

## Dress For The Occasion

Lil B

Digging niggas from graves, Baseworld, you crazy  
Niggas doing dirty work, man, cause we so lazy  
Can't fade me, Beezy B, I come change it  
You and your mom with guns put to your faces  
All your actions, make sure your hitting the pavement  
Your face is on the back of milk cartons, papers and pages  
I'm writing about you, my flow, nigga, that's shady  
But it's cool, nigga, I'm not smashing as hard as I can  
Give me two fucking years I'll be smashing niggas on bands  
And they call themselves rappers with tour buses be jags  
I call myself a rapper with the bus and I'm glad  
Never lose my Bay roots, it's Lil B I'm saying  
In low income apartments front rooms where I'm laying  
Niggas set me apart because I'm ahead of the rest  
I keep shooters with me, take your head and your vest  
Getting to the doctor, man, take the lead out his chest  
Good to be a silent man, this is the best  
If you want to be silent for good, take the blunt to the chest  
I guess, what the fuck with the asses on your head  
You're dead, God bless

Dress up for the occasion  
Lil B, man  
Dress up for the occasion  
Put 'em in a suit