# Bad to the Bone

## Anthony Rother

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 highrise, made for only fly guys
With a size that attracts the ladies eyes
Keepin the stash and the cashflow
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 Schawrzaneggar
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 hardrocks
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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