

B.o.r (birth Of Rap)

Lil' B

Lil B

Based God

King of rap, I can bet my money on that
Can't face the facts that a young guy kill this shit
Give me another shot and I'm a come with my mask on
Seen alot of grosses I came with the Vans on
Now it's 09 and I'm runnin with the based god
Fire in my eyes mix my soul with the neapoms
Mix and match, all I need is dro, and 1 mike, 1 pad, 1 pen, a iPod a them lights
Feelin like a plane when it's up and it's in flight
Dressin everyday like I'm dead with the pinstripe
This a few things that show that I'm the rawest
Been to cast everyday so I'm ballin like Spalding
More beef like 6 have you baldin like baldwin
Your favorite rapper out, I'm a lay 'em in a coffin
No talkin when I'm talkin, cause it's legend pay attention
Only time I sat in class was when I was severin a detention
I fucks with Soulja Boy, Get money nigga
Everytime I see a rapper, I think that I'm a get him
In the booth or in the strets, I'm known to tear a rhythm
Fifteen and sixteen, eyes breakin down the system
Nobody can tell me nothin, I was livin off my system
Head fucked up, I thought it would be cool to go to prison
Watchin Hot Boyz on BET, gettin all these women
So I got my gold grill because I'm thugged out with em
B-Town, Waterfront I put on for my city
We done did it for six years, just reached 20
Alot of dudes I grew up with, didn't see 20
Everytime I have a birthday, I'm thinkin God love me
Everytime I hit the beat, man I do it for my mom
Workin hard everyday I'm a make it where it's mine
I'm a hustle all the time, like Lil Wayne do
And if you ever get me, you get ate like grapefruit
My first reaction was like just chill and stay cool
The rap game is slow and it just ain't cool
Always jockin all my style and it just ain't you
Only time I feel you, is if a based boy do
Because I'm rap god and a based boy too

I can listen to the hate and put the volume on mute
So the only thing I hear is the horses in my coupe
And when the roof go down it reminds me of my chick
Gettin money off the flo' because I'm trappin like a bitch
Like Gucci Mane said but it's rich nigga click
And my name is Lil B you can call me king of rap
I done did a few things and I'm never goin back
Mirror mirror on the wall, shit, I'm askin who the man is
Lil B for Lil Boss I'm prayin to my canvas
I deserve the ground because I'm speakin for the Mases
And I'm in the weed, I'm gettin cheify like Kansas
Words to the wise, you should fear the competition
Because I'm the only vet that's a Based God spittin
And you ain't in the game until you make a thousand songs
And you dyin for this rap, Because it's the only thing you love
Birth of Rap

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