

# Bad (feat. Yungen, MoStack, Mr Eazi & Not3s)

## Steel Banglez

Bad, that girl yeah she bad  
That ain't my wife my nigga, she gang  
Badder than Al Capone smoking and drinking alcohol  
Bad, that girl yeah she bad  
That ain't my wife my nigga, she gang  
Badder than Al Capone smoking and drinking alcohol  
She ain't badder than, she ain't been  
through a bag of man  
She can still roll dixy chicken shop with me  
She don't care about no Hakkasan, she the baddest man  
And thats so real, rolls with the gang cos she's so trill  
Grab me some weed from a dealer,  
i tell her roll up she knows how to bill  
And thats why I'm fucking with her and thats why I'm rocking with her  
She ain't ever going through my phone  
And i got my trust up in her  
She's too real, she be the girl that can hold me whenever she wants me  
And she knows I just be we just be g's  
She...

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Bad, that girl yeah she bad  
That ain't my wife my nigga, she gang  
Badder than Al Capone smoking and drinking alcohol  
My girl bad like Ri-Ri-Ri  
She never hide from the D-D-D  
So anything she want, I'ma giv-eeee  
Anything she want, I'ma giv-eeee  
(Ahh, yeah)

She's the whole star under safety to my gun  
And When its fist fights or its gun  
fights in the streets she never runs  
She be holding me down  
Feds knocking, she don't make a sound  
Steady on the grind  
Never try to bust that liquor wide  
So all night long I'mma give her  
Good good love I can give her, she's all I want  
She make me lose my mind, I tell you my girl Bad...  
Bad, that girl yeah she bad  
That ain't my wife my nigga, she gang  
Badder than Al Capone smoking and drinking alcohol  
Bad, that girl yeah she bad

That ain't my wife my nigga, she gang  
Badder than ... smoking and drinking alcohol  
Bestie Bestie, she my rider  
Yeah she got the main line and the Lyca  
And when we riding out yeah she the driver  
I had enough of the old tings just to pipe her  
Girl when you come back to my crib  
Best know your getting that good D  
Yeah i got rap P and hood P,  
it might cost your whole bank account to book me  
Knightsbridge, hook her up with grilled meat  
She said she don't fuck with rappers, but I still beat  
She said she wanted to be more, I said we'll speak  
I got TLC at home but I still creep  
The good ones I turn them to the bad ones  
The pretty ones I turn them to the mad ones  
Mumma wants more grandkids, my bad mum  
Giving her gs is what I call grandsons  
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BAD

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