

## Let 'Em Go B

Lil B

We see these niggas man, point 'em out point 'em out, Aye you uh,.. You know that dude up over there?, I'm tryna bust his head, Bruh, he talking 'bout he got a lot of bitches and I don't like that, Man, niggas like that, hate on myself, He taking all my shine, I ain't got no bitches like him and I want him gone

I ride around town with the gangstas  
Same shit different day  
Niggas had to hang with the strangers  
He gotta gun, but them niggas not gangstas  
Real recognize real, fake niggas kill  
A lot of fake niggas not too many ones real  
Gotta pop a pill nigga just to stay awake  
I come from the era, VHS  
DVDs, CDs, young niggas with keys  
You got street money, open up CDs  
Them feds started watching, tryna tie him to the keys  
I'm not Alica Keys, but I unleash the keys  
Open up the doors I'm a flood the streets  
Looking through the blinds shoot you through the screens  
I don't play with death, death is close to me  
Who approaching me, I a toast the please  
Stupid niggas, my gun will roast ya  
I'm real nasty like the top of a soda  
Any rap niggas keep testing my gangsta  
Skating my swag, that's not cool  
Niggas not cool, so I'm not cool  
Check them niggas, man the jokes on you  
That's not cool  
Two niggas get smacked with the bottom  
You feel me?  
Niggas get locked up  
Live for real, hateful niggas, man  
Fuck this money and fuck them cars  
Fuck them houses and fuck them banks  
Fuck this credit, I'm a use debit  
I'm a slow nigga, who don't fucking get it  
I'm a be specific, I'm a be out here  
Up on these fucking niggas, ya digg  
This is 20 shots to ya motherfucking wig  
I'm sipping lean everyday, fuck being sick  
Lil Beezy B, niggas I'm hitting  
I was licking pussy  
I was licking bricks  
Niggas outchea, man motherfuck a bitch  
This football life, man I will never quit

You know what I'm saying? Aye throw that nigga the ball, man. See if that nigga catch it. If he don't catch it you already know what to do. (What, I ain't bout to do that to bruh). The fuck you mean you ain't bout to do that to bruh. (I said I ain't gonna do it, I'm not down). Oh, pffft, you not down, I see the type of motherfucka you is. You

scary! And you know what happen to scary motherfuckas

You get dumped in the back, trashcan and beam in yo lap, blood in yo lap, dope in the sack, Put that on you, cover up the crack, then put in your ass, crack in the valves nigga, fuck that, we rockin' hard, dump a nigga out the trunk of the boulevard, (Let em go)