

# Bad Guy

Chris Webby

[Verse 1:]

Yeah! I'm Back! Uhh!

I'm the Hip-Hop antichrist, they'll regret it if they hand me mics  
Jack The Ripper, hunting bitches down by candle light  
Change of the stanza the nice, brandish a knife  
I'm what's crackin' like I'm Titan in ya hand in a vice  
Huh! My flow nasty, get a Tampax  
So many bars you'll be thinking I'm flippin' Xanax  
Fuck catering the bitches when I spit yo'  
Go and listen to Drizzy you dumb bimbo  
This is real rappin' Webby flow it with a passion  
Get these letters in my brain and cause a chemical reaction  
Droppin' vowels and consonants, powerfully rockin' it  
With enough force to level a continent  
What I'm dropping is the right way, I got em' guessing what I might say  
Go bananas like Johnny Drama and Andrew Dice Clay  
Since the 9th grade Webby's been a psychopath  
Headphones on in detention when I was writing raps  
Queue the lightning crash, queue the smoke machines  
A fact that you should fear, even Joe Rogan screams  
Dopamine and adrenaline till' I'm hemorrhaging  
The fuckin' villain is back in this bitch you better remember him

[Hook:]

Say good bye to the bad guy  
No fuckin' around, don't gotta ask why  
I'll be here until they bury me and that's why  
They know to run when they see me, I'm the motherfucka' hunting your dreams I'm the  
motherfuckin' bad guy  
No fuckin' around, don't gotta ask why  
I'll be here until they bury me and that's why  
They no to run when they see me, I'm they motherfucka' hunting your dreams [Verse 2:]

Yeah! Yeah!

You can catch me where the wild things be at  
Hit em' so quick they can't even react, even an Atheist would believe that  
Fuck shootin' guns, I fire cannon balls  
With a physical strength of a Neanderthal  
Roar! I'm a Tyrannosaurus Rex  
Start by beating up the verses and I'll slam the chorus next  
Gotta stand-a for success and for me it's being the best  
The games like a bench presser let me get it off my chest, I'm a vet  
But I ain't checking on the healthiness of any K-9s  
I'm giving you the news bitch, NBC dateline

Hear me through the grapevine, murdering tracks  
Leave you laying in the bed where they do surgeries at  
I been the hottest dude under the sun  
Beating me? You got a better chance fucking a nun  
Fuck it I'm done, got my competition on the run  
Won't be happy till I'm number one, deadly with the tongue  
Rap bandito doing coke by the kilo  
The mad super villain is back... Magneto  
So bow down to me or get eaten like sushi  
So fuck you and have a great day... yours truly  
[Hook:]  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>