

# Juice WRLD, Bad Boy (ft. Young Thug)

Will Smith and Martin Lawrence  
I am a bad boy  
(You Pierre,  
Wanna come out here?)

Will Smith and Martin Lawrence  
I am a bad boy  
Went and got off my ass  
And got to the clash  
And got in my bag, boy  
Please don;t think it's sweet  
I stay with the heat  
Even though i'm a sad boy  
You better watch the way you breathe around me  
'fore the breath be your last, boy

I've been drinking Red Razz boy  
I've been rappin' all these birds, McCoy  
Newborn baby, my Richard Mille in 9 months  
Overseas, hundred scheme, bitch  
Croissants

Wrecked the GTR  
I love to crash cars  
I am a bad boy so i got a bad broad  
Futuristic rides imported from Mars  
Smith & Wesson, 45  
Put a hole in his heart  
Better not play with me  
Killers they stay with me  
Your bea, she lay with me  
She fell in love with my ice  
That hockey rink  
When they come to kick it  
I am not on a soccer team  
You're all makin' this part of my prophecy  
Raf Simons match my Prada jeans  
I'ma do the dosh  
Get to the bag  
Ain't no one as bad as me

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[Young Thug:]  
Sticky, sticky, ricky  
I smoke Skittles  
Not no sticky  
I shot at his mommy  
Now he no longer mention me

You say you want smoke  
And i've been commin' down the chimney  
(...)  
I be the best  
I got the neck  
I cant urn a check  
Look like project X

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