

Turned Me Cold

Lil B

(Mama, mama, mama, I just shot a man down
In central station, in front of a big ol' crowd)
I made a mistake, fuck
God's Father mixtape
I'm a keep it real
Y'all mother fuckers pushing me to the limit
I know y'all suckers from the hood want me to catch a couple more of them st
ripes and just be down bad

Somebody help, I think I made a mistake
I just shot a man down, put him in his place
He put his hands on me, had to break his face
I'm sorry Jesus Christ, that shh felt great
When niggas pimp on me that's when niggas get killed
Put that shit in the air just so you niggas can feel
How I motherfucking feel when I pop that field
When I ride out on him and I dump your body
Fuck you pussy ass niggas I ain't never forgot it
You niggas think it's a game choppas ring like phones
I ain't got no taxes, and them niggas on my pay roll
I'm a hit man, I ain't no bitch I keep myself that's on big man
I ain't like these other niggas dick sucking on the goons
Bitch I 187 that's on my momma
Play with me again I guarantee I'll make an example
All my guns got beams, want a sample?
Don't play both sides you a faggot and snitch
That's why you never speak because you're a fucking bitch
And fuck your dreads and fuck your gold teeth
And fuck your life nigga that's where the ends meet

(Mama I just shot a man down
In central station in front of a big ol' crowd)
I need some help

Now I'm sitting in intake taking everything out my pocket
Police couldn't stop it
I'm not trying to hide it, I'm a do it I'm a do it
I'm lurking in the streets no car that's how I'm moving
B bought him a Bentley and still shoot you
My guns hit like bass drums from Lex Luger
And blog about this I ain't got no money bitch I'm trapping
I'm on the streets nigga, shouts out to acting
I guess I gotta get some more stripes
I gotta pull a Gucci Mane and hit a nigga in his chest like
Real situation happen way past rapping
Streets up to y'all dope sacking
I got a crack in the burrio that's coolio
I'm making suckers work, dope up in your booty hole
Fuck all you suckers call me Don Julio
Rawest rapper can't see me in the studio bitch
And that's some real shit

Ey put the pistol on the table for all them suckers
Cause I'm killing the rap game

But on the real note stop all this bullying
If someone is bullying you tell the police

People keep picking on me at school
He shoved me out my locker and I'm a cool dude
I ain't even do nothing he just trying to punk me
Made High School hard man called me all ugly
I walked across the street every time that I seen him
Until I shot his house up now that bitch ain't breathing
And it's all for the hood cause you niggas with stripes
It's slave trades going on getting sold at night
I'm a true American because I'm violent with slaves
I got some hate in my heart, the people made it that way
It's Lil B
God's Father Mixtape
(Yes)
Save my soul
I got a heard of gold
But people turned me cold