

## Bad Guy

Quando Rondo

(Bos goin' crazy)

(Kutta, cut that shit up, man)

Still on the block, clutchin' on my Glock 'cause I know the opp  
s preyin' on me (Preyin' on me, preyin' on me)

Tears in her eyes, seen my auntie cry, but I know she still pra  
yin' for me (Prayin' for me, prayin' for me)

Oh, niggas want me dead, that's what they say 'bout me (Say 'bo  
ut me)

Money on my head, but I ain't worried 'bout it (Worried 'bout i  
t)

I feel like it's just me versus everybody (Oh, yeah)

I don't know how, but somehow I'm still the bad guy

The bad guy, but shit be good when you be givin' up

I really grew up in the projects, but waterfalls in the ceilin'  
(Oh, oh yeah)

I'm sorry, mama, I'm cleanin' out my closet like Eminem

So many problems (Oh), the only thing could solve it is M&Ms

I went to juvenile, I had to tote that strap after dark

Got out of juvenile, that's when I rapped with Flash on the par  
k

He told me I could make it out, that shit was rare where I'm fr  
om

I got a fifty-

round drum 'cause they don't care what I'm from (No)

I'd rather be the bad guy 'cause the good die young

I couldn't get the brand new Jordans, adopted mother was strugg  
lin' (Oh, oh)

I got a zip where I met Pip from Frazier home, I'm a gunner (Ye  
ah, yeah)

And even though Pooda don't love me (Yeah), he the one show me  
hustle

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Oh

Bentley Bentayga, hit the road

These niggas savin' up these hoes

Can't put the paper 'fore my bros (Ayy, can't put the paper)  
Dear Father (Dear Father), I've been through some things in my life

In the back of the police car, I had some chains on my arms (My son)

Show me the way it still ain't got done (Uh)

That shit a shame, can't come outside unless that thing on my side

Man, this shit crazy

I came from the bottom, reached the top and it still feel like I'm at the bottom

But you know tables turn though

And when the tables do turn, you can't sit at my shit, ho

Allahu akbar