

Brother Ali

"Bad mufucka pt. II"

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F/ Murs

[Intro - MURS - talking]

That was, that was the end
And it squashed the whole beef

Uh, uh, ah, uh, uh

[Verse 1 - Brother Ali]

I'm so incredibly nasty, yes, my mama slapped me
when she had me
Told me get your ass out with your daddy
Talked hella trash and my teachers couldn't stand me
Used to call me bastard and told me I was trashy
Unsupervised child, they call me a latch key
At risk youth from a single parent family
Nuts got hairy and my voice got raspy
Crews were gettin acne, I was gettin savvy
Yes I'm a bad motherfucker, understand me?
Grew up beaten, broken glass, rappin in the alley
Got my hands dirty, I was hidin in a trash heap
Hoppin out, knockin out cats, grabbin they ten speed
Little boys and the girls, they both pack heat
Both had somethin I need from 'em in they pants see
Broads got the booty all felt up in the back seat
Dudes got they lunch money boosted and they ass beat
"Can I get it back?", fuck naw, don't even ask me
When you see the Preacher, keep your peace and don't
you dare speak
None of y'all snitches ain't in the same class as me
We ain't the same 'cause you wrote a couple raps G
That cover charge that you payin is my salary
Merchandise you carry away is all tax free
Facin all my bills and I count my money carefully
[Brother Ali Lyrics are found on]
Bet your fuckin ass ain't nobody ever jack me, see

[Chorus - Brother Ali] - 2X - ("you's" replaced by "you"
the second
time)
You's a bad motherfucker man

On the other hand, you never see a sucker stand close
to where the
Brother stand
You God damn right about that
Got me so pissed off, I wanna fight 'em out back

[Verse 2 - Brother Ali]

My nuts done swung, all around the planet, where the
fuck y'all from?
I already captured it, I bust my gun
Had a little cannon kid
Caught a little accident, slid 'em in the ambulance
He asked for this rumble, his ass got trouble
I'm pickin glass out of my knuckles like that's
comfortable
Where you runnin to? You ever wanna a true
Bad motherfucker, you accept no substitute
No understudy dudes and no number two
Trust when it come to bustin loose, I'm the ugly truth
You ever want the proof, you can check the documents
Or you just watch the kid break door with my fist
I'm on some shit
Your old lady grabbin on the like she chose me
Police captain, ain't attemptin to hold me
A O.G. mack with a .38 told me

[Chorus]

Uh, like that (*echo*)

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