

Bad Boy

Teyana Taylor

Shawty got potential, but he don't need a sponsor
You should see his goons more niggas than a concert
Body like Teyana, stomach looking proper
Eyes half closed, cause she's smoking on a that gunja
Hold up!
Hard denims and cardigans they all rugby
He my little bad boy, Sean Puffy!
Giving me stacks some racks Tee take that
Smoking on that James brown its the pay back
I'll be his hood girl, I'll put that grind in him
So inked up, I could write my rhymes with them
He gave me all of his, but let me roll with mine
And his shoe spiked up like a porky pine.
He love my Harlem ass
The way my swag pop a real bad bitch, never needed ass shots!
Two door coupe all white whole thang
Cause when I see him I be like honey and that cocaine

A bad boy, real when I need a rep
And his only competition is the IRS
A bad boy, a real one I need that
And his only competition is the IRS
Make money, money
Make money, money
Make money, money, make money, money
And everybody
Say take money, money, take money, money
Take money, money, take money, money
IRS!

Yo well he's a bad boy, but it feels good, though
I'm out rapping while he chilling in the hood, yo
All the girls want the money, I don't need shit
Cause look I do my own work on some queen shit!
He know he hot shit, money in his pockets
Swag out the world they see him and he's a topic
He beat the kitty up a dog like Y.G.
Them Jordan's all fire, jewels icy
Uh, him stupid is not likely,
Cause all my guys hood smart I like them just like me!
Now we're down at the club with some weed smoke
And a G knows G cause a G knows
Hit the mothers say something this bitch is awesome
Bonnie and Clyde through the game cause we bossin...
I want a thug life run we with them bad toys
But its all good cause
He's a, he's a...

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IRS!

You're my little bad boy, bad boy, bad boy (2x)

Hold up!

Who needs a bad boy, but it feels good though, good though (2x)