

Straps On Deck

Lil B

It's the White Flame, bitch
It's the Bitch Mob, bitch
It's that new based shit
Feel me, eh?

Don't you know
I got straps on deck?
Just in case you a
I will bust a head
Ha ha ha ha

Hundred grand easy
Bitch you best believe me
Young BasedGod is that nigga on TV
That ho paid in full
But I'm strapped, you best believe me
Ride around with thangs
Man I make that shit look easy
Hold that Mac 80
That's some shit you've seen on TV
Pretty bitch party
Every girl love me
I'm a pretty thug
I'mma show you about the laser
Underground Atlanta
Shout out to Decatur
Shout out to Lil B
A fool with that Heateee
Pistol in my pocket
Bruh, you know I eat my Wheaties
I fuck with the Gold House
The Bitch Mob killer
I'm guaranteed to shoot;
Call me Reggie Miller
Hundred grand show
And I'm not on the radio
Bitch Yell That Ohhhh
Call me Fabo
Young BasedGod is the motherfucking illest
My bitch suck my dick
And she told me I'm the realest

Niggas don't want no problems
Problems lead to problems
Got so much ammo
I'mma show you about an army
Boy thugging hard
Man, he thugging hardly
I'mma fuck his bitch
And I told him I was sorry
Only BasedGod is the nigga riding Harley
Roll up on my bitch and she took me to a party
Young BasedGod is fucking so gnarly
12 cell phones
Lil B you look godly
56 bitches and they call me Steve Harvey
Everybody know that my swag up to par

And that four-fifty-four
I'mma cock it and aim it
Guns in my home
And my car is a rocket
Turn my bitch on
Then I plug her in the socket
BasedWorld Records
No, we ain't stopping
Gold House Records
Yeah, we still dropping
Lil B forever bitch
BasedGod Prophet