

Bad Man

OG Maco

We got one life to live, two lives to care for
So don't wonder how I'm feeling
Three times I played the villain
My hindsight's 20/20, but I can't look back
Can't argue too loud in public 'cause we can't act black
No tears and we drowning anger 'cause we can't look sad
My only fear is that I'm falling for the same damn trap
These women having conditions they been waiting to snap
Might as well be fucking bone sex forensically mapped
Phone tap, tapping my temple, now what is the issue?
Another magazine shoot, shooting texts that I miss you
This baggage I brought along got me standing against you
Thinking about it all, it was all my fault
All my wins, and subsequently all my loss
Never wanted to give you all but got parts still lost
Felt highest though when I fall, played it in my cards
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It's like

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It's too early for the good soul
Its feeling like a wasteland
We're playing to help the good soul

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