

Speech DeBelle "Bad Boy"

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You can catch him sittin knowing that he's sinning
But knowing sinning gon give him what he's always
missing
He starts to bill a spliff and slowing taking out the
seeds
Slowing calculating how to percolate them p's
He's made a couple g's selling weed and selling e's
And to get it selling these he certainly moves neat
He rides his moped round the whole ends from dusk till
dawn
He's got the weed head a pills heads lighting up his
phone
He's got a ratchet that he loves to flick open and close
Hoping one day that it's gonna buss somebody clothes
Nobody really understands him nobody knows what's
in his heart cause it never shows yo
He's got a dead beat dad, that beats his mum real bad
His mum sits home all day drinking and smoking fags
His mum said he aint shit probably do jail time and
that's if he makes it to 25

CHORUS

Bad boy he's a bad boy

Catch him laying on his back getting head from cat
listening to new rap like 50 and that
Word for word reciting like he's the real writer
Or shadow boxing in the mirror like a real fighter
The reason he's hurt is now lost like a lighter
The pain in his heart gets him drunk as mother yo
He gets another call then puts it in his balls
He passes the poster of 2pac on his bedroom wall
He don't really stop and cotch with the man dem
He said them man are waste man them man are loose
cannons cause
They got the rebors he's got the real ting
He got the 38 with the grip and the case to put it in
He'd kill for his kicks or his whips or his friends
He'd kill for his dad even though he hates him
He'd kill for the reason of killing cause killings in
And he'd kill if opportunity rings

CHORUS

See his priorities are messed up, if he doesn't realise
that then his luck'll be up
Cause he wants to be remembered like Tony Montana
But he's forgetting that he'll end up dead like Tony
Montana
Life is a game and he's playing to lose he aint knowing
the rules thinking they don't apply to him
But its love yea and it's the love that will keep him
Keep him filled to the brim although he's living in sin
His mind believes he's a product of the things he's
sees
Nobody told him he's a free as the air he breathes
As simply as it sounds this is history he aint the first
and he won't be the last
Cause I've seen a few going nowhere fast yea
I've seen a few going nowhere fast
A life upraised is a life unsure always looking for help
but expecting closed doors that why he's

CHORUS

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