

Bad Man

Slaine

All the cards on the table and the liquor is out
I'm the one that was argued and was bickered about
Should we be letting him in or be kicking him out?
I'll tell you what, all of you can get a dick in your mouth
I came a long way with the door slammed shut
In my face and the rules being changed for my case
Always getting funny looks and stares cause of my race
So this turn of events made me bug out in tapes
I started pressing with the pen harder
Even got an in outta being an outsider
And beat it like a pinata
How the fuck can I listen to the chatter and the yada yada?
Had I done that would have not a not a thing
Maybe strum a guitar, just learn how to sing
Or keep my mouth shut and let it sting (no!)
That's why I act so adversarial cause
When you have it like I have it they want bad to bury you
Flip the script, have you looking mushy like a pussy
Cause you only get respect if you strike and strike swiftly
And those ain't the rules to rap, rookie
That goes for the streets too, you can't act but actually
Gotta be that bully with macs and black skullies
And a whole pack of dogs at your back if you rap gully
I got the real shit, my team is strong
I can lean on and be the one they're leaning on

Y'all probably would've stopped me if you coulda (by now)
If you ever had the chance to you woulda
But I'm a bad man, never was a do-gooder
Yeah I'm a bad man, I never was a do-gooder

Before I didn't have a crutch to lean on
I was stuck on stupid I was just a fiend on drugs
Now they love all my fucked up theme songs
They come closer trying to touch the phenom
On his way up beyond the glammer, glitz, and the neon
Camera clicks, chicks with big tits to be on our dicks
I ain't lying, it happens that rapidly
I was chasing after her now she's chasing after me
But how come I ain't rich like Master P?
Let me rhyme and let him rhyme after me
I'm the rapper with the voice making mad noise
Doctors looked and said he's gonna be a bad boy
I'm a bad man from the trash can
With a butterfly knife and a fast hand
I just be on the creep be crawling in the grass gram
So tell me who the fuck can stand with the last man