

# DJ BasedGod

## Lil B

DJ...Your...I'm Your DJ, DJ  
Your...I'm Your DJ, DJ  
Your...I'm Your  
Ladies and gentlemen  
BasedGODI walk in the party and the crowd gets loud  
Everybody wants to hear my new freestyle  
I scratch and I rap  
I rap for the scratch  
It's a dog-eat-dog world  
Not the Cat in the Hat  
I kicked a couple foes on the microphone  
All the people scream  
"We don't wanna go home!"  
I look at my watch  
And I check the time  
It's a quarter to 8  
Now kick that rhyme  
I'm a rack and a rapper  
An entrepreneur  
I'm a D-Boy hangin' at the corner store  
This the West Coast  
We go dumb  
Get a couple homies and have some fun  
Music get you high  
We don't need no drugs  
I'm a gangsta  
I don't need your hugs  
Now let's breakdance  
And spin these hits  
It's a new DJ named BasedGod, bitch  
DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...ladies and gentlemen...  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ...ladies and gentlemen...  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...ladies and gentlemen...  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ

Ladies...  
Turn the music up  
We want it loud  
I perform outside  
And rock the crowd  
Shaquille O'Neal not bigger than me  
I'm the worldwide artist named Lil B  
I'm seasoned  
And that's the reason  
These girls come around and start cheesin'  
They know I'm great  
Ay girl, stop talking, you're not Ricki Lake  
I'm a rap star  
Under the lights  
Call my homeboys if you want to fight  
But I'm nice  
I'm not violent  
That's why I started rhymin'  
I love hip-hop  
And light up your joint  
'Cause the party don't stop  
Girls make your hips rock  
My name's Lil B and I saved hip-hopDJ...  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...ladies and gentlemen  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
Ladies andâ€™  
DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...ladies and gentlemen  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
Ladies-Catch me on the subway in New York  
Can't miss the train 'cause my show finna start  
I'm skippin' the lines  
I'm not wasting my time  
I go on in five minutes  
I can't miss a dime  
Why you look sad?  
You fresh off work  
You should come to my party if your head don't hurt  
I'm going to Harlem  
And then to the Bronx  
Spit your best lyrics

And then you can come  
I'm ridin' down Broadway  
Fly as hell  
I'm a smooth young man  
So watch yourself  
I'm a lion  
In the jungle  
And rap is my hustle  
I love hip-hop  
I thank God every day that I never stopped  
And now I'm the man  
And I'm the DJ with the mic in my handDJ...DJ...  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...ladies and gentlemen  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
Ladiesâ€™  
DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ  
I'm your...I'm your...ladies and gentlemen  
I'm your...I'm your...DJ...DJ...ladies...ladies...ladies  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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