

Bad Guy (feat. Jadakiss)

Juelz Santana

Say hello to the bad guys
Feds taking pictures, hope they got my good side
The price of life is getting cheaper
And I'm just getting richer, little nigga
Nigga talking static I hear feedback
Eat that, niggas lame and they rejects
I see that, believe that
Shotty bouce, body count, 28 bodies found
Killing niggas by the ounce
Niggas get killed trying to play tough
Niggas get killed trying to play us
Wassup, don't be a fucking dumb dumb
I get your whole click hit for a lump sum
Brought guns to the knife war
Fuck a nigga trying to fight for
When that sawed off could knock your jaw off
Don't make my young boys knock yours off
I know niggas that will shoot you then go to your funeral
I know niggas that will kill you then pay for a mural
Just to stand in front of it and take a picture with ya
You niggas accident murderers, got professionals
Make it look like it's an accident murderers
Then I got my reckless murderers
Dropped the gun, cops come,
They go gon' tell 'em they murdered ya
Harlem's new Bumpy Johnson
Protecting my empire, Nucky Thompson
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Shotty bouce, body count, 28 bodies found
Killing niggas by the ounce
There's a war going on outside, nobody safe
Gotta ball to you fall if not life's a waste
Gotta watch them niggas, they trying to take your place
Tell them money hungry niggas my gun is all on the plate
Clip so long it's hanging off the clay
I got enough for whoever ain't ate
Extra clips for a side dish, who want try this

Still got bricks, who want try this
I don't cook coke, I deep fry fish
Fly nigga, she just wanna see the cockpit
Hot topic, dead bodies in the courtyard
Fuck it keep the money coming like porn stars
I could get you killed for a bag of reefer
I could get you laced for a pair of sneakers
Imagine what these niggas do for a feature
And the story gets even deeper Say hello to the bad guys
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Nigga talking static I hear feedback
Eat that, niggas lame and they rejects
I see that, believe that
Shotty bouce, body count, 28 bodies found
Killing niggas by the ounce Now what I do go out, get it, try and bring it back
They always gon' need someone to point they finger at
On me now harder than there was when I was slanging crack
I'm a tax paying citizen, I ain't slanging jack
Keep my name in the mix, cuz they know me
I ain't never hung out with him, we ain't homies
A lot of the hate really come from being lonely
And I soon as you stop fucking with 'em, you being phony
I ain't paying with 'em, shotties for the youngsters
Give 'em the whole thing, bodies in the dumpsters
Roll with niggas who tie niggas up, call 'em the trunksters
The way I'm on it, it's like a new Gotti is amongst us Say hello to the bad guys
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