Bad Guy

Justin Bieber

White shirt now red, my bloody nose
Sleepin', you're on your tippy toes
Creepin' around like no one knows
Think you're so criminal
Bruises on both my knees for you
Don't say thank you or please
I do what I want when I'm wanting to
My soul so cynical

So you're a tough guy
Like it really rough guy
Just can't get enough guy
Chest always so puffed guy

I'm that bad type
Make your mama sad type
Make-your-girlfriend-mad type
Might seduce your dad type
I'm the bad guy (Duh)
I'm the bad guy

Gold teeth, my neck, my wrist is froze
(So icy)
I got more ice than, than the snow
That guy don't act like you don't know
That guy, so critical
Tattoos on both my sleeves, yeah I
Don't sleep, please don't wake me
Loosen my tie up, so I can breathe
It ain't political, oh no

Yeah I'm a bad guy
Ain't no holdin' back guy
Come off like a mad guy
Always got your back guy
Yeah I'm the real type
Keep you full of thrills type
Show you what it feels like
Got an open invite
I'm the bad guy, whoa (Duh)
I'm the bad guy (Duh)

I'm only good at being bad, bad

I like when you get mad
I guess I'm pretty glad that you're alone
(So icy)
You said she's scared of me?
I mean, I don't see what she sees
But maybe it's 'cause I'm wearing your cologne
(Let's go)

(I'm a bad guy)
(Damn right)
(I'm-I'm a bad guy)
(Oh yeah)
(I'm a—)

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