

Still Run It

Lil B

2017 and I'm here to represent
And I'm the DJ, It's BasedGod in the mix
And it ain't no question if I'm down to ride
On the West Coast it's get money or die
I'ma tell you this motherfucker I ain't no punk
Cause everything I seen I never said a word once
I come from Berkley, Water Front to be exact
And I don't go to strip clubs, bitch fuck with a mack
All you niggas soft, I don't fuckin autotune
I make your bitch suck my dick while her friend's in the room
People like me facing 30 to life
And I don't give a motherfuck if you black or if you white
Shut the fuck up when I'm talkin' you a mark
I'd rather break a whole bank then let a bitch break my heart
It's us against them, motherfuck the rest
And if you've got a problem bitch come to the West

It's 2017, West Coast we back
Hip-Hop is back
Light that weed up, it's finna be a long night tonight
Bay Area

What the fuck is funny? Motherfucker I ain't no joke
My name Lil B and it's murder that he wrote
I need a hundred thousand for a beat and a verse
And niggas like me I put yo ass in a hearse
So how do I survive in this world full of pain?
No, I'm not a slave and your history is fake
I tell you like this I ain't no motherfuckin' sucka
And tell that punk hoe I don't motherfuckin' love her
I'ma tell you somethin', girl, get a education
I need a smart woman, not a girl that's fakin'
Rollin' five deep in a four-door Chevy
Like Pastor Troy motherfucker I'm ready
Only takes a second, and you gone
That's why I had to make this a rap song
This is for the world, I do this for y'all
I'm finna throw a party at Easmont Mall

Lil B in the house
BasedGod in the House
Yeah, Yeah
Let's get it
BasedGod