

Slaine

"Bad Guy"

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(Intro)

Cheeky eyed, irish alcohol like I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes

(Verse 1)

Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes
Cheeky eyed, irish alcohol and common asshole
Taken off the street right from the basement to the
castle
From the rap flow I was stuck but now I'm wasted
international
I'm all about the cash flow
You can look it how I get it
Poppin' pain killers like a crooked paramedic
I'm a crook and I'm pathetic
I keep pushing till I get it
Got the pedal to the medal I ain't looking where I'm
headed
Cops pull me over wanna search inside my SUV
They got their dick hard from the bitch who sitting next
to me
Listen pig I buy and sell you tell you just so let me be
You can lock me up I got a lawyer who can set me free
Real funny, super fucks cock suckers wanna steal from
me
I made a fire never played guitars
Spend my errands and make my pill money
Speak the truth don't tell no lies
I never talk but a black toe
I'm no model but a cold heart I'm so smart that I act
dumb

(Hook)

Cheeky eyed, irish alcohol like I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes
Cheeky eyed, irish alcohol like I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes

(Verse 2)

30 perk 30's on alert early
Riding filthy so filthy I can dirt dirty

Get the gurb birdy
Flip the bird sturdy
Had these fuckin rappers,
Ye you nerds heard me
Tear the lies and vandalize in your habitat
Cruise around crown royal in his cadillac
Black boots, black brin with the master match
Hallucinations is satan bitches is pastor rap
I'm so gone, shit I'm fucking faded
I ball the ounce, shit I'm fucking waited
Put some cheese on your head get your fucking
grading
Make a flick with your bitch,
Look me in my sippy cutting, is me with that piggy tux
Don't miss me with that siffy stuff
Dipsy getting pissy but that milli right in milli gut
I came up doing risky stuff, I risk my life for 50 bucks

(Hook)

Turked up drinking out the bottle I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes
Cheeky eyed, irish alcohol like I'm an asshole
Someone's gotta be the bad guy in black clothes

(Verse 3)

I'm the bad guy, the bad guy with the black gun
When I black out with the mac out
Somebody asked out like a fat bitch in the G string
It's a G thing like the doctor
And the dough father free my dogs on
Gun powder call Peter up I don't give a fuck sick 'em on
his ass
And I'm laughin up as I feed 'em all
In my postal lunch, sick as fuck
I'm deranged, twisted brain
Insane in a membrane
I'm a fly dream on a ship maine
That's a blue dream with a creep mass
Sippin red rozay with the pirule
Free man with the low gain
Like G man
What the fuck the bitches
If I'm stiff like a mannequin
With the lube balls with anything
I can't stand the bitch
What it came the bitch from Los Angeles
With phase up that's fatter than that ass of my Atlanta
bitch
Get abandon ship, this life ship going down with it
I'm the captive bitch immaculate with this rapper shit
Turn about this back wits

How you wack bitch
Baptize the jaw like a baptist
You fucking lame my least flame
See smoke, see the flames
Smoking millies it's point plain
Let 'em bang, deep brain

(Hook)

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