

# 2 Bad (feat. Tish Hyman)

## DOM KENNEDY

You're too bad, baby, I just had to tell you  
You're too bad and now I wanna get familiar  
You're too bad, oh, gotta get to know ya  
You're too bad, yeah, girl, you're too bad  
Bet they never saw this comin'  
Size 5'6" crop top and hip-huggers  
Cinnamon Big Red MAC gloss, her lips covered  
Couldn't tell you how I felt then, hope this does it  
And when we out in public, got you blushin' and all that  
Hook my homeboy up wit' ya cousin and all that  
We can hop in my third whip and swerve shit, my turn  
Aye, how many times you heard this? (You're too bad)  
But you don't make me nervous  
I take you somewhere phones ain't got service  
Grab a twelve-pack, let me nail that  
Aye, I can't even smell that  
And I can tell that you treat your body well  
Gon' give 'em hell, yeah  
We pullin' up for real, Benz like Denzel, yep  
Watchin' Mo' Better Blues from rooms with way better views  
If we talkin' 'bout for you, then it ain't no better dude, feel me?  
You're too bad, baby, I just had to tell you  
You're too bad and now I wanna get familiar  
You're too bad, oh, gotta get to know ya  
You're too bad, yeah, girl, you're too bad  
Aye, and I never saw this comin'  
Runnin' through twelve-pack magnums, them big rubbers  
Now she wit' OPM, we can do big numbers  
Her old boyfriend realizin' he did love her  
I wake up every mornin' same time, like ten-somethin'  
Do some push-ups, couple crunches to "Been Thuggin'"  
Hit the studio, and I spend somethin'  
Buy a house first, then I'm a go get my wrist flooded  
'Cause money get niggas in the club, the list doesn't  
I only wanna wear my own clothes like Ben Huggins  
And stay in big casinos, navy chinos  
All weed, nigga, no premos, haha yeah  
Still watchin' Mo' Better Blues  
Stay in, order food, white robe, get her nude (Woo)  
From rooms with way better views  
If we talkin' 'bout for you, then it ain't no better dude, feel me?

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