

Bad Man

Novi Novak

Ima Bad man
You don't want a Problem with me
I keep my eyes on my Back... man
Fuck around its a killin spree

I keep my eyes low
I keep my head high
Don't fuck with five O
I think you know why!
Ah ah ah Ahhh

Lemme show you where it flips, Ill read you the scripts
Environments that us as kids were divided into dealin with
The Nobodies with no money percentage
Our nose runny we so bloody it sends the message
That its really where were stuck at and forced to be
Don't have many options so of course we be
Under educated, separated, undone
Until it's regulated to a place your from
Where we come shunned young and dumb pockets fulla crumbs
Carry guns like we numb to the prison outcome
Huh and we need 'bucks' we sell drugs
N other short 'Cuts', to rise above

And that'll travel generations and kids'd see
Whoever you look up to, Is who you GOTTA be
So for us.... it's just a Life in a cage n'
It's not even our fault when they sayin

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Yo

To fit in, to get in hidden decisions were war paths
To have More friends you'd join gangs to Roar that
 Thinkin back on that and more bad
Middle class kids with money were lucky so lets explore that
 What's Your biggest problem? "Good grades"
 So your parents are proud n you go college one day
Bitch, most my friends quit quick and hit the wrong crowd
 Never had parents to figure shit out
 Yet You'd be mad if you didn't get a nice car at 16
 Or Christmas presents wasn't what you wanted, I mean
 You have the LEAST amount of shit to worry about
 Yet don't respect a thing... cuz you expect the hand out
 But no doubt in my route a second chance I was givin
 As my families surprised my ass is not in prison
 I used to be the Coolest to roll with the gangs
 But then I grew and my perspective changed
 And I'm stuck sayin

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Never lost no 1 v 1 fights just won fights
Jumped a couple times but I learned those dumb nights
 And that's the mentality for fights that brung knifes
And there's too many "Aight, I'll come back with a gun" fights
 Cops pop up on occasion
Checkin us for weapons cuz they know we on probation
 Clothing color just spoke affiliation
They find Dope on you and you win a vacation
 Then you end up at your mom crib
Ankle bracelet on like you been runnin from yo mom kid
 Strike two math shows a crumb left
 And your ass ain't even 21 yet

I be that
Half south sided, half whited
That hood but got whiter when the girls collided
Overly prided, 21 feelin 12 inside it
But then i'd hide it and act violent just to rectify it
And if you got in my way then i fired it
And that's that Anger that my music inspired with
I'm so tired... that they don't get the fact
Ima product of environment but.. to be exact

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