

Bad Boy

Yung Bae

I'm a, bad boy doin' good things
Got a, lemonade with chicken wings
With a, bad bitch and she quite thick
So I might just cop myself a chain tonight
Slim shawty with a tank top
I'ma, let her munch it on my cake pop, yeah yeah
Yung Bae will make a hit drop
So I might just take your woman for a night

Everybody in the whole building
I said, everybody in the whole building
Come on, follow along, feel the groove
And get yourself to move
Get your ass to the dance floor
I said, get your ass to the dance floor
Come on, follow along, feel the groove, yeah
There's no one to fool
Pick a girl, pick a boy, spin around, like a toy
Grab 'em hands, put 'em close, push 'em back, do the most
I said, pick a girl (Come on), pick a boy (Come on), spin around (Come on),
like a toy
I said, grab 'em hands (Come on), put 'em close (Come on), push 'em back (Co
me on), do the most

Panamera whip on the side
Damn, I'm looking fly, bbno\$
Young baby, young fire
30 minute hits yeah why would I lie
(Pop all night, we pacify)
Crazy bad girls in my sight
Think I need to try
Confidence is peaking, I'm a really nice guy
Asked that fine lady "Yo girl you wanna try?"
(Can't you feel these sparks ignite?)

Everybody in the whole building
I said, everybody in the whole building
Come on, follow along feel the groove
And get yourself to move
Get your ass to the dance floor
I said, get your ass to the dance floor
Come on, follow along feel the groove
Yeah, there's no one to fool
Pick a girl, pick a boy, spin around like a toy
Grab 'em hands, put 'em close, push 'em back, do the most
I said, pick a girl (Come on), pick a boy (Come on), spin around (Come on),
like a toy
I said, grab 'em hands (Come on), put 'em close (Come on), push 'em back (Co
me on), do the most
Let's go, pick a girl (Come on), pick a boy (Come on), spin around (Come on)
, like a toy
I said, grab 'em hands (Come on), put 'em close (Come on), push 'em back (Co
me on), do the most

(Billy)
Bring a girl, she my world
Got her dancin, come on make her twirl

I been, doin' things all y'all couldn't dream of
I just made another song for the people
Dancing, romancing
Turned up, blacked out in a mansion
Got the money, so the drinks on me
Got the honey, so the bees on me
Drip like a faucet, yeah Billy saucing
Three gold chains keep me cold Steve Austin
And I'm lit don't care about tomorrow
Me and a couple girls headed to the condo
Bbno\$ got the bag
And Yung Bae chillin' he be running up the bands
Flexed on my ex got me feeling like the man
And all I ever do is drop hits, that's the plan
(Billy)