

## Scrilla Vic "Actin' Bad"

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Let me tell you somethin'. The V is a badass.  
Fine dime brizzles in the back, I'mma tap that  
Where the trap at? I am he who laughs last  
Big top dog on the scene who smash cats  
Actin' bad but you're boy is never badly actin'  
Point me to the stage and I get it crackalackin'  
Blowin' stacks of cash while I'm blowin' up loudly  
Showin' out, I represent the West Coast proudly  
Shakin' off haters and lames.  
Bring a couple rubbers or the V will make it rain on your  
dame  
Partyin' like Mardi Gras with your lady friends  
Sundown to sunup, the layin' never ends  
Do it all again. It's the same ole' same  
Got money on my mind and bootie on the brain  
I found my thrills in your Blueberry Hills  
For real. I'm gonna need a Paul Wall grill feel.

Word to the D! See I'm swangin' when I walk  
Spittin' out rhymes like I'm slangin' when I rock  
Don't talk the talk if you can't walk the walk  
Got a sag in my pants cuz the haters on my jock  
Go 'head get lifted, the V will just lift off  
Stay superfly in this game since kickoff  
Tip top Â– where I reside on the daily  
Heads in the clouds Â– boy the V's so crazy  
Maybe you can kick it with me baby  
As long as it's gushin', girl it's all gravy  
My future looks bright, but I'm too cool for shades  
Too cool for braids or an Escalade  
Try me? Go ahead make my day  
You can quote me, cuz you got nothin' to say  
Watch me ride out with my Maybach ways  
I been actin' bad since them wayback days

I grind like Dorrough. Keep you wired to the T  
Bangin' sick beats from the BTP, Yuh  
I can make 'ya holler like the NC Double A's  
Knock it out the park like the Tampa Devil Rays  
Love some double D's. The V is double trouble  
Scoopin' up the honeys on the double when I bubble

If you're rappers lame, call me with the urgency  
And I'll put it down in case of emergency  
I'm so nice I don't mind my manners  
Can't believe your ears when I spit this grammar  
Hammered if I mix the rum and the coke  
My flows so potent. Come and take a little toke.  
Not a joke. Nah. Bun B's kind of trill  
You'd think I was stuntin'-turnin' wood grain wheels  
Don't need to brag 'bout my cash or my slab  
The V breaks it down that bein' bad ain't an act

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