

# Mr Igloo

Lil B

Breathe! Oh!  
They call me Mr. Glassface  
I got a problem  
Where you come from?  
I just came from Alaska

Dealing with the pain, the process of a made man  
Who done survive based world, you killin now

Two face dealers, niggas always gotta hate  
No brazier, I could make you move if I say so  
I ain't gonna lie, nigga hate, but they hate no  
I ain't no pain to take pressure by the case slow  
Coke by the boat low, speakin on the old phone  
It might be tapped but I'm just being prep  
Come in here in person, I'm just spinnin rap  
You want beef? Then go down with the strap man  
The money come up, bitches always come back  
Keep it real talk man, I don't even rap  
I just stay with the mack, you could run and tell that  
Got the pure lines, ain't lyin  
White lines, tan lines  
Great lines, ain't no K9's  
You ready for a while, I don't come, I'm so fly  
You feel me? Suckas gon die  
Might as well cut off the wings, because you wanna fly  
Got line, leave all you niggas cock eyes  
Still in the rental, still with that back board  
Get my line, I'm a give you what you asked for  
Bitches came around, I know I see a cash horse  
Say with a fake bitch cu they really hate shit  
Give a rich motivation, here ho, take this  
And by the way, put a dick in yo mouth  
Everybody tell me, I'm the rawest rapper out  
I'm like

Breathe! You feel me? Oh!  
Is that Lil B?  
I'm like damn, that's really Lil B  
Oh shit man, aye this is gonna be  
I'm like  
Breathe! Oh! That's the based God, holy shit  
Thank you based God, Glassface  
It's Lil B, fuck off

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