

## **Funkmaster Flex F/ Crooklyn Clan**

### **"Real Bad Boyz"**

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[Dee tha Mad Bitch]

What goes on in the mind of a bad boy? Nothin' but  
payback  
Who's next, the clip, callin' murder could nothin' the  
contract  
Better watch your back  
Since he's makin' that comeback  
The 1-87 will stop 'em  
The hollow point, will drop ya  
Go on, here's a scene for your soul  
So take heed when you meet face-to-face, here comes  
the grim reaper  
You better ???? from the depths of hell  
He's a real McCoy  
But ain't no stoppin' this girl is bad boy  
He ain't no joke  
Muthafucka grab your throat  
Before you find yourself cut with a blade  
As your bloody body lays on top of cement  
In front of your president  
It was a murder for hire  
Hit an innocent child in the crossfire  
Now he's confined to a jail  
Got shot six times, in his spine  
But his mind is still down at the grind  
He's willin' to destroy  
That's what he lives for, to be a bad boy

Chorus:

Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?  
Watcha gonna do, watch out, we comin' at you.  
Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?  
Watcha gonna do, we're comin' after you  
Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?  
Watcha gonna do, watch out, we comin' at you  
Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?  
Watcha gonna do, watch out, we comin' at you

[2PAC]

I got these bustas on my block and they after me  
Runnin' 'round tellin' these niggas, how they gonna  
capture me  
It's gettin' crazy, it's hard to make my mind up  
Now should I, buck 'em down, or put my nine up?  
You see, I ain't a bad boy, just a boy who had it bad  
I graduated from 22's to 3-57 mags  
Runnin' on these marks 'fore they stashin'  
I ain't askin', give it up, or get to blastin'  
The penintnetiary don't scare me  
A straight thug nigga, the whole set'll take care of me  
And tell me, who the fuck you gonna find  
Rough enough to tear these bitch-niggas, this is mine  
Now busta, meet my nine, 24 on the grind  
I'm sick about mine, and uh, ain't nothin' wrong with  
gettin' high  
A hustlin'-ass nigga from the projects, I'm makin' loot  
And screamin' Thug Life, nigga, when they shoot  
They made me a.....

[Chorus]

[Dee tha Mad Bitch]

Now how many bad boys in the house  
So hurry boys got the biggest nuts  
What the fuck, I gave 'em the blunts  
Havin' a grudge against the whole fuckin' world  
A 16 shot-block-glock, that'll stop 'em  
They're sure to hit the ground  
Nothin', bustin' a cap on no more every round  
A bad boy is the big, shot on the block  
He got knots, bigger rocks for the cops  
Before he gets props  
So you petty boys, you can't fuck with em'  
You can eat the biggies' good friend  
Or become a victim of a dead man  
It's sad to see, when you end up six-feet deep  
So rest in peace, muthafucka, join the pow  
he got nothin but the realest style  
Flavors when on the mic  
and packin' the meal like life  
Savers, sweep up on you at night  
His grip on tight, and make you take a bite  
That's all she wrote, barrel went down your throat  
Killin' off these niggas for fun  
Murder one, and throw away your gun  
He's livin' his life like a soldier  
That's what he lives for, to be a Bad Boy

[Chorus]

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