex the vocab a little bit
Make these crackers think I'm smart and tell me how I'm so articulate
Want me to turn it down a notch, nah chill, watch the skill
Even if the drummer botch the fill
Irreverent to the reverend and a menace to the minister
Sinister, pull shorty and her twin sister

While you birds eavesdrop on my pocket dial
From my dress pants, or with shoes that's crocodile
Shaddup!

Talking slick but you gnome size
Run up in your crib during breakfast while you eating your homefries
Lock his hashbrowns, ever since I got this cash, clowns been sweatin' me hard (hard), why?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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