

Rawest Rapper Alive

Lil B

History in the making
Rawest rapper alive
Lil B
BasedGod
Yeah

I put my heart on paper, venting on a daily basis
It's like a painting how I'm stroking for the final stages
Let me win cause I'm on the bottom
I'm from the under where it rain but the water shower
Ask my nigga, we was robbing for that mighty dollar
The mighty dollar got him five, for a thousand dollars
Fuck that shit, I ain't that nigga that gon' sit in jail
I'm finna rap until my mama say she living well
Living swell, I live in hell in the real world
That's why Basedworld the only place with based girls
See, my face don't break with a solid body
I'm like a porn star, cause I'm eating anybody
And it's hot nowadays, cause people getting sloppy
It's like cheerleaders, my niggas catching bodies
I'm sorry

I said I'm sorry man
It's like, my niggas is really cheerleaders nowadays, man
Catching bodies and shit
Get with me
I'll body your bitch
Rawest rapper alive

If I don't end up on top, let me run the bottom
Off that Rossi, Carlos Rossi, see my eyes in shadows
See my face beneath the water with the water shallow
You feel me?
I'm a tell you like this man
Fuck a money hungry bitch, she gon' get your issue
I'm riding on you, while a sucker nigga riding with you
No support with the levees or a nigga's dreams
I can't see the bitch, so I'm smoking Mary Jane
Yeah

Lil B for "Lil Boss" making history
Who the fuck said hip-hop is dead?
Shhh

Look at me, I'm a starving artist
Have you ever had your face drawn by fifty girls?
I done did it, freestyling for eighty tracks
A hundred Myspace, that imported, out my ass
I love rap, I done did it cause I sacrifice
Anything and everything, for the based life
To live right, mind reader cause I'm copacetic
I touched the girl and made her faint, she called the paramedics

Yes, my nigga, I'm the best
Yes, I'm the best, my nigga, I'm the best [x3]
Yes, I'm the best
BasedGod

Yeah, Based Lord
Brang dang on your bitch, man
History
Y'all gon' miss me
I got the crown man, hold the throne
Westside, West Coast, man
We got this shit
It's our time
Fuck the grind

Brang dang, man, all game, all terrain
I move on autopilot with no pilot, I'm the pilot
Move in silence, cause they watch you when your face is violent
Rather see you making money than selling and grinding
And I'm tired of the fact I'm sitting and crying
Maybe cause I'm a Leo, boy, a heart of a lion
And I hate to see my niggas that's living and dying
That's why I'm riding for 'em, Lil B, I can't stop 'em

Only thing that's stopping me is myself
West Coast
Bay Area
Bitch