

## Collin Raye

### "The Bad Guy"

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[Pain In Da Ass]

You're all a bunch of fucking assholes  
You know why?  
Cause you don't got the guts to be what you want to be  
Fabolous...he doesn't have that problem  
He always tells the truth  
That's what it's all about?  
That's what we work so hard for Fabolous?  
So they can point their fucking fingers  
and call me the fucking bad guy?

[Verse 1]

I guess I'm the bad guy  
The fingers is pointing  
Nigga, I don't go in no clubs without bringing my joint  
in  
They be asking fellas why (why?)  
It's cause the streets is watching  
With an envious ear, jealous eye  
You know how William H. Bonnie's rockin  
I keep the home phone and two way contact to Johnny  
Cochran  
Be the same dudes, testing your patience  
In them hospitals, resting like patients, confessing to  
agents  
You smell me, you gotta spray the Wesson like  
fragrance  
And you pay your way out arrests and arraignments  
These playas been playin' foul  
And I done learned my lesson with flagrants  
Nigga, this how I live it ain't just entertainment  
I'm what they been trying to do, not do  
I'm the kid, they been lying to you  
You need people like me  
I'm so F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S  
Yeah, that's the bad guy

[Pain In Da Ass]

You need people like me  
So you can point your fucking fingers  
And say, "That's the bad guy."

So, what they make you?  
Good?

[Verse 2]

Bitches think all they gotta do is say the child is Sports  
Quit they job and live off the child support  
How could you stand there, smile in court  
I'ma just settle, fly back to them Cayman Isle resorts  
You better sign a pre-nup  
You catch me instead of 'it wasn't me'  
I'm gonna say 'where you get a key from?'  
I love the way your butt swishes  
But non of these slut bitches  
is worth me asking my doctor why my nuts itches  
If they see how the Rolls Royce smell  
All day I be emptying my in box and my whole voice  
mail  
I'll be ready to light the weed and pull it  
Now every chick want to make me come faster than a  
speeding bullet  
But I ain't into coaching birds like Tony LaRussa  
I done had the thickest chickens to the boniest roosters  
Who have trouble getting the kid like me to spend  
Ma you'll never see a bad guy like me again, for real

[Pain In Da Ass]

So say goodnight to the bad guy, come on  
It's the last time you're gonna hear a bad guy ???  
You better make way, it's a bad guy coming through

[Verse 3]

Come on  
What type of bad guy give fellas dap, females hugs  
I making my business, my kids won't have to retail  
drugs  
I get threats over the two way from email thugs  
I ride with ratchets, clips under the CL rugs  
Think I'm liking you? Wrong  
Cause even if I get locked  
My money won't let me stay on Rikers too long  
Case dismissed, the DA even liking the song  
Right back to the P's, latest pair of Michael's shoes on  
When you holla in the club it's cool  
But don't change the subject fool  
And start askin if I remember you from public school  
You know I done heard dozens, of these birds buzzing  
Talking 'bout I used to fuck with they 3rd cousin  
FYI, stay the fuck from 'round me  
??? guys who want to hear somebody stuck or clown  
me  
I don't care what other haters do

But if you think I'm loved for saving you  
Say goodnight to the bad guy

[Pain In Da Ass]  
Whoever said to us  
Now maybe you can buy yourself  
one of them first class tickets to the Resurrection  
(\*Gun Shot\*)

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