

Frame The City

"Bad To The Bone"

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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 I'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.

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