

Bad Boys (feat. Ghetts & J Hus)

Stormzy

I know, my cousin Stanaman, he's told me a couple stories about you
I'm not gonna lie-I'm not gonna lie, I'm getting mad right now, what's he talking about? Like
banging in cells and that, what you talking about?
Come on, man, this is just lyrics, blud, Ghetto, this is just lyrics, blud, all about lyrics, blud, all
about lyrics, I know, Ghetto, I know, come on
Easy, easy, aight, easy, easy
Talking that talk, I was a fucking bad boy in jail! A fucking bad boy, you fucking pussy
Is man mad though?
Ask Stanaman, I was a fucking bad boy
Is man mad though?
Ahh, man, man, do your research
Oi, where's Carlos, where's Carlos?
Ask him how man was in jail about
Fucking truth, stick to the truth
Stick to the fucking truth
Yo, yo, them man are selective bad boys
Some "we just wanna be accepted" bad boys
Some big whips but no electric bad boys
Think they're bad 'cause of Narcos, they're some Netflix bad boys
I know real shower man, you know reckless bad boys
You know them protein shake in their breakfast bad boys
Them man are some "Bro, could you get me on the guest list?" bad boys
And then they wanna get up in the club and start flexing bad boys
Give me the crown, man, I want that
Red Bull with the cognac
I tried to share my throne with 'em
But I can see you ain't on that
I'm on arms, on combat
No trace, no contact
Bro bought a new mash
I don't know what that gun there's called but it's long, akh
Bad boy who?
You are not part of a bad boy crew
Me and Flipz roll up, tell a boy hold up
Looking like something off of Bad Boys 2
Bad boy Gs in a bad boy shoot (shoot)
You are not a bad boy, move
Shut down shows and the mandem go nuts
All the bad chicks make mad noise too
Look, fuckboy, what you gonna say? What you gonna do, run?
Ah, yeah right, you ain't gonna do none
Bad boy life ain't all that you hoped for

Should've done book but you wanna do gun
Charge three for a Z, that's banter
Black whip, all black swag like a panther
Heard through the vine that Stormz' ain't a bad boy
But I take care of my fam, I'm a gangster
Yeah, that's right, just a young boy in the hood
Fast forward, now I'm Big Mike
Still away from the hype, niggas weren't bad back then
Nah, it's cons, man, I swear on my life
Put faith in my knife, wrong move had me on edge
On the back-road, paying for my stripes
So fuck these niggas, all these likkle gun drillers
Wanna come and try do me like Trife
You're not bad, I'm bad, ask Carlos
How they gonna harm us?
Came wearing a flat-cap
Looking like somebody's father
I brought the bad man here
I brought the bad man here
You're a bad man how? Bad man where?
Apart from you, there's bad man here
You're not bad, I'm bad, ask Carlos
How they gonna harm us?
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You're a bad man how? Bad man where?
Apart from you, there's bad man here
Yeah, I'm fully on what you're half on (facts)
I've done dirt, no mask on (facts)
Eighteen when I told man "Ask Carlos" (facts)
Now they ask how much man's car cost (facts)
Drive-by ting
Aim for your head and convertible your hard-top (Buck-I)
Your legs shake, your heart stops
That's an M case, nah, darg
Not me
Not there, not G
I put bread on my beef like Soulja
You've got rice, I've got peas
I told you already, my nigga I don't know you from any-
Where, big spear that'll go through your belly
There, payback but you don't owe me a penny, yeah
Fuck that, fist fight, fair and square
Nah, fuck that, flick-knife, rer and ter
Nah, fuck that, this guy's wearing his share
Might come back, midnight, airin' affair
Deal with the matter like Skibba

How's he gonna feel when I'm shattering his liver?
Bloodbath will fling a man up in a river
Fourteen, holding my shank in the mirror
Like I dare anyone
Playground looking like a Lunn Poly advert
Where's everyone?
I ain't scared of you but I'm scared of your gun (I am)
Frightening
That's when I got my ting
It was all calm before Stormzy
Now it's lightning You're not bad, I'm bad, ask Carlos
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