

Sticky Fingaz, Bad Guy

i learned at a early age whats important in life
its a game,bet your money,dont get caught in that dice
i had tony montana dreams of takin over
getting rich mixing yae,wit dat baking soda
theres 3 options get money,death or jail
fuck college,my career wuz right there in those scales
never personal,nah im a businessman
cut off a nigga hand he come up short on a gram
put your money where your mouth iz,ill take yo chips
cuz if dont make dollars,den it dont make sense
ask any nigga dat did dirt wit da god
i used to work hard,robbing niggaz dat work hard
so if youre slanging keys
or slanging cds
the more you sell,the more jealousy youre gonna see
im olly good at doing drugs,sports and entertainment
thats what i told the judge in court at my arainment

chorus(x2)

I sold everything from crack,to guns,to weed
keep the heat between my boxers and my dongeries
the whole business ran off supply and demand
wit dis i had a whole hood inside my hand
just taste it,swear your tongue be numb for a week
but try to jerk it,swear yo azz be unda the sheet
keep flipping it raw,keep sellin that weight
till they,kick in the door,its the american way
organized crime,infratated the force
we above the law,thats cause we paying em off
gave my debt to society,but wheres my change
for when i went in,i came out worse or even the same
its the game of life
been like dis since the beginning
who could get the most cars,collect the best women
you cant judge nobody cause its all essence
whoever die wit the most money in the end when

chorus(x2)
(chorus)

if nothin good is wrong then i dont want to be right
and if we got to knock a block or two then thats just fine
call me the bad guy(the bad guy)
i got to have mine(got to have mine)
if nothin good is wrong i dont wanna be right