

Bad 2 the Bone

Iamsu!

Bad to the bone, bad to the bone
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Okay

Young Su, ask her to come through
She begging to come slide
She know how the boy ride
I got rims on the, whip, sittin' high
All white like, cool whip, we them guys
Ain't no time for them cliques
It's HBK gang, who I move with
Hit her with that pool stick
8 ball in the corner pocket, bitch it's game time
Hate y'all buying producers to copy paste lines
I ain't talking trade rumors, bitch I'm in another league
They drowning in the waves, I made, they can't breathe
Got 'em in the mirror like damn it can't be
It's like these niggas blind, I'm something they can't see

Bad to the bone, make her dance to the song
Call her up on FaceTime, just to see her through the phone
Baby bad to the bone, get the cash 'till I'm gone
I got big bank on me, throw them racks if I want
Baby bad to the bone, bad to the bone
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I just hit the mall, got a new fit
I went from McD's to Ruth's Chris
I got 'em waiting on the new shit
You are not the real deal, you a knock off
Me on the beat is like some wings with the hot sauce
Perfect combination, ain't no conversation
Every day we eating, we don't need no reservations
Every single weekend is like we are on vacation
But we don't take no days off, so every thing is paid off, for real
The money that you made off your deal
That's what I made off t-shirts, go sit in the bleachers
Hold up, lil' homie wait in line, you know its me first
Woke up out a cookie coma, zoning out that reefer

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