

Down Bad

Uncle Murda

I was down bad
I was fucked up, I was hurting
Niggas ain't know it tho'
Still made it look good
Watching niggas turn-up
I was stressed out I ain't show it tho'
I was staying at ah chick crib
She went through my phone, saw text messages now the bitch wanna kick me out
Back in the trap with it
With da gang
Juug'n and finessing some shit I gotta figure out

I was down bad
I was fucked up, I was hurting
Niggas ain't know it tho' (the way I move, you couldn't tell!)
Still made it look good
Watching niggas turn-up
I was stressed out I ain't show it joe' (head high, chin up nigga!)
I was staying at ah chick crib
She went through my phone, saw text messages now the bitch wanna kick me out
(I un'know no Keisha!)
Back in the trap with it
With da gang
Juug'n and finessing some shit I gotta figure out (ahh, goddamn!)

I was acting like it's all good (I was fronting!)
But it wasn't all good
Niggas ain't know I was going thru' some shit (going thru' it!)
All I had was ah hundred grams (dats it!)
Way I put my drip together had niggas thinking I was moving bricks (dey' tho
ught I was 'Money Making Mitch'!)
Wasn't looking for ah hand-out
I ain't never fixed my mouf' to ask a nigga 'let me hol' sum'n? ' (I ain't n
ever ask nobody for shit!)
I know niggas got it, I coulda got it but I un'want niggas running round' fe
eling like I owe em nuttin' (I gotta a lotta pride!)
I rather starve first
If I think ya got it and ya say ya don't, I'm ah feel a way (how you expect
me to feel!?)
I ain't talking bout my main-niggas (not dem!)
Talking bout dem other niggas dat be around but really in da way
Now you looking like food nigga (grrr!)
Have me waiting by ya crib, stick out, with ah hoodie on (yea, son live righ
t dere'!)
Click-Clack-Boom nigga
I'm da reason nigga's don't trust others nigga's with hoodies on (goddamn!)

I was down bad
I was fucked up, I was hurting
Niggas ain't know it tho' (I was doing better than Young Joc' tho!)
Still made it look good
Watching niggas turn-up
I was stressed out I ain't show it joe' (head high, chin up nigga!)
I was staying at ah chick crib
She went through my phone, saw text messages now the bitch wanna kick me out
(I un'know why shortie texting my phone!)
Back in the trap with it

With da gang
Juug'n and finessing some shit I gotta figure out (haaa!, goddamn!)
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I was fucked up, I was hurting
Niggas ain't know it tho'
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