

Bad Bad Man

Paul Ansell's Number Nine

Yeah, now in ninety-three
Everybody knows the flav
Fat Joe Da Gangsta, yeah
You know my style Fat Joe, A.K.A. Da Fat Gangsta
I'm no joke and I'm far from a prankster
I got skills, aiyyo word life
Suckers is scared, because they know I live trife As I troop down the streets of a ghetto
Skins are jockin', and always screamin', Hello
But I keep drivin' in my jet black Beemer
I'm not a daydreamer, but I'm known as a schemer I'm dead-ass, when it comes to this
And if you fuck around, your moms'll reminisce
Thinkin' of the good times she spent with her son
Somebody shoulda told you that I wasn't the one Yes, I'm known to get nuff respect
And if you face Fat Joe, well, then you face your death
Now in ninety-three, it's time to take a stand
And you know how I'm livin', I'm a bad, bad, man Niggaz know the flav
I'm a bad, bad, man
I'm a bad, bad, man Check it
All the old folks, hate my guts
'Cause I be hittin' all they daughters and they big fat butts
'Cause I'm the papichulo when it comes to rap
And if you fuck with me, then you leave handicapped I don't give a fuck, don't care who you are
I gotta say peace to my peeps Gang Starr
Some real motherfuckers from around the hood
When I chills with them, we be up to no good Hittin' skins, makin' ends
Loungin' with my friends in my fat BM
Whether uptown in the boogie down
Or checkin' out stunts in the polo ground See just like Mel, I'm internationally known
And I'm mob related, like Al Capone, check it
Too hot to handle, blow you like a candle
You never catch Joe in the middle of a scandal
Now in ninety-three it's time to take the stand
And you know how I'm livin', I'm a bad, bad, man Everybody knows the flav
I'm a bad, bad, man
I'm a bad, bad, man One day I was chillin', caught a buckshot
The nigga was butt, so then he gets no props
Word spread fast around town
I was layin' six feet deep underground, check it
Niggaz wished the worst, but spoke too fast 'Cause here I am and I'm ready to blast

The cops must have missed, takin' me for a bitch
Because they tried to gas me, and make me turn snitch
But I'm not the one for peace
So I turned around and said, "Fuck the police" I'm the type to handle this on my own
Pack two joints and pass one to tone
There's no shame in my game, I do what I gotta do
See I'm rollin with a crazy live crew
Now in ninety-three it's time to take a stand
And you know how I'm livin' I'ma bad, bad, man Yeah, niggaz know the flav
I'm a bad, bad, man
Nuff respect to my man Jazzy J
Diamond D, Showbiz and A.G., and I'm out
Word I'm a bad, bad, man
I'm a bad, bad, man
I'm a bad, bad, man
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