

# Lutricia McNeal, Badlands (Feat. Swing)

(McNeal/Jay G/Papalexis/Larossi/Benn/Yacoub/Swing)

I'm talking about the badlands  
Ain't nothing but a sadland  
I don't blame it on the city  
But the badlands put its mark on you  
I see Johnny at the corner  
As the Popsicleman  
All of a sudden he's got a gun in his hand  
Now Johnny's in a wheelchair  
'Cause of the Popsicleman  
At the wrong place at the wrong time  
Now he understands  
I need to find some peace of mind  
I need a rest, I need to unwind  
This hangin' and bangin' goin' on  
This ain't no hell, this is my home  
Talking about the badlands  
Ain't nothing but a sadland  
I don't blame it on the city  
But the badlands put its mark on you  
Bad Land!  
You gotta know the streets muthaf-a  
It can't be no one  
time beef muthaf-a  
Can you feel me really  
I hope you rocking mic's  
than you ain't slinging dope  
Check the masses who major in the  
gunblast on yah filthy rich ass  
cause you ain't never cut class  
But they did  
now they're f-n' underrated  
Y'all showed no love  
so now their hearts are full with hatred  
And ain't trying to throw no joints, or no bullsh...  
Just drink liquor, smoke hydro and just pull sh...  
Stay jigga without the man, stack the grand  
cause the plan done work  
Now we're duckin' from Uncle Sam  
Blam! Take that on yah way out  
Stay out. Yah days out - lights out!  
Back to my hideout  
You inside out makes the inside edition  
A scar is my tradition  
Doin' you in intermission