

Wasup JoJo

Lil B

1 to the 2, 3 to the 6
Back on the mic and I'm down to represent
It's the master of disaster, not a slave master
I own my own masters so I'm a real rapper
Bout to curl up with my love from below
From the west coast so I never love a hoe
Your girl came to me, and guess what I said
I don't want no broke hoes in my bed
If you're ridin' on BART and you're sittin' on the bus
This the new sound so you need to buckle up
If you get rough then go ahead and knuckle up
Ridin' around town, turn your speakers up
Riding on your boat, or mowing on your lawn
They all start to dance when they hear this song
I said a hip to the hop, a hop to the hip
Or just break it down when you hear this shit

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Sere-din-dipity, got a girl named Tiffany
I don't like broke hoes, so money she be giving me
She be tryin' to love me, rub me, kiss me
I'm lookin' for a wifey and you just switched me
If you didn't know, now it's not a mystery
Backstage VIP and titty girls kissin' me
I can't have it all but I get the most
Wise man said you put butter on the toast
I could roll in the Tesla or ride in the Honda
It really don't matter, cause I'm the one driving
Bumpin' up the funk step like a wild monster
Keep your hair tied if you wanna see the youngster
Rapper and producer, now I'm gettin' used to
All the cold stares like they're looking at Medusa
And hip hop back, so keep a contact
Signed and seal rap, and put in the back

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