

## From The Bay

Lil B

Turn this shit up, nigga, Bitch Mob!

Stay fuckin stuntin  
Bitch mob hit her put the ho on a track  
Make a couple dollars I ain't nothin bout frontin  
Nothin to it boss, I float like Ali and I sting like a wasp  
Bitch paid me cause she know that it cost  
Money on your head like butter with the bread  
Handle funk or you're dead, that's what I said  
In the hood every day cause the nigga ain't scared  
When I walk by people know not to stare cause  
Cause your ass get built like the top of the stairs  
Drinkin every day, smoke every day  
Lightin up a blunt niggas know I don't play  
No I don't play, no I don't play  
Might ball every day but no I don't play  
No I don't play, no I don't play  
Might ball every day but no I don't play, bitch

Doodaloop-boodaloop-boop  
Hey tell my niggas throw them W's up  
Nigga bang that shit! BASEDGOD!

Lil B nigga still young and fuck a ho  
Lil B bitch still reppin west coast  
Lil B, still got the AK  
Throw your hands up, if you're from the bay

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I made my mind up  
I'm only wearing based clothes, feeling like SpaceGhost  
But that nigga broke with no TV show  
Leave a nigga dry with no bitches though  
Bitches love me cause I'm straight  
I like her, and she like me  
I'm the type of nigga fuck with the lights on  
Bitch look at me I know the Based God  
I'll tell you a little secret  
Actually no I won't cause I know you can't keep it  
I beat a bitch up  
I beat a sucka up, I beat the fuckin world up  
That's how it feel  
That's so real, that's so gutta  
That's so active  
Bitch I'm so posh I knock a nigga off

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This so fire in '14  
Real old fire, don't take no game  
Don't play me, don't talk that shit  
Man, if it ain't Lil B  
I want Lil B, you in the streets?  
Hundred thousand down low first take  
I'm a special dude, with a lot of game  
I can teach you how to not work  
Push the weight off, get fat first  
You feel me? And I serve you a plate  
The chef in the kitchen cookin things not legal  
Paula Deen got a lotta niggas in the Regal  
Brodie riding high, I feel like you  
I feel I see you  
Just throw up the deuce man  
To a nigga that got the juice

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