

Rags To Riches

Lil B

We've met a lot of times
And family, I met you a lot of times man
You feel me?
I know you said numb this shit man
I know you talkin bout you ain't leavin me man but...
Nigga sound like you man
Bitch you know it's all gutta

Yea, how you niggas gon feel that
I come with the Glock to scope your pussy red back
Gon see these bullets, you can go a nigga 10 strap
Made it from rag to riches, I really get that
You don't understand, cause you don't really get back
You a good actor, you ain't really near that
My broke bitch drive Maserati
She cool with me, you know we down to catch a body
Glock 9 kick back like a pump shawty
Girlfriend duck, she a dumb hottie
Real talk man, the nigga need somebody
I breathe like you, I dream like you
I'm just based God, bade God, fiendin for the based God
Let me tell you something bout the motherfuckin based God
Niggas jumped quick on the next hype
Sell drugs and guns in my past life
Nah tickets, of our motherfuckin past life
Gotta sign this 16, tell me what's that like
Still in the hood with the motherfuckin crack pipes
Guns in the struggle, still with the red eyes
Still with that motherfuckin muscle
Niggas in the street, have to have, hard to hustle
Niggas catch says and get back on the double
Take 2 for 1, you really in trouble
Really got problems, ya sure who love you
Calling from the angels, nobody was above you
Money can't buy when a real friend hug you
Of course the next trust, really say they love you
I'm packin my clothes, just movin out to Paris
Negatives 3d, I gotta play even
Money coming out the wall about 10 seasons
Whole court bitch, I'm going too creezy
Bitches feel me, niggas hatin on me
But I swear to God, man they ho fuckin feel me
All day man, I'm all off Achile
Fucking around with me is really no ceilings

Shout out to Lil Wayne, yea
Lil B, ya feel me?
I get a lil brain from the bad bitch
And I swear to God she ain't have no accent
This Lil B!