

## Bad Guy

38 Spesh

Hey y'all, what's up with 38, they say he smooth  
Came through in a navy blue, Versace jacket with crazy jewels  
Pay attention to the way he move  
OG's gave me rules  
Never fall victim to lazy fools  
Huh, the reason why they pay me dues  
And all the ladies choose to suck me off while my Mercedes cruise, huh  
I grew up around shady dudes, that trade me tools  
They were used for some months like baby shoes, huh  
I never been afraid to lose  
Reason I ain't in prison cause my intuition gave me clues  
All of my bitches may be used  
I quarterbacked enough plays to fill Tom Brady's shoes  
Tell my enemies to play confused  
End up on the daily news more than Palestine and Israeli Jews, huh  
You hooked the crazy tubes for frontin' on the internet  
Now you gon' die for them 80 views  
Trust

Everybody show you love when you winning  
Where I'm from, that's how it always been  
And everybody root for the villain, where I'm from, the bad guy always win  
Mo' money, mo' hoes, that's just how it go  
Pick em and I choose em like eenie miney mo  
How you get this money, everybody wanna know  
Headed to the top, don't let everybody go

Uh, one up top, I can't get caught surprised  
Is it me, but I don't trust with no FedEx truck, just be parked outside  
The truth unspoke, I been called by God, In Santorini  
In the New York state of mind, like that song by Nas  
Bros become your rivals  
Vultures want your title  
Gun toters wanna slam you  
And you yoke a chain of finals  
Sons gon' be comin', they pops me  
You know this shit a cycle  
I raised kids I knew wasn't mines, like Joseph from the Bible  
We go together like body bags, dirt space shovels  
I know kingpins who read on a third grade level  
Guess who turnt it up when the first came, the work shade yellow  
I'm a Mac, y'all still on text back the first day level  
Yeah, you ever cut a brick symmetric  
Before your kids go home from school  
You wipe the table with disinfectant  
But all jokes aside, let me really ask you  
Who else retiring with a Pyrex and an Emmy statue

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Can't deport em, do no cheap deals  
TSA stop me and found like three pills  
Arrest me before I made it to the field, felt like Tyreke Hill  
Nappy braids, talkin' headshots, you know like Meek Mill

Pussy changed niggas' lives, that's what I call a freak deal  
Counted over a million in cash, and I was me still  
Shit bag or casket, he just happy, he could pee still  
Silent know that we still  
Remember I got pulled over by peekskill  
Bitch that was drivin', speedin' on three wheels  
She got offered a cheap deal  
The cargo in the car was 30 years at least  
Felony when my name stood on my feet still  
Play the parking lot at Mama Job  
That's when the beef real  
Couldn't walk in my shoes, You wont understand how my feet feel  
Be still

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