

Bad Boy This, Bad Boy That

Da Band

Bad boy baby,
We the last standin' check the records,
Check the score.
Da Band, the next generation of Bad motherfuckers, c'mon

I'm back and I'm hittin' em hard
Tits don't sag, I dont need no push-up bra
Bitch you mad, babs got a brand new car
Drop top in the hood, I'm a ghetto superstar
Pop bottles and roll up weed
Bab's strong arm chicks like I'm hercules
You got a problem, come see the girl, I'll solve 'em
Big belly bitches we starve 'em
Niggas in the hood, we rob 'em whenever they flawcin'
Betta tuck in ya chain bitch and keep on walkin'
You a thug, why you keep on talkin let's get it crackin'
Get ya bitch stomped ou in the club, I make it happen
I got this, Diddy done let me out
Out chick, spit sick when I open my mouth (yeah)
My year now so you girls betta leave
Me and my people comin' and we rollin' six deep

All I hear is Bad Boy this and Bad Boy that, Bad Boy will beat you down wit
a baseball bat

Imma changed man since I made the band
Nobody - gave a damn, no-one gave a hand
Made man, made the band, wave ya hands
Rocks in the watch, I think I'm bout to blaze the band
Elliot Ness, you know I'm here to save the land
Don't try to lie and say the liquor is what made you ran (whooo)
Go somewhere and be a maintnence man, a janitor
Dogg don't blame me, blame ya manager
Keep ya hands out my pockets nigga
Franchise like I play for the Rockets nigga
Who shot ya, Biggie Smalls, Tupac ya nigga
Ready to Die, All Eyes on the project nigga
You stocky - I put sumthin in ya biceps nigga
I can't help it, I'm a violent nigga
A gee, who down wit his thousand nigga

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There he go, hoppin' out the G-5 wagon
G-coated, rees, Bo's and tees swaggin'
Runnin' game on ya bitch, ya boy's a pimp
I need the ones wit no type of common sense (that about it)
If you bout it then throw it up
Got that fire and you ready to light it then tote it up
Now that's gangsta, don't make me spank ya
You - run in that water now ya life is in danger
Ride wit the underworld, them key bangers
Soldeir that be off that frail, them beef bringers
Picture a nigga tryin' to carry me
It won't happen, I won't let you niggas worry me
Imma stay thugged out till they bury me

When they do, I can't wait to see buried B
Imma dirty south boy from the dirty steets
Get krunk, get buck, get the hell off ya feet

All I hear is Bad Boy this and Bad Boy that,
Bad Boy will beat you down wit a baseball bat because...

Best believe these dudes ain't never kill nuthin'
I'm Fred, you want him dead, put some bullets in his coffin'
Lord forgive me, but these niggas is playin' wit the boss man
You don't wanna get in the trunk, you gettin tossed in (come one man)
I'm the type you squeeze tight, and you bring your cousin', man homeboy that
's yall man
Man I got it all planned, Diddy fathered the game
I'm Bad, but not a boy, I got a part of his name
Homie I see you trippin', then it's off wit ya chain
Yo head - harder than wood then I'm sawin ya brain
A Don, I mean what I say and I say what I mean
I eat, shit, and sleep yeah I lay wit them things
Bad Boy wit Universal, so don't play wit the team

Bad Boy, so don't play wit the team (holla)
Bad Boy so don't play wit the team (holla)
Bad Boy so don't play wit the team (holla)