

Flowers Rise

Lil B

Yeah, uh, (humming) duh-duh daaaa duh-duh daaa duh da...

Nigga got beef, I fuck with ya
I don't give a fuck
Talk shit, get stuck where the flowers rise
Underground ass niggas, pussy in ya face
Put no albums out, but you got twelve mixtapes
Can't get beats, cause producers won't fuck with ya
Say you killin' people in ya rhymes you a stunt double
Livin with cha partners, talk, not even sellin (uh)
You was an old Pepsi can, wouldn't even sell Coke
I'm burnin' all rivals
I'm a survivor
Not promoting bullshit, I'm just keepin it honest
And to all the kids, you don't gotta sell drugs
Being a thug is a fashion
That's why I stay laughin'

You get in too deep, you'll find out what happens
I know a couple people dead, but I'm a keep it rappin'...

Keep my head to the sky, ex-out distractions
That's him with the mac on 'em
Flag, taught me
Things I couldn't learn from subtraction
I'm only addin' like the boy that took the Al out of Aladdin
I'm so lonely on this pony
Riding over the sunlight, ah
Way past your head, I'm...

I go to sleep where ya brunch at
I don't be playin' with some cats
Life choices so critical;
One step you're here, the next one, you be invisible

Its our war (I was born into a war)

I'm livin on the other side of magic mountain
I'm loving every body, and I'm a keep it comin
Stay with me, that mac 50
Man I stay blunted
I got love in my heart, way before the money
So when I open up my heart, it start floatin to me

(Humming) buh duh duhh duh-duh duhhhh...