

# Bad Guys

Gucci Mane

It's the bad guys  
Say hello to the bad guys!  
Big Cat Records, Gucci, Black Magic

We the bad guys, and we play for the bad team  
We hauntin ya life like you just had a bad dream  
The bad guys...  
Just don't get on our bad side

I fucks with the AR, I fucks with the AK  
You fuckin with Gucci, you gon' have a bad day  
They say I'm a mad guy, they call me the bad guy  
I tell ya like this just don't get on my bad side  
I come with that skreet shit, in love with this beef shit  
My diamonds ocean blue so they might get ya seasick  
I fuck with the Glock 40, {?} shotty  
Plus when I aim then I aim for the upper body  
Ain't with that hoe shit, I'm smokin that 'dro shit  
You come with some mo' shit, you gon' get your throat slit  
Yeah this is that G shit, we call it a classic  
I have my nigga Magic put that ass in a casket  
And that there is real talk, you best have a fast walk  
Or else yo' bitch ass might get lined in the white chalk  
Fuck what you thank nigga, fuck what you thought nigga  
Wired for jaw, so yo' ass can't talk nigga

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Is you a man nigga? Is you a mouse nigga?  
Have yo' bitch ass scared to come out the house nigga  
Gucci fear no man, so who is this Snowman?  
The word on the low is he really a hoe man  
Bitch stick to that trap shit, and stick to that rap shit  
You say you a gangster, but you never clapped shit  
If you wanna find me, take I-20 Flat Shoals  
Let's see if you can take this broomstick up your asshole  
Always gon' stand ground, never gon' back down  
I'm puttin my mack down, I'm layin the smack down  
See Gucci's a skreet nigga, I stay on that skreet shit  
And I'm the wrong nigga that ya clique wanna beef with  
I keep the 9 close like the bitch that you sleep with  
And I'll bust a head but can you keep a secret?  
I'm smokin that kushie, you niggaz is pussy  
I never been a killer but you pussies done pushed me

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Now this the bad guy song, they put the bad guys on it  
So listen when you hear the two bad guys talkin  
I shoot straight, move weight, always in a new state  
Always givin fake names, cars got paper plates

The bad guy, say hello to my little friend (say hello)  
My lil' friend got a hundred other lil' friends  
Now we the bad team, it's more than a bad dream  
Gucci and Black Magic now that's a bad scene  
Carbon 15's comin out, AK's comin out  
I'ma run the North, Gucci run the South  
Independent but we ballin like majors  
Them fruity ones got 'em all flavors  
I'm fuckin with real niggaz and players, killers and cutthroats  
And when I get a order homey somebody gettin smoked  
I'm no joke, catch the kid cookin up coke  
I got a blunt full of bubba kush, nigga come smoke with us

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