

No Good Bastards

Tom MacDonald

I'm not big on fighting these days but I don't call the cops
And I'm not big on scrapping lately, when I start I don't stop

I just need one more person to hate me, talk that talk
One more problem might make me kill them all
I'm a heartbreaker, ass-kicker
I'm a hot trigger, nasty words
I got two fingers for ass kissers
I'm a asshole, dirtbag, no good bastard

Look, it's no more Mr. Nice Guy, so go ahead and get mad
I'll show you how easy I turn a tough guy into a dead man
I ain't your buddy, buddy, haters are obsessed fans
If we were buddies trust, I'd crack a Bud just like a red can
Bedpan full of piss and vinegar
Headscan said that I'm not crazy but I'm similar
Let's dance, lead hands, homie you'll get slept fast
Trust me, you're a midget, I'm a monster, every slap I throw's a finisher

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Turn your ass into a crackhead, you must love getting rocked
Take your door off with a flathead and take everything that you got
Ay, whoa, don't make me put down my purse, we don't need Gucci on curbs
You think you bet I'm the worst, send your family to church, so baby don't get on my nerves, like
I don't know about these hoes, all I know is how we go
We're non-stop, we'll reload, if you're talking I see ghosts
You groupie baby, I'm different, think you know hell? Well, I'll show you it
I was born in hell, devil knows me well, I'll return with a list like Moses did

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I don't call for backup, keep those comments to yourself
Bunch of cop-calling pussies 'fraid to handle shit themselves
We was raised by the wolves, we ain't afraid to bleed, it helps
Sort the men from the boys, the have-nots from the wealth
With God as my witness, I'll leave you where you stand
If you flex, that's your death, we're doing more than throwing hands
You better give me six feet when I come through, back the fuck up
Guaranteed to leave you bleeding if you make me back this truck up

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