

The Bad Guy (feat. Pain In da Ass)

Fabulous

You're all a bunch of fucking assholes
You know why?
'Cause you don't got the guts to be where you wanna be
Fabulous, he doesn't have that problem
He always tells the truth
That's what it's all about?
That's what we work so hard for fabulous?
So they can point their fuckin' fingers
And call me the fuckin' bad guy? I guess I'm the bad guy
The fingers is pointin'
Nigga, I don't go in no clubs without bringin' my joint in
They be asking fellas why
It's cause the streets is watchin'
With an envious ear, jealous eye
You know how William H Bonnie's rockin'
I keep the home selling two way contact like Johnny Cochran
Be the same dudes, testing your patience
In them hospitals, resting like patients, confessing to agents
You smell me, you gotta spray the Wesson like
fragrance
And you pay your way out arrests and arraignments
These playas been playin' foul
And I done learned my lesson with flagrants
Nigga, this how I live it ain't just entertainment
I'm what they been trying to do, not do
I'm the kid, they been lyin' to you
You need people like me
I'm so F A B O L O U S
Yeah, that's the bad guy
You need people like me
So you can point your fuckin' fingers
And say "That's the bad guy"
So, what they make you?
Good? Bitches think all they gotta do is say the child is yours
Quit they job and live off the child support
How could you stand there, smile in court
I'ma just settle, fly back to them Cayman Isle resorts
You better sign a pre-nup
You catch me instead of 'it wasn't me'
I'm gonna say "Where you get a key from?"
I love the way your butt switches

But none of these slut bitches
Is worth me askin' my doctor why my nuts itches
If they see how the Rolls Royce smell
All day I be emptyin' my Inbox and my whole voicemail
I'll be ready to light the weed and pull it
Now every chick wanna make me come faster than a speeding bullet
But I ain't into coachin' birds like Tony La Russa
I done had the thickest chickens to the boniest roosters
Who have trouble gettin' the kid like me to spend
Ma you'll never see a bad guy like me again, for real
So say goodnight to the bad guy, come on
It's the last time you're gonna hear a bad guy flow like this guy now
You better make way, it's a bad guy coming through
Come on
What type of bad guy give fellas death, females hugs
I makin' my business, my kids won't have to retail drugs
I get threats over the two way from email thugs
I ride with ratchets, clips under the C.L rugs
Think I'm liking you? Wrong
'Cause even if I get locked
My money won't let me stay unrighteous for wrong
Case dismissed, the D.A even likin' the song
Right back to the P's, latest pair of Michael's shoes on
When you holla in the club it's cool
But don't change the subject fool
And start askin' if I remember you from public school
You know I done heard dozens, of these birds buzzin'
Talking 'bout I used to fuck with they third cousin
FYI, stay the fuck from 'round me
You good guys who wanna hear
Somebody stuck or clown me
I don't care what other haters do
But if you think I'm loved for savin' you
Say goodnight to the bad guy
Whoever said to us
Now maybe you can buy yourself
One of them first class tickets to the Resurrection

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>