

Cee-Lo Green, Bad Mutha

Well, I don't know what you came to do
(I don't know what you came to do)
But I came to get this thang crunk for you
(But I came to get this thang crunk for you)
And I don't know who you came to see
(And I don't know who you came to see)
But ain't another muthafucker bad like me
(But ain't another muthafucker bad like me)
Wait a minute
Hey, get up 'cause
I'm a bad muthafucker
I'm a bad muthafucker
I'm a bad muthafucker
I'm a bad muthafucker
You think you bad
You really think you bad
Well, I'm bad, I'm bad, I'm bad
I know I'm bad
Goddammit, you think you bad
You really think you bad
Well, I'm bad, I'm bad
But don't get mad
What can I say that you don't already know
I stay dead fresh all the way to the floor
I ain't never ever been beaten before
You get a bullet hole in your soul fuckin' with Lo
I'm from Southwest whip a Jaguar S 1100
Crucifix on my chest
I could just stand still and shine like glass
I got a mansion sittin' on 10 acres of grass
I cannot stop
I will not quit
And nigga don't like it
Got to deal with it
Don't cross the line, shawty, let me be
I got 100 niggas a kill 'bout me
Yes y'all
Yes, muthafuck the rest
If you lookin' for the shit, Suga Baby the best
You can talk all you want but betta not touch
You can't handle me
Ho, I'm just too much, rock
You think you bad
You really think you bad
Well, I'm bad, I'm bad, I'm bad
I know I'm bad
Goddammit, you think you bad
You really think you bad
Well, I'm bad, I'm bad
But don't get mad
I'm one of a kind
I can read your mind
Give soul to a stick
And sight to the blind
I can make the sun shine in the pouring rain
I can even make the dead breath life again
I can walk on water
Take off and fly
I'm a bad muthafucka
I ain't gone lie
My mother is nature
This is why
And my father is God
We got a house in the sky

I can touch your heart
I can soothe your soul
I can give your body warmth
In the freezing cold
I can give you joy
When life got you low
I can take away the pain and you'll hurt no more
I can make every dream you got come true
When you believing in me
You believing in you
And one last thing
So you don't forget
You got to be bad as hell to do that shit
Rock
You think you bad
You really think you bad
Well, I'm bad, I'm bad, I'm bad
I know I'm bad
Goddammit, you think you bad
You really think you bad
Well, I'm bad, I'm bad
But don't get mad
Shawty so bad
Shawty so bad
Shawty so bad
Shawty so bad
Clap yo hands in the air like this
Boogie down and stomp, just twist
Don't dare miss a minute of this
This the funk that you can't resist
Wave your hands high in the air
Boogie down like you just don't care
After I'm done you will agree
Even a blind man can see
That I'm a bad muthafucker