

Fabulous, The Bad Guy

(feat. Pain In Da Ass)

[Pain In Da Ass]

You're all a bunch of fucking assholes
You know why?
Cause you don't got the guts to be what you want to be
Fabulous...he doesn't have that problem
He always tells the truth
That's what it's all about?
That's what we work so hard for Fabulous?
So they can point their fucking fingers
and call me the fucking bad guy?

[Verse 1]

I guess I'm the bad guy
The fingers is pointing
Nigga, I don't go in no clubs without bringing my joint in
They be asking fellas why (why?)
It's cause the streets is watching
With an envious ear, jealous eye
You know how William H. Bonnie's rockin
I keep the home cell two way contact for Johnny Cochran
Be the same dudes, testing your patience
In them hospitals, resting like patients, confessing to agents
You smell me, you gotta spray the Wesson like fragrance
And you pay your way out arrests and arraignments
These playas been playin' foul
And I done learned my lesson with flagrants
Nigga, this how I live it ain't just entertainment
I'm what they been trying to do, not do
I'm the kid, they been lying to you
You need people like me
I'm so F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S
Yeah, that's the bad guy

[Pain In Da Ass]

You need people like me
So you can point your fucking fingers
And say, "That's the bad guy."
So, what they make you?
Good?

[Verse 2]

Bitches think all they gotta do is say the child is yours
Quit they job and live off the child support
How could you stand there, smile in court
I'ma just settle, fly back to them Cayman Isle resorts
You better sign a pre-nup
You catch me instead of 'it wasn't me'
I'm gonna say 'where you get a key from?'
I love the way your butt swishes
But non of these slut bitches
is worth me asking my doctor why my nuts itches
If they see how the Rolls Royce smell
All day I be emptying my in box and my whole voice mail
I'll be ready to light the weed and pull it
Now every chick want to make me come faster than a speeding bullet
But I ain't into coaching birds like Tony LaRussa
I done had the thickest chickens to the boniest roosters
Who have trouble getting the kid like me to spend
Ma you'll never see a bad guy like me again, for real

[Pain In Da Ass]

So say goodnight to the bad guy, come on

It's the last time you're gonna hear a bad guy ?
You better make way, it's a bad guy coming through

[Verse 3]

Come on

What type of bad guy give fellas daps, females hugs
I making my business, my kids won't have to retail drugs
I get threats over the two way from email thugs
I ride with ratchets, clips under the CL rugs
Think I'm liking you? Wrong
Cause even if I get locked
My money won't let me stay on Riker's too long
Case dismissed, the DA even liking the song
Right back to the P's, latest pair of Michael's shoes on
When you holla in the club it's cool
But don't change the subject fool
And start askin if I remember you from public school
You know I done heard dozens, of these birds buzzing
Talking 'bout I used to fuck with they 3rd cousin
FYI, stay the fuck from 'round me
? guys who want to hear somebody stuck or clown me
I don't care what other haters do
But if you think I'm loved for saving you
Say goodnight to the bad guy

[Pain In Da Ass]

Whoever said to us

Now maybe you can buy yourself

one of them first class tickets to the Resurrection

[Gun Shot]