

Bad to the Bone

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

I'm bad to the bone, with a style like Al Capone
I'ma smile while I give you the dial tone
Eatin' shrimp and girls I be pimpin'
Walk like I'm limpin', this brother ain't simpin'
Not to mention, I'm winner of Mack Daddy conventions
I get a lot of attention, sleepin' in sheets that's made of satin
With one of my money makin' honies
She's mixed Spanish and Latin
She's a fly type of swinger
Twenty carats on her fingers, minks on every coat hanger
In a high rise, made for only fly guys
With a size that attracts the ladies eyes
Keepin' the stash and the cash flow
Profile's kept low, more dough than Barry Manilow
Fly cars, I got diamonds in jelly jars
To earn respect, collectin' bar fight scars
Slick talkin' with a chick when I'm walkin'
Midnight stalkin', all the suckers be hawkin'
And I max while you be waxin' your Cadillacs
Smooth as a fax, but I can cut you like an Axe
Big spender, 'cause I'm a winner like Bruce Jenner
I burn all beginners and let 'em simmer like a TV dinner
On the phone 'cause I'm hard like stone
Holdin' my own, 'cause I'm bad to the bone
I'm gettin' cash and, ladies receive my passion
Parties I'm crashin' with a flashy type of action
On stage, I kick outrageous
And I enslave the bravest, more diamonds than Sammy Davis
I'm more dramatic than Dallas is
More pretty than a palace is, hands no callouses
Give me a clever girl and I'll outfox her
The man that rocks her in pure silk boxers
So what you want honey a chump or a champ?
Visa or food stamps, Latins or lamps?
I run the game like Sega
Go to war like Noreaga, hit like Schwarzenegger
Excitin' when I'm fightin', I'm frightenin'
Stick chicks slick in quick like greased lightning
Ladies, I'll love you all tomorrow like Annie
And I bet you'll all leave with wet panties
'Cause I can make a eighty yard dash come back fast
Wrap rappers all up in the back, like a jackass
Police wanna harass me
'Cause I got all the material that has me lookin' jazzy
The MC patroller
Pockets so fat, I flat 'em down with a dough roller
Dead zone when I strike the microphone
G. Rap's known, 'cause I'm bad to the bone
I never needed a helpin' handin'
I'm outstandin', type of guy, girls never abandon
And when I'm rollin' with force, three across your belly

Knockin' suckers out the box like I'm playin' skelly 'Cause I pull out the .45 if you offend me
And leave the barrel of it smokin' like a chimney
Rhymes are dynamic, voice is Titanic
Gigantic, suckers get frantic and then panic A smooth talker, 'cause I'm a Queens New Yorker
My rhymes bring more Good Times than Jimmie Walker
A bumrusher, 'cause I'm a crusher of hard rocks
When I turn thirty, I'll still be dirty as Redd Foxx Try to cope, what I wrote, get a sore throat
My lyrical notes float like sailboats
I keep it steady for the petty sucker rappers, I'll be ready
I got more bodies than Frank Netti Battles I win 'em 'cause I send 'em to hell when I begin 'em
Because I put it in 'em like a venom
Discover the toughest rap brother you ever seen
Not a fairy, but milky like the Dairy Queen Movin' around like a smooth choreographer
Posin' my hoes in all clothes for the photographer
On video, show I makin' your girlfriend moan
'Cause I'm bad to the bone

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