

Bad Boy

Juice WRLD

Yeah

(Yo Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)

Yeah

Will Smith and Martin Lawrence, I'm a bad boy

Went and got off my ass and got to the cash and got in my bag, boy

Please, don't think it's sweet, I stay with the heat even though I'm a sad boy

You better watch the way you breathe around me 'fore that breath be your last, boy (Let's go, yeah)

I've been drinking red, rasp', boy (Red, yeah)

I've been trappin' all these birds, McCoy (McCoy, brr)

Newborn baby, my Richard Mille nine months, ooh

Overseas, hundreds gettin', bitch, croissants (Yeah)

Wrecked the GT-R (Skrrt), I love to crash cars

I'm a bad boy, so I got a bad broad

Futuristic rides imported from Mars (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)

Smith & Wesson 45, put a hole in his heart

Better not play with me, killers, they stay with me, your bitty lay with me

She fell in love with my ice, yeah, the hockey rink

Ain't come to kick it, I'm not on the soccer team

Knew I would make it, it's part of my prophecy

Raf Simons match my Prada jeans

I'ma do the dash, get to the bag, ain't no one as bad as me

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Sticky, sticky Ricky, I smoke Skittles, not no sticky (Sticky)

I shot at his mommy, now he no longer mention me (Thot, thot)

You say you want smoke and I've been comin' down the chimney (Woah)

You got' barbecue your bitches, I'm so fried and they crispy (Ooh)

I had on Margielas when I shot at the cunt (Murk)

Act like you want war and they gon' smoke you like a blunt (Smoke you like a blunt)

I'm just keeping it real with ya, I'm just bein' blunt (I'm just being blunt)

Porsche Carrera got the pipes out the back like a skunk, yeah (Skrrt)

Skrrt-skrrt

Skrrt-skrrt

That's just the sound of the 'Vette (Skrrt), I keep me the 'Vette (Skrrt)

I keep me a text (Skrrt), I read your message (Skrrt)

I bust on her chest (Skrrt), I made a mess (Skrrt)

I hope for the best (Skrrt), gold like a chest (Skrrt)

I be the best (Skrrt), I got the neck (Skrrt)

I can turn a check (Skrrt), live like Project X (Skrrt, skrrt)

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