

Bad

BBY KODIE

Yeah, yeah
Baby, yeah
Say she, she say she, she say she, she say she (yeah, alright, cool)

She say she love me, I say, "get in line"
She just want my bags, want my cash, want me spendin' time
Not even tryna brag, but she bad, that hoe one-a-kind
Michael Jackson, Bad, hit a ("Uh!") when I broke her spine
I'm not tryna talk, I know your type and y'all hoes always lyin
,

She just want my bags, want my cash, that shit outta line
And that shit so sad 'cause she bad, that hoe one-a-kind
Michael Jackson-
Michael Jackson, Ba-(Oh!), when I broke her spine
I'm not tryna talk, I know your type

Fuck you mean, I'm not that nice?
Fuck you mean, I ain't got that stripe?
Fuck you mean, you don't like my height?
Fuck you mean, he ain't 'bout that life
Fuck with me and shit on sight
You ain't got guns, nigga, we'll fight
We ain't internet, nigga, won't type (Ay, ay)
Ay, ay, ay
And that's it (Woo)
I'm prolly on somethin' new, y'all niggas prolly still on my dick (Ay)
Prolly fuckin' your hoe, while that hoe tryin' on-
on my Rick (Ooh
Prolly make a six-
figure check next month, I don't know, ain't quit, ay
Might cop the new La Ferrari then teach your hoe to drive stick
Y'all niggas ain't built like me, y'all don't talk shit, ay
Y'all don't got will like me, your whole life on wrist, ay
I got so rich, put your whole life on my wrist, ay
Nigga tried to cross me and got crossed up by my fist, ay
Same one you blocked me from callin' me about this

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