

# Let It Drop

Lil B

Sitting down at this mic by myself  
You know at BasedWorld Studios feeling like this Motown but on a way different level  
Real hip hop

Some niggas call me crook but I ain't did nothing  
You need to read books sit down and learn something  
I come from B-Town where the block is diamond  
The signs is gold, platinum mouth is shining  
Fuck that, my mouth is crying, I speak too much  
Give me a tissue, light the fire  
Got the matches, gon' match you motherfuckers  
It's magic, to me it just happens  
I looked up, couple fuckers that rapping  
Now I surpass them, static  
All for nothing, I guess it's for something  
Everything happen for a reason check your budget  
Check yourself before you're left in the bucket  
Precise aim with the 9 your shirt blow your buttons  
Push my buttons like if you come back stunting  
Forreal man you got ugly facial features  
Man your beard like the teachers  
You feel me, I did it solo throw a ball you catch it  
Don't ball the block man the blocks the balls mark the spots you catch man,  
Lil B is hotter  
X-Men I'll raid your shots throw shots like a bartender  
You turn yellow like Bart Simpson  
You feel me  
I revenge your shots  
And I'm hawking niggas man I like to take flesh I be bossing niggas  
Lil B

BasedWorld, BasedWorld up, we did it

The paper got me hard when I write these rhymes make you sick  
You gotta do it again two times come in again you love it yeah ya love it again  
Y'all niggas can't take it no more  
My raps faster than scratching your ho  
But when I write it won't matter, the flow, fast or slow  
When I rap man a stack you can't match the flow  
I hate to brag but your lagging though  
Cause your a grown man, how I passed the floor  
I think I'm gifted man and I got raps, it's natural  
But y'all pussies acting like you want to snatch my goals  
You won't even touch the tape and diss the ho  
Cause you ain't even worth shit you a bitch you ho  
You can keep on trying supplying mix to stars  
You ain't even gon' see my face walking up behind you bitch  
I'm a be everywhere that you gotta go  
And I ain't steal shit man you niggas is sold  
Back on your back to write  
Keep on listing homes  
Niggas foreal, I'm a finish this song  
Fuck you, pay me, fuck you, pay me, and fuck you pay me, feel me

BasedWorld up

Niggas no more, turning more raps to rhymes  
I see a lot of places but niggas I gotta sign  
If you wanna be a rapper you gotta flip to shine  
I can't take it no more niggas gotta get mine  
They call me repo man I bring hits the streets and for a nice price bring a  
hit to the beat  
You ain't gotta pay up nigga keep the peace  
Cause the way that I rhyme you gotta be discreet  
I'm not a J, I'm not X, I'm not flipping beams  
I'm a different kinda rapper, I got shit to scream  
If you wanna be, you can flip the screen  
Barricades bout the past by me I can help out your flows just ask me  
And I'll shoot you a flea I give you slap my nigga  
A little far from free  
Yes I bleed to the block I stay calling shots like I'm B.I.G. or Pac  
One time let it drop, Lil B