

Bad Breed

Ghetts

I ain't got no type
Bad boys is the only thing that I like
You ain't got no life
Yeah, we call the shots, yeah, we call them all night
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Good girls want a bad breed
She want a Tyrone, not a Bradley
Her friend said her ex was the best thing that ever happened to her
She went from an iPhone to a BlackBerry
Oh, what they saying, I'm a downgrade?
Are they mad? I should be outraged
The slags, watch your mouth, babes
Look at the swag, I ain't inna no Ralph phase
I understand, a perfect selfie for you bitches
Is one of my girl's outtakes (I'm mad)
What you know about J? (suck your dad)
This ain't something I can downplay
Yeah, I'm high, that's why their eyes dem are chow mein
What you mean, games? I'm known for some foul play (oof)
If she carries on milking it
I'll be outside of that cow's gate

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I'm bad with good manners
So many man from the hood haven't
So gyal are looking at me like that's a good balance
I don't draw girls like "oi, what's your name?"
That's young, a man's done looking savage
I ain't inna "you stare, I'll stare back"
That's dumb, I only swing one way
I don't watch man, I'm Buju Banny
Hold tight gyal like Gabby
I know she want a Mike Lowry
Mind Mr Badger, roll up in that German like Danny
Minus the nav so I let her direct me
I tell her turn the music up
Until it speaks to my soul directly, you get me?

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