

Buss Em 4 Points

Lil B

Mmm, I'm feeling this shit in my soul, shouts out to everbody that's riding the train right now
Yeah I see you I know, We riding through the eastcoast man we love it
Everybody riding that BART... on AC Transit... you feel me, yeah, mmm,
You already know who it is. Aye who y'all really want? Yeah, I say who the fuck want, if you want Lil B, throw your hands up!

It's Lil nigga, man
He put's the flows he's hanging
And I don't gotta have a scraper
Pushing doves and candy
Niggas call me candy man how I mugged they family
Then you pray for them, some help, niggas derranged
Motherfuckers know game recognize game
Me and all my partners recognize game
You paying to have your brain saved
Nigga we been only slaves
Shit, fuck niggas I bash 'em
Make sure they in caskets
Burns niggas burn badges
All I'm leaving is ashes
[?]

Niggas know, how I flow, like water
Have em bark like kobe
Fuck a bitch like Kobe
Rolling purple in the swishers
Niggas know I'm a beast
I'm lonely, dismiss you
Your homie, automatic Glock nine's my homie
Roaming in the streets cause I'm lonely

That's some real shit, Once again I be going over niggas heads
You feel me, They call this that higher echelon of that rap, that higher, uh
hh
That next level

Getting money I'm hungry
Bitch I eat a nigga face
See the blood now I'm running
Like a car now I'm running
Like a star now I'm shining
Niggas see my grill, reverse fangs, blue diamonds
Got game, pull diamonds
Nothing less than a dimepiece
Plus I got a quarter piece
In my pocket for sale
Well, shh, I got on bail
And I'm holding your mail
Bitch I'm slanging yo rocks
Taking over your block
Coming over your spot
Was the spots that you hide
Got 'em hotter than pot
Plus I cook, crack the pots
Order psst in the box
Niggas soda bake niggas
Call 'em them chickens

Them motherfuckers ain't listen
Man you know I ain't listen
Man them niggas will shine
And go harder than your glisten
And I advise you bitch niggas to listen
Got a problem with piston
Can't hold your own gun
Why you niggas missing

Man, you missing, man
Mischievious thoughts abouts snitches
Separate us now we back in a division
Got eye contact now we on our mission
Man, got 4 ounces making domino points my niggas
Huh, He will follow the point
And he know I hold hollows that point
Going through the skin, muscles, and joints
Gotta hustle for coins
Ain't never free gang, man
I gotta buss 'em 4 points