D.o.r. (death Of Rap)

Lil' B

[Intro - Lil B]
Fuck the Rap game! It's the death of the rap game
Fuck the world. I'm God. Lil B

[Verse - Lil B]
I'm militant, I'm very Based, I'm very proper
And you don't want a war: you bring your troops
I bring the chopper. Cause you niggas gay
Yeah, you gay. You fuckin faggot
And I'm adverse with 30 rhymes I let them have it
Battlefield with fast cash, you never grab it
I post up with big blunts & Maserati
Rick Ross, The new whip is Big Body
New Boys, you bitch-niggas I been Rocky
Been cocky as y'all as I been active
Ride on us, we lock straps, no riff-raff
Then you hold cars, we hold guns, Dodge Magnum
It's tragic how he left with no comments
Never settle for nigga-rich, I'm gonna rob em
Catch me slippin with tiny pants, you think I'm nerdy?
.45 got nice aim; I throw curvy
My game: I run the court. I'm James Worthy
From the block, I'm from the bricks like New Jersey
I did court, I did jail, you can't hurt me
Waterfront and fam nigga, it's West Berkeley
And they ask where I been? I been rappin
You drive cars? You fuckin fag, I been gassing
In my eyes is blood, sweat and paint, cuz
It's a shame that they don't know my name, Blood
Lil B: I blow trees in all seasons
Think I'm slippin? Find out! For no reason
I met pain, I met God, I met death
They all say that I'm Based God, and that's that
Spit sick, I spit rhymes, I spit facts
I ain't Drake, I ain't come in the game rich
Fuck you if you don't feel my game, bitch
Fuck you if you don't like my name, bitch
BasedGod tell your girl, she could suck on it
Put money on God and I bust on him

Don't hate! I rocked out like Philly rock
Wrists streetlight: a New York City block
Beat your ass like a New York City cop
Flipmode a Rah Digga, a mind-figure
Fuck crackers, fuck hoes & fuck niggas
Fuck her, fuck you & fuck me
Lil B: I'm back bitch, I spit heat
Post up, I sell dimes and fat zips
Got crack: the cats come like catnip
Don't trip: I never fold like napkins
Rude goon: I'm just "Robbin" like Baskins
Anthrax a real boy like Osama
Been played, I been beat, I love drama
X-Man on defense, the street shit
Riding up in deep tints & deep dish
Never thought I'd come hard? I fooled you!
Ben Watson I cursed you, it's Voodoo
Been locked in, Mach-10s and Mac-10s
Leave his head split & no Cochran to back him
What? You niggas wish I'd fall of the Big League?
At my lowest point, sacrifice to make bread
XMR - call your bitch and get head
She don't really like you: possum, she play dead
Riding up top. Real niggas in big box
Say the pack dead? bitch nigga the pack hot
All these new niggas is my sons, the new boys
Fuck you rap niggas: new guns and new toys
Infrared beam make you dream the truth, boy
Semi-auto rounds make you scream like rude boy
Only other thing that I ain't did is die yet
I don't like that mindset, nigga, it's the grind-set
They way you watch this it could be a Timex
You not a threat: my rap flow is bomb threats
Stay in your house: I'm stampeding with death threats
Think you hard: I bust a nut like good sex
Think you real? Obey nigga, a hood vet
Lil B: I'm BasedGod with no stress
Incest: fuck your bride, fuck your bitch
No homo.. fuck your life, I'm getting rich
Mexican: I'm el amigo, I move bricks
No Love for dog hoes like New pits
Doctor! I need help, the game's sick
Lil B give a fuck about the fame, bitch!

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