

## Dice Raw "Bad To The Bone"

Visit "[Bad To The Bone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey yo, I'm bad to the bone, with a style like Al Capone  
But I'm black like Corleone  
My dress, mentally disturbed  
My benz pop but I curb puffing a bag of  
The cops got a lot of questions they like to ask me  
Cause I ride through Philly lookin' flashy  
But my 20 lawyer smart, so fat, Louie Vuitton on her feet  
and everything about me is throw back benzes  
Like handling business  
Still brain for tenses  
My life's bliss, own stock, bitches... in my phone  
Cast in the bigger numbers in the caiman  
I'm so talented I got it off from entertainment  
But never fuck with a bitch that's got a  
Lookout for a real queen, that's what I am about  
I write riddles, I don't make it rain I stack  
You see dumb niggers and I crack my pistols  
I'm hundred shots coming at ya  
Where is your t cups, girls d cups  
Rappers got you about the creeper  
be killing shots like this is a fetus  
We'll make you dumb niggers think you can beat us  
This shit you putting in your blunt must beat us  
Well ma let you next with a gun shot  
And put a bucket on your head while I'm on top  
You girl pussy it's just another side hustle  
And I don't stress nothing nigger I apply muscle  
in this everyday struggle, time will tell  
But for now I'm doing real well  
I sip champagne, saint germaine, slash your red wine  
Right before I head line, to tell the double you top floor  
bed time  
The greatest rapper now yeah I must confess  
I'm underrated and I'm alone  
And coming for the throne, and bad to the bone.

Visit [Dice Raw](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

