

Fiend, Ak'n Bad

(fiend)

Uh huh.

That's them there.

That's them there.

(fiend/skull duggery)

I'm ak'n bad, ak'n bad, yes I am, yes I am

I'm ak'n bad, ak'n bad, we ak'n bad

I'm ak'n bad, ak'n bad, we ak'n bad

I'm ak'n bad, ak'n bad, we ak'n bad

(skull duggery)

Like the bitch I appear dead in your shit

Make you run from the thoughts nigga, that'll conflict

I maintain in murder hood shit (murder hood shit)

Cause I'm a third ward stunter, uptown roamer,

From second and clara nigga

I get ya, I wet ya, I told ya

Niggas still can get hit and run from that shit

Trying to get to a save havan where he can die at, where he can cry at

Where that lance fill the soul, he cold

As I make it round the block (round the block),

Squeezing hard (squeezing hard)

Forty five nigga, in my right palm (in my right palm)

As I get to your spot, nigga you cold (you cold)

So I left three shots off in you low (every shot in you low)

Cause I told you I'm from the crescent (crescent)

Where you testin (testin)

Big easy nigga, get dirty down and greasy nigga

Nigga, feed my mind with the evil thoughts,

I don't give a f**k (I don't give a f**k)

Cause I told ya nigga, I'm ak'n bad (I'm ak'n bad)

(fiend/skull duggery)

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(fiend)

Bring it where the dirt lies cause I was seeking it to destroy

Under twenty five and I caused a killer to die and I'm unemployed

I takes no joy up in another mans pain

But in my mind somehow I hate to find the word called strain

Obtain machan' before you place me in the game

I'm a survivor, watch they holler when I let loose this thang

And I'm swamp and gumbo living

So if y'all niggas coming with 'em, 'fore I rid 'em

Yall better talk some senses in 'em

Cause new orleans niggas don't yap where I'm from

Bust backs with a gun, up in the club, get to clapping and swung

And my bullets don't hum, they burn

And it ain't no aftermath if you catch a nigga ak'n bad

I make this loud shit sound good, knock on wood

Who am i, little nigga up to no good, out the hood

Watch me show you what I could, I got with a spatch' and a half

Look at my lyrical habit for cabbage, bitch you see me ak'n bad

(fiend/skull duggery)

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(mystikal)

How many niggas y'all know will come in this bitch
Take out an album and drum on the track
How many niggas y'all know even gonna try to come close
To doin what I done on the track
I'm the one on the track, smoking like I'm blowing a blunt on the track
I'm out in front of the track, bustin like a forty five gun on the track
Yall know what I know y'all better step aside and let the best come in
And y'all niggas that talkin that shit y'all really better catch some wind
You f**kin with fiend, you f**kin with skull, you f**kin with me
I'll f**k you up the same time I f**k up the beat
You can't stop ak'n bad, ak'n bad
I gets way up in your ass, in your ass
I gets paid a lotta cash, lotta cash
Oh ah ah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Bitch I'm hard and I will roll, I'm still cold
Twenty eight years old (got plenty more) got plenty more
Bitch I'm the man, cars hanging out the garage,
Lights on top of flashing pads
Like my little brother reece I'll take a licking and keep on

(fiend/skull duggery)

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