

Craig Morris

"Bad Ways"

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Ha-ha-ha it's goin down like this ma-fucka!!

Studd:

Is the shit gone ever change, cause I be caught up in
the middle of it,
Click my pistol, and then in his fuckin throat I shoved it
Give me your money, and take that palve' off nigga,
Fuck Tommy 'Figga, I'm off that doe and liquor
See I be drillin in the eastside of San Pedro Park,
I smoke a camel, the lupsia done have me sparked
This lil' broad said I'm livin in my last days,
My mother love me, she say she hate my bad ways
But still she blame it on herself for doin what she done,
It wasn't fun, she moved us in the ghetto slums
So what you think about myself cause I'm a grown man,
A bad man, survival is whatever you can
You think you know it, flossin but I know you's a bitch,
Cause I be watchin, tryin to get my rob on this shit,
See niggas underestimate the city that I claim,
Where I am niggas sayin what the fuck is gangbang
Hard livin mothafucka represent your turf, your side of
town,
You know thats where the fuck I'm found
Knees dirty, hands dirty, smokin on a tree,
Gamblin my drug money, hell yeah tee-da-lee
Cause I'm the nigga says crime do pay,
My people say they love me, they just say they hate my
bad ways

Real bad ass ways (bad ways)

Real bad ass ways (you got bad ways)

Real bad ass ways

Get glock cause it pays

Murda One:

>From city to city, state to state,
I'm checkin my game with my muthafuckin trusted 38
But wait bubonic at an all time low,
Gotta hit the ATM to get money fo' sho'
Reclinin in my Cadillac, puffin Newports,
Eighteen on bump straight up bumpin Too \$hort

You caught in the middle of a skanless ass vibe,
We copped another sack so you know my ass high
Funk made by my nigga named X,
Bitches with the fat lips and fat ass, I want to sex
Check this, nuts to your chin now fin,
I recommend mothafuckin hoes make your knees bend
You can't get with this on any day,
Best believe Murda One got the mothafuckin bad ass
ways

Bad ass ways (you know it mothafuckas)
Real bad ass ways
Real bad ass ways

Joe Riz:
I'm livin live on hinges, when niggas in Benzes I'm
broke,
I'm givin nothin but hell y'all its cut throat
I wrote a rhyme, called it a pastime,
Of hurtin ass shit that I faced the last time
My last dime, goes on food I'm in the mood for a stick-
up,
To pick up lil' somethin on a get up
You hit up, blessed by the way I protest,
Your world, gettin it all of my chest
Yes the struggle grab me, hatin better have me,
Drama from my Momma, disowned by my Daddy
What should I do, tuck my head and throw them rolos,
If anybody know about the trouble I bet Joe knows
And raw livin it remind me,
Of the shit that I wanna put behind me
I'm stayin high for days cause what I'm doin it pays,
They don't hate me really, they hate my bad ways

Bad ways (real bad ass ways)
Bad ways (real bad ass ways)
They hate my bad ways (real bad ass ways)

Too \$hort:
I've been a player for years, this aint no rappers
dream,
You leavin messages, on her answering machine
I'm in the bed, listenin, laughin, ticklin, giglin, kickin it,
Nigga I be stickin it
You was hugged up with her when I met her,
She gave me that look like please make it better
I told her with my eyes, meet me over there,
Instantly, she was the victim of a player
I be spittin this game like Iceberg Slim,
What about your man, she said "Fuck him"
Let's roll, so we jumped in the Benz,

Left you at the bar, talkin to your friends
\$hort Dog came through with the satisfaction,
Now you runnin round like a fatal attraction
Cause I been in the pussy for the last few days,
Don't take it personal, it's just my bad ass ways

Bad ways (real bad ass ways)
Bad ways (real bad ass ways)
Bad ways (real bad ass ways)
Beyotch

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