

Sf Mission Music

Lil B

Mmm, feel like I'm playing uh Tony Hawk you feel me
HD man, riding through the streets you feel me
I ain't gon' lie I feel like I'm riding through San Francisco
Like the Missing District just on the skateboard you know
Just riding down the concrete, pavement all cracked I love it

Nigga I flow shit, fuck your whole clique I write the whole tip
Leave a comma, no ditch
Man you make no common sense
Niggas fold behind you no cents
I ran through ya house nigga you ain't even have no fence
I'm a gorilla nigga savage I've delivered in Jungles
You gotta rumble live troop, still feelin humble
You gotta eat, still break, still emotions will crumble
But I ain't gon fumble, pass me and I gotta rebuttal
Revenge is the best thing that's making dues with a buckle
You better pump it up, like Joe Budden
Cause when I get the pump people gon scatter like Roaches
Under the oven, hotter than a oven
I guess that's why I can't be touched
Niggas act like Slaves in 'Beloved'
The movie with Danny Glover
Rich like Oprah Winfrey
Tryna get fad like At Lover man
Your spouse under covers, man you feel me?
(God's Father)

God's Father, it's Lil B
I like your car cover, I never get shitted on
But I see haters coming strong they gotta step they game up
And I still see undercover's niggas the feds blame us
Gotta choppa feds, tryna contain us
Speak that real shit every man for himself amongst us...
Nah man the blue man stayin'
Reasons to fire us and that's who we get fired up
The people stop giving a fuck
The people start working for Tim Hudson
I speak real shit
Speaking on the come up
Overseas still see em no cover ups
Shady man I
Antrax new BS man still pushin the crack on the block
Who's the Villain?
Ain't who we killing
The people, we all Gods, we all children

It's Lil B
Realise the real power if you say that you want
I'm a real lyricist nigga
I wrote and I take the crown
Nigga you gon' have to grab for it
The way I feel about this rap you gon' stand for it
Write rap, BasedWorld we all brothers pass homies
Man get off the plate, never hungry
All the pieces I got never stay focused
It's by the Grace of God my family ain't Homeless
Love my mom, man

And she Destiny's Child
The real soldier, I'm in D I never switch my raps up
Only nigga at war man I ask for backup
No disrespect man, I will tear your back up
God's Father