

Bad Guy

Slaine

Chinky eyed, Irish alcohol like I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes

(Slaine)

Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes
Chinky eyed, Irish alcohol, I'm an asshole
Taken off the street right from the basement to the castle
From the rap flow I was stuck but now I'm wasted international
I'm all about the cash flow
You can look at how I get it
Poppin' pain killers like a crooked paramedic
I'm a crook, yeah I'm pathetic
I keep pushing till I get it
Got the pedal to the metal I ain't looking where I'm headed
Cops pull me over wanna search inside my SUV
They got their dick hard from the bitch who sitting next to me
Listen pig I buy and sell you tell you just so let me be
You can lock me up I got a lawyer who can set me free
Real funny, stupid fucks, cock suckers wanna steal from me
I made a fire, never played guitars
Spit my rhymes and made my bail money
Speak the truth don't tell no lies
I never talk wit' a black tongue
I'm no model but I'm cold hearted
I'm so smart that I act dumb

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(Millyz)

Bad Guy... Look...
Thirty Perc 30's, on alert early
Riding filthy, so filthy I get dirt dirty
Get the burr birdy
Flip the bird sturdy
Had these fuckin rappers,
Yeah you nerds heard me
Tear the lines and vandalize in your habitat
Cruise around crown royal in his cadillac
Black boots, black brim with the mass to match
Hallucinations of satan, bitch this is acid rap
I'm so gone, shit I'm fucking faded
Eye ball the ounce, I should've fuckin' weighed it
Put some cheese on your head get you fucking grated
Make a flick with your bitch, (X rated)
LLLLLook it in my sipping cup, yeah its me with that (?) tux
Don't miss me with that sissy stuff
Tipsy getting pissy put that milli right in milly gut
I came up doing risky stuff, I risk my life for 50 bucks

Fucked up drinking out the bottle I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes
Perced up, drinkin' out the bottle I'm an asshole
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(Smoke Bulga aka Donn Lennon)
I'm the bad guy, the black guy with the black gun
When I black out with the mac out
Somebody assed out like a fat bitch in the G string
It's a G thing like the Dr.
And the dough, father freed my dogs on
Gun powder call Peter up I don't give a fuck sick 'em on his ass
Then I laugh it up as I feed 'em all
In my postal lunch, sick as fuck
I'm deranged, twisted brain
Insane in the membrane
I'm a fly dream on a ship maine
That's a blue dream with a cripp mess
Sippin red rose with the pirule
You're free man with the low gain
Like G mail
What the fuck the bitches
If I'm stiff like a mannequin
It went lubed balls, and went andy dick
I can't stand the bitch
Smokin' cannibus, from Los Angeles
With phase up that's fatter than that ass of my Atlanta bitch
Get abandon ship, this life ship going down with it
I'm the captive bitch immaculate with this rapper shit
Turn about this back wits
How you wack bitch
Baptize the jaw like a baptist
You fuckin lain my least slain
See smoke, see the flame
Twin millies it's point blank
Let 'em bang, deep brain

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