Mr Dopeman

Lil B

Hey, bitch, who sells cocaine?
You selling rocks, nigga?
I got a little cocaine
Boy, you in school! Why, why you selling drugs in school, man? You're in college!
I want to make a little money
What?! Man, you better wait this shit out, man; get your education
I want to sell crack like -- I wanna be... I wanna be Scarface!I hit a nigga fast with the red beam
Riding downtown in the limousines
I'm thinking about knocking a couple niggas off
Whoadie playing games with the fucking boss
Whoadie don't know I sell keys
Keys open doors; call me Pusha T
Brodie facin' fed time
He fuckin' with me, that bitch gotta die
I want to find out who made the crack
Who run the meth labs, who gon' say that? (Gon' say that?)
Who keeps serving bags with that fucking powder
Ain't no shortage, I'm talking every hour
Tryna come up; brodie won't front none (None)
So how I'm gon' bubble up? (Bubble up)
Life is rough; I won't cry still
Bagging dope up, asking god "Will
He put me up, and put that away?"
I swear to God, man, I ain't trying to sell no keys today
My rent due today, how I'm gon' pay?
I got a felony. What they got for me? (I don't know)
They say I can't get a job because I'm worthless (Why?)
But if I ain't helping no community then I ain't workin' (Gotta go)
Gon' rock on 'em if I ain't workin' (Gotta go)
Finna rock on 'em with that black mask and leave them jerkin'
Wonder who cooked the crack
Mr. Dopeman, can you tell me that?
I wonder who bagged the dope
Mr. Dopeman, who is my ho?
Who baggin' up keys?
Mr. Dopeman, won't you tell me, please?
Why you killin' all these folks?
Mr. Dopeman, I am the hoRiding up with keys on the front line
Brodie saying I'm facin' fed time

But I can't really give no shits
If I ain't makin' no money I out'chea hittin' piss
And why them boys hatin' on me?
I ain't making no money, niggas hatin' on me
Finna push that front line
Already know, nigga, one time
Still pushing dope still
Rocking up with them blue pills
Everybody know I got it
Selling off that motherfucking weed
Everybody know I flip that quarter pack
I flip that quarter pack, where it's at
I flip that quarter pack, I flip that motherfucker like "where it's at"Flexing all these keys today
Made me who I am in that bad way
Mr. Dopeman, can you ask me
Where them keys at? Where them doors at?
Where them keys at? Where them doors at?
Where them keys at? Where them doors at?
Where them keys at? Can you tell me that?
I gotta go!
I gotta go!
I gotta go!
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