

Bad Boy's Da Band

"Bad Boy This, Bad Boy That"

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Bad Boy, baby
We the last standin' check the records
Check the score
Da Band, the next generation of bad motherfucker,
come on

Yo, I'm back and I'm hittin' 'em hard
Tits don't sag, I don't need no push-up bra
Bitch you mad, Babs got a brand new car
Drop top in the hood, I'm the ghetto superstar
Breathe, pop bottles and roll up weed
Bab's strong arm bitches, like I'm Hercules
You got a problem, come see the girl, I'll solve'em
Big belly bitches we starve 'em

Niggas in the hood, we rob 'em, whenever they flossin'
Better tuck in ya chain bitch and keep on walkin'
You a thug, why you keep on talkin', let's get it crackin'
Get a bitch stomped out in the club, I make it happen
I got this, Diddy done let me out
Hot chick, spit sick when I open my mouth

All I hear is Bad Boy this and Bad Boy that
(My year, now so you girls betta leave)
This Bad Boy will beat you down, wit a baseball bat
(Me and my people comin' and we rollin' six deep)

I'ma changed man, since I made the band
Nobody, gave a damn, no one gave a hand
Made man, made the band, wave ya hands
Rocks in the watch, I think I'm 'bout to blaze the band
Elliot Ness, you know I'm here to save the land
Don't try to lie and say the liquor is what made you ran
Go somewhere, and be a maintenance man, a janitor
Dog don't blame me, blame ya manager

Keep ya hands out my pockets nigga
Franchise like I play for the Rockets nigga
'Who Shot Ya', 'Biggie Smalls', Tupac ya nigga
'Ready to Die', 'All Eyes' on the project nigga
You stocky, I put somethin' in ya biceps niggaz
I can't help it, I'm a violent nigga, silence

All I hear is Bad Boy this and Bad Boy that
(But you fuckin' wit the wildest nigga)
This Bad Boy will beat you down wit a baseball bat
(That chain, fugazy, you ain't stylin' nigga)

There he go, hoppin' out the G5 Wagon

G-coated, Ree's, Baud's and Tee's swaggin'
Runnin' game on ya bitch, ya boy's a pimp
I need a bitch wit no type of common sense, that about
it
If you bout it then throw it up
Got that fire and you ready to light it, then tote it up
Now that's gangsta, don't make me spank ya
You, run in that water now ya life is in danger

Ride wit the underworld, that keep bangers
Niggas that be off that frail, them beef bringers
Picture a nigga tryin' to carry me
It won't happen, I won't let you niggaz worry me
I'ma stay thugged out till they bury me
When they do, I can't wait to see Barry B

All I hear is Bad Boy this and Bad Boy that
(I'ma Dirty South nigga from the dirty streets)
Bad Boy will beat you down wit a baseball bat because
(Get crunk, get buck, get the fuck off ya feet)

Best believe these dudes ain't never kill nuthin'
I'm Fred, you want him dead, put some bullets in his
coffin
Lord forgive me, but these niggaz is playin' wit the
boss man
You don't wanna get in the trunk, you gettin' tossed in
I'm the type you squeeze tight, and you bring your
cousin'
Man homeboy that's y'all man

Man I got it all planned, Diddy fathered the game
I'm 'Bad', but not a 'Boy', I got a part of his name
And homie, I see you slippin', then it's off wit ya chain
Yo head, harder than wood then I'm sawin' yo brain
A Don, I mean what I say, and I say what I mean
I eat, shit, and sleep yeah, I lay wit them things
Bad Boy wit Universal, so don't play wit the team

Bad Boy, so don't play wit the team
Bad Boy, so don't play wit the team
Bad Boy, so don't play wit the team

Da Band, Da Band, Da Band, 2003
Fire, fire, Too Hot For T.V.
Too hot to hold in the headphones this time
Too hot to hold to cold to fold, come on, and now
Give my man Diddy the throne, and don't play wit the
king
I'm here baby, Miami, Choppa City, Babs, Sara, Dylan,
Ness
Fire, yeah, and we won't stop
Da Band, fire, yeah

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