

# Teyana Taylor

## "Bad Boy"

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Uhn

UHMMM

Teyanna-

Shawty got potential, but he dont need a sponsor  
You should see his goons, more niggas than a concert  
Body like Teyana, stomach looking proper  
Eyes half closed cause he smoking on that ganja..  
(hold up)

Hard denims and cardigans, they all rugby  
He my little bad boy, Sean Puffy  
giving me stacks a rack, T, take that  
smoking on that James Brown, this the pay back  
I be his hood girl, I put that grind in him  
So inked up, I can write my rhymes with them  
He give me all of his, but let me roll wit mine  
but in the shoes, spiked up like a porcupine  
He love my Harlem ass, the way my swag pop  
A real bad bitch, never needed ass shots  
two door coupe, all white, whole things  
and when i see him im like Honey and that Cocaine (  
need a)

Chorus

Bad boy, real when i need a rep  
and his only competition is the IRS  
bad boy, a real when i need that  
and his only competition is the IRS  
make money, money, make money, money, money  
make money, money, make money, money, money  
now everybody say, take money, money, take money,  
money, money

take money, money, take money, money, money IRS  
Honey Cocaine

well he's a bad boy, but it feels good though  
Im out rapping while he chillen in the hood yo  
all the girls want the money, i dont need shit  
Cause look i do my own work on some Queen shit  
He know he hot shit, money in his pocket  
swag out the world, they see him and hes the topic  
He beat the kitty up, a dog like YG  
Them jordans all fire, J-Jewels icy.. AH HH  
Him stupid, its not likely  
cause all my guys hood smart, i like them just like me

Now we down at the club, with some weed smoke  
And a G knows a G cause a G knows  
Hit the mothers say something this bitch is awesome  
Bonnie and Clyde through the game cause we bossin ..  
This model thug life we run with them bad toys  
Its all good cause  
He's a, he's a...  
Bad boy, real when i need a rep  
and his only competition is the IRS  
bad boy, a real when i need that  
and his only competition is the IRS  
make money, money, make money, money, money  
make money, money, make money, money, money  
now everybody say, take money, money, take money,  
money, money  
take money, money, take money, money, money IRS  
Teyana Taylor & Honey Cocaine  
You're my little bad boy, bad boy, bad boy [x2]  
Hold up!  
Who needs a bad boy, but it feels good though, good  
though [x2]

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