

# Bad Bad News

Leon Bridges

Ain't got no riches, ain't got no money that runs long  
But I got a heart that's strong  
And a love that's tall  
Ain't got no name, ain't got no fancy education  
But I can see right through  
A powdered face on a painted fool Let me slip through (Let me slip through)  
Why you tryna hold me back? (I ain't)  
I'm just tryna move up front  
Lil more of this, lil less of that (Can you feel me?)  
Let me come through (Let me come through)  
I'm tired being in the back (Aight)  
I'm just tryna move up front  
A lil more of this, a lil less of that, yeah  
They tell me I was born to lose  
But I made a good good thing out of bad bad news I don't worry, don't worry, don't worry about  
people in my face  
I hit 'em with the style and grace  
And watch their ankles break  
I know you wish, I know you wish I would fade away  
But I got more to say, Lord they pray Let me slip through (Let me slip through)  
Why you tryna hold me back? (I ain't)  
I'm just tryna move up front  
Lil more of this, lil less of that (Can you feel me?)  
Let me come through (Let me come through)  
I'm tired being in the back (Aight)  
I'm just tryna move up front  
A lil more of this, a lil less of that, yeah They tell me I was born to lose  
But I made a good good thing out of bad bad news  
Alright alright, all day all night  
Alright alright, all day all night  
Alright alright, all day all night  
Alright alright, all day all night They tell me I was born to lose  
But I made a good good thing out of bad bad news  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>