

# Bad, Bad, Bad

## Kool Moe Dee

[ verse 1 ]

Since the day I was born I was on a mission  
Never played out of position or wishin or missin  
I came out kissin, was no spankin the backside  
Just lots of lady nurses waitin for black eyes  
I - I was talkin way before I could crawl or walk  
And what the ladies heard, wasn't baby talk  
I'd drop a line like a bomber would drop a bomb  
Highly explosive, but notice, I was cool and calm  
Ready for action, at the age of 1 the fun  
Was just beginning, I was winning, the ladies would come  
With arms open and hopin for a kiss and a hug  
I stripped down, huh, and watched the ladies bug  
I stood up for a while, then I started walkin  
I heard the ladies say, "look who's talkin"  
That's right, baby, you can leave me alone  
Cause if you can't please me, don't tease me, cause I'm bad to the..[ female voices repeating ]

Bad, ba-ba-bad, bad(big bad..) --> run[ verse 2 ]

As a teen I was on the scene cleaner than clean  
Mean lean fighting machine with self-esteem  
No dope, crack, coke, flat broke I'm not  
Sell smoke, nope, nope, won't smoke the pot  
Gettin high off life was more than enough  
And peer pressure ain't pressure when a boy is tough  
And I was tougher than tough, I'm from the darkside  
And hangin out in the park and in the parkside  
Play a brother in any game he wanted to play  
For fun or money, for money if he wanted to pay  
I wasn't diggin for niggas, so brother, dig deep  
If one got over, it's over, I let the kid keep  
A little change, it's strange, he want to bet it back  
I took his claim to fame, he want to get it back  
And when the night was over I took his girl home  
I dimmed the lights and showed her that I was bad..[ verse 3 ]  
Now I'm in my 20s with plenty money and honey bunnies  
20s and 10s, drive a benz, you can't take nothin from me  
Cause I came up on the streets, a straight up poor boy  
But I beat the game, but it was war, boy  
Because the streets entice you for the wrong things

I couldn't pay the price, I wrote a song theme  
And from the moment I touched the microphone  
It was known that I was bad to the bone  
But weak rappers and a lack of promotion  
Made the job hard, I had to throw some  
Weak lyrics together, just to get paid  
'go see the doctor', and I got played  
The train continued to the 'wild, wild west'  
I heard some brothers say, "he ain't the best"  
Huh, but check the records that ain't well known  
And look around and see all my clones[ verse 4 ]  
By the time I'm in my 30s my worth be - I bet I'm dirty rich  
Sittin on the top of the world with about 36  
Million in my pocket and rockin it from the mountain top  
Livin it at ease, cool breeze, because I'm countin top  
Dollar, I'm a scholar seekin knowledge, I'm a truth-seeker  
The baddest brother on a microphone and two speakers  
On turntables I'm able to start a movement  
And when I move the crowd, the ladies move with  
Fire in the eyes, the eyes never lie  
So feel the fire and desire, keep your eye on the prize  
Ladies, listen to the man and watch me work  
Fellas, keep your cool when she goes bezerk  
Cause I touch em in places that most men don't  
Don't get jealous, fellas, oh, that's all she wrote  
Then when the night is over you'll be alone  
Cause ladies love ya when a brother is bad to the bone

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