I Still Got Beef

Lil B

IÃ¢ m still in the club with the heavy beef
Twerking off like with the red beam
Dancing like a hoe to that bitch mob
25 shots, boy whatÃ¢ s your problem?
Based yeah, mister real bass party
Down to the east, cause all off Shawty
Down the water fount with the baby text
IÃ¢ ma tell you like this, IÃ¢ ma fuck your bitch
Only I know about the hard times
South side, west side, I be on the grind
Like Berkly high Ã¢ Â¦deeds
Pop a couple pills then I go again
This paper view tight, triple 8Ã¢ s
Fuck her first and I might take her on a date
Big rims look like Martha Stewart
You fucking right, go dumb, count that money to it
IÃ¢ m like a young nigga ll in the hood
Bitch IÃ¢ m strapped like game like e-40
Task force from the block donÃ¢ t get me started
Straight game and the bass got my middle name
Never been a fake, suckÃ¢ Â¦i stand down in the trap
Catch me on the lake
You can catch me off the rib
Tell me bout that money bra
You ainÃ¢ t in base world, then I donÃ¢ t fuck with you
Talk to me I talk back like a parrot
Catch me in the chop, Ã¢ Â¦
4 door baby with the door open
Lil B fuck my bitch with the door open
IÃ¢ ma take the door with her mind right
Fuck her, push that pussy right, yeah
Niggas claim they gangsters but they really scary
Coming out with that dirty harry.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/