

Live

"I'm a Bad"

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I get mad wicked (fuck around) and catch a bad one by
the funkier
I puff the mad spliffs and roll blunts with Archie Bunker
Cause my brain is twisted, so I cock the biscuit
Cause shit's thick, some say I'ma bastard of a swift
bitch
negro, funk in it with the style in your ear bro
To make you Fear me like Cape without Robert
DeNiro
You big pussy, so funky that you have to douche me
You can't hear me then my record label didn't push me
I know I'm sayin fuck too many times in my rhymes
but if I wasn't bad, I wouldn't freak it in the line
But it don't seem to matter cause my shit get fatter
and fatter
I'll do the funk in your face and it slaps ya
How does it feel with the face full of funk
with the bass in your trunk, weed laced with the blunt
I puff, I never got snuffed, bust while I dust your
monkey
ass off then I just crush on the hush hush
So if you want a taste of the funk from the gutter
Ask the brothers (why?) Cause I'm bad (word to
mothers)

"I'm a bad.." "Yo word to the mother" (3X)
"I'm a bad.." "Bad bad, and a wicked in bed"
"I'm a bad.." "Yo word to the mother" (3X)
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Yo yo, check this out
This is for y'all hokey-pokey punk pussy motherfuckers
Just to show y'all I do what the FUCK I wanna do
I want y'all to check this on the real
And yo, check this out

[fast bass beat drops in]
Shake it! C'mon shake it! C'mon shake it! C'mon shake
it!
Whassup now? Whassup now? Whassup now? Whassup
now?

Whattup now? Hahahahah

(Yo Red, c'mon, get back to the track man, I wanna get out of here!)

Yo kid chill, aight aight check it out
Flexy I'm sexy when I'm standin in my drawers
If you can't check me when I'm rappin, put the tape on
pause
And listen to the incredible shit that I kick my man
Give me five on the backhand then stick
your finger in a hole and chop the stick quick
cause my lip get to the point, to STILL rock the fly shit
Since you're holding your breath, I hold my jewels
I swing hardcore, so I walk, holdin my tools
The original P-Funk, takes no junk, from a chump, or
punk G
I been this way every since nine months
So get down while I rip the raps from my lips cause
my shit's more deep, than any tape from Enigma
The gettin nice, thinkin killer brother who pop trash
Basic instinct -- I'm a shoot us and they got blasted
much ass I kick, groove to the master mix
My song still pumps when it's not even mastered, bitch!
My shit's very chronic so rewind it
Cause it's like.. eh-eh-eh-eh beyond, bionic!
Cause I'm a wild and crazy guy! No lie!
Last brother to battle me I started pissin in his eye
I'm bad, word to mother to the motherfuckin Hubbard
Eatin her curds and whey, puffin spliffs cause she
doesn't
And if you still don't under-fuckin-stand where I'm
comin from
Listen to my nine, understand where it's hummin from!

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