

Black Lip Bastard [Remix] (Feat. Black Hippy)

Ab-Soul

This what you really want, huh?
Turn me up, Ali! I know your image of me
Is what I hope to be Black lip bastard, pass me your password
So I can hack inside your brain, see, I too have gone insane
Before I fall, I'm sure to curse you all in Jesus' name
Lead shower, Anna Peebles hour, bitch; stand the rain Look inside my parking garage and see a collage
Of every person I despise since the moment I turned five
Calculate my steps and strategically took my time
Even falling off, I land on the ass of Nicki Minaj (so soft)
Eat that pink pussy like it's Friday
Bust one, Roman Reload, then smoke to Sade
And somebody tell Rihanna too
I need that vagina too (Hey baby)
Don't fucking take me for some kind of fool
I'm kinda the reminder of knowing Compton ain't kinda cool
Good kid, mad city, mountaintops couldn't see my views
Countertops, we hop over, hit the register, then we move
I hope this shit can register on a regular soon
Before I climb this pedestal
And make you catch my fucking stool, bitch
K.Dot, leave 'em grievin' on evening news
Even when society break even, I'll break rules I told niggas, caught wrecked, then I towed niggas
Fold niggas like clothes and drawers, nigga
Homie chose to go toe-to-toe, I had to break his leg
Like a cliché to rock a show, is that over your head?
Niggas stretching the truth like they choose to do yoga instead
Either that or they depressed, eating yogurt in bed
Solar system, grab a space shuttle and stay subtle
The bass bit the bait, I'm straight, you a gay couple
I ain't thirsty for the deal, way to make 'em pay double
Anxious when the bacon on the table, I need a muzzle
You're basic like cable to a satellite dish
You was running L.A., now you out of there like fish
What more can I say? I'm a bastard with black lips
Black shirt, black shades, long black dick
I'm awkward, dog, I'm tryna bargain shop at Saks Fifth
Swung two axes and knocked the Earth off axis' ass Figg side, black nine, black lips, smoke time
Fuck this rap shit, I'm active
Sucking on titties since I was eight

Hoodie with my shades, I ain't tryna be fake
So don't be talking to me, pussy
Running your gums like you be Loc'ing
When the world know that you're nookie
Rookie, softer than infant fabric, I won't have it
When the gun drawn, get rat-tat-tat-tat-tatted
Know my niggas movin'
You Hesitating to Hit the lick, what the fuck is you doin'? Perpetrating, bitches popping Percocet and percolating
Freelance for God, but do the work of Satan, whatever works
I'm clever with the words, if you haven't noticed yet
Light-years ahead, I'm bright and I like to get oral sex
Soul brother number one plus one
Getting fed like where drugs and guns come from All we do is do it, shittin' on the competition
Taking heads off; this Hannibal Lecter music
You niggas don't move me, you niggas just movies
Cut straight to them credits and hit you with a Uzi
Peel off in a dullies, truck bed full of toolies
Get home, smoke, poke on some coochie
I'm just fucking around, enough with them fairy tales
But I bust heads for real, go head...
I'm Jay Rock, you lil niggas beneath me
How you gon' dance with the devil with two left feet?
Peep, thinking you sweet, but you weak
Talking out of turn'll leave all of your teeth in the street
Momma taught you better, never clash with a giant
Unless you David, remember, my nigga, I'm not Goliath
Feel the wrath of this titan, hit some water; call it Poseidon
Wig out, then hit your ass with a trident
Money on the table, my nigga, you know I'm all in
If rap was a drink, you wine, nigga, I'm all gin
Hunnit proof, recruit a hunnit troops who love to shoot
No fluke, my nigga, you know that's what us Hunters do
East side up, Watts City mayhem
Choppers, they sprayin' from A.M. to P.M.
I'm the silent assassin of the four-headed dragon
Black Hippy blastin' a .50 out the back of the Benz Wagon
Toe-taggin' wack rappers off G.P
You can't see me, your vision ain't 3D
You smoking on that seaweed, we rollin' up that kiwi
In the backwood lighting, we high for like three weeks
You paying for that pussy, but we always get freebies
Top Dawg that ho and throw it like a frisbee, it's history
You know the night and day is ours
Top Dawg conglomerate, High Power, bitch Is this what y'all really want?
This Black Hippy shit what y'all really want?

When I'm in interviews, don't ask me 'bout no crews
No posses, no cliques, don't tell me who's gettin' it
I don't give a fuck, nigga
I just paid, I just paid six figures in taxes, nigga
I'm rich daily, on some independent shit
Uncle Sam talking 'bout, I'm like "Nigga, fuck you"
K-Dot said it, not Kendrick
Ab-Soul got us stuck on the planet, nigga
T.D.E., Solar System, Control System, beeotch

Songwriters

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