

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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