Based Jam

Lil B

It's Lil B, it's Based Jam!
You niggas want it, I'mma give it to him close
Get them off the you don't know
In the game, and nigga, I don't sit bitch
I hit them back to back and fuck a rich bitch
I'mma tell you about this gangsta shit
I'mma tell you about these niggas that I fuck with
Yeah, and I'm still with the strap
Every time I leave the game it always call me right back
Peace to the person left out on their back
Cause tic after tac, karma come back
You would talk all night, but niggas didn't care
Know how it feels to know you're not there
You gotta step back and watch the game from the top
How you gonna live when you can't work the pots
How you gonna lose when you people on top
People get lost but you got off the block
For real
Music to your ears cause I know you're living hot
Let me tell you like this, all this fake shit stops
Why they have to hate the ones that gifted
You know we're all gifted package wrapped up with love and magic
Love and magic when we thought that it couldn't happen
Niggas talking in the game is way past rapping
Spread money at the table, bitch passin napkins
You can say I turned fake but that never happened
Never would, you can hate, but you never should
I met Suge in West Oakland, I'm out in the hood
Shit real, when you really see my face, man
The whole world waiting on me like it's space jam
Real talk, I made a song with the best rapper
You could call me, the rawest rapper
Hi speed, cause you know that the Buick faster
Bitch you know I, one mother fuckin bastard
Summer time in Mosswood with the barbecue
High Rise West Oakland, I fuck with you
Crazy how they keep you in one spot
Gotta wake up real and get on the block
Niggas are post up but won't even call the block
Allen Iverson everybody pushed the rock
And that shit's sick
I'm comin from that gutta, I'm that pretty bitch, yeah

You're the boss
You know we're tugging, man
I'mma tell you like
I keep it gangsta all day with that mother fucker
You know it
I'm still sipping high, riding high
You know I'm so fly