

Dress For The Occasion

Lil B

Digging niggas from graves, Baseworld, you crazy
Niggas doing dirty work, man, cause we so lazy
Can't fade me, Beezy B, I come change it
You and your mom with guns put to your faces
All your actions, make sure your hitting the pavement
Your face is on the back of milk cartons, papers and pages
I'm writing about you, my flow, nigga, that's shady
But it's cool, nigga, I'm not smashing as hard as I can
Give me two fucking years I'll be smashing niggas on bands
And they call themselves rappers with tour buses be jags
I call myself a rapper with the bus and I'm glad
Never lose my Bay roots, it's Lil B I'm saying
In low income apartments front rooms where I'm laying
Niggas set me apart because I'm ahead of the rest
I keep shooters with me, take your head and your vest
Getting to the doctor, man, take the lead out his chest
Good to be a silent man, this is the best
If you want to be silent for good, take the blunt to the chest
I guess, what the fuck with the asses on your head
You're dead, God bless

Dress up for the occasion
Lil B, man
Dress up for the occasion
Put 'em in a suit