

Rick Ross

"I'm Bad"

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Chorus:]

Im Bad (im bad) Im Back (im back), Im Mad (im mad)
Im strapped (im strapped)
Nigga What You Want Nigga who you wit
Came wit my dogs leavin wit a bitch
Im bad (im bad) im back (im back), im mad (im mad)
im strapped (im strapped)
Nigga what you want nigga who you wit
Came Wit my dogs leavin wit a bitch

[Verse 1:]

Aint no limit to the shit I start
Automatic start on that big white car. Pearl pink jar
nigga you cant rob. 4 chains and a watch pocket full of
knots. Spots, Imma get my stacks. This crack comin
back like that income tax. Told you once he told you
twice. You need more than a knife You wanna rock that
ice. Im bad, magazines up the ass. stolen yellow cab
come squeeze on yo ass. He a flash, all black mask.
Rappin ass nigga talkin all that jazz. Ride up on him
show him how we get down. 100 rounds in his crown
butt naked and he pound. Tell the truth that nigga be
rippin, aint it man. just got a Chevy and I got my shit
painted man.

[CHORUS]

[Verse 2:]

Used to be on the corner, on marijuana. Now its
marijuana from california. Big buds, bitches wit big
butts. Big BMW's home of the dick sucks. My Bob
Marley is bumpin like bitch what. My money bumper to
bumper now bitch what. Im bad im back. im mad im
strapped.
Nigga what you want nigga who you wit. Came wit my
dog leavin wit a bitch. i dont see no nigga when im on
the grind, all i see is hoe niggas when im on the grind.
45 no nigga, kno im holdin mine. Imma knock his ass
down if its own his mind. Tell the truth that nigga be
rippin aint it man, just got a Benz and I got my shit
painted man.

[CHORUS]

B for the bullets in niggas who gotta die. A for the addicts and junkies who gettin high. D for the dope distributed at the dock. Still on the block clock no socks. B for the bass bitch I gotta boom. A for the ass in my hotel room. D for the dick, dick that I slang. Since money talk, im addicted to my slang. B for the bang. A for the K. D ditch the car for the smooth get away. Im bad, i poke yo ass in the nose wit a cold 44 now he cold on the floor. layin on his back like he posed for a hoe, when you actin like a bitch gotta go gotta go. Tell the truth that nigga be rippin aint it man. Just got a hummer and i got my shit painted man.

[CHORUS]

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