

Bad Man

Bobaflex

Something about ya says ya wanna
But, could I make it worth your while
No you don't want no little angel
Claiming the devils more your style

I can snap my fingers turn your glass house into sand
Exorcise your demons with the back of my hand
Shell-shocked eyes and paralyzed you'll finally understand
That I'm a bad, bad man

Yes I am

I make the mountains shake and tremble
And oceans part when I walk by
So don't you look in my direction
And keep your lady by your side

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