

## Brother Ali f/ MURS

### "Bad Mufucker Pt. 2"

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[Intro - MURS - talking] That was, that was the end And it squashed the whole beef Uh, uh, ah, uh, uh [Verse 1 - Brother Ali] I'm so incredibly nasty, yes, my mama slapped me when she had me Told me get your ass out with your daddy Talked hella trash and my teachers couldn't stand me Used to call me bastard and told me I was trashy Unsupervised child, they call me a latch key At risk youth from a single parent family Nuts got hairy and my voice got raspy Crews were gettin acne, I was gettin savvy Yes I'm a bad motherfucker, understand me? Grew up beaten, broken glass, rappin in the alley Got my hands dirty, I was hidin in a trash heap Hoppin out, knockin out cats, grabbin they ten speed Little boys and the girls, they both pack heat Both had somethin I need from 'em in they pants see Broads got the booty all felt up in the back seat Dudes got they lunch money boosted and they ass beat "Can I get it back?", fuck naw, don't even ask me When you see the Preacher, keep your peace and don't you dare speak None of y'all snitches ain't in the same class as me We ain't the same 'cause you wrote a couple raps G That cover charge that you payin is my salary Merchandise you carry away is all tax free Facin all my bills and I count my money carefully Bet your fuckin ass ain't nobody ever jack me, see [Chorus - Brother Ali] - 2X - ("you's" replaced by "you" the second time) You's a bad motherfucker man On the other hand, you never see a sucker stand close to where the Brother stand You God damn right about that Got me so pissed off, I wanna fight 'em out back [Verse 2 - Brother Ali] My nuts done swung, all around the planet, where the fuck y'all from? I already captured it, I bust my gun Had a little cannon kid Caught a little accident, slid 'em in the ambulance He asked for this rumble, his ass got trouble I'm pickin glass out of my knuckles like that's comfortable Where you runnin to? You ever wanna a true Bad motherfucker, you accept no substitute No understudy dudes and no number two Trust when it come to bustin loose, I'm the ugly truth You ever want the proof, you can check the documents Or you just watch the kid break door with my fist I'm on some shit

Your old lady grabbin on the like she chose me Police  
captain, ain't attemptin to hold me A O.G. mack with a  
.38 told me [Chorus] Uh, like that (\*echo\*)

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