

Surrender To Me

Lil B

They just gotta surrender
You know what I mean?
The Based World they gotta
It's your boy Lil B
You feel me?

They say Lil B is the all-time greatest
Load my gun the fuck up, cock back and aim it
I'm back in the game, I'm back, I'm back
Niggas knocking on your door "I got smack for sale! "
Nah, I'm lying bitch, I got weed for sale
It's all on my fingers, in-between my nails
Boy facing fifth time, how your ass gon make it?
He acting like he cool but that shit getting crazy
Niggas know that I got a shotgun in the closet
Play around and fuck up and you gonna be sleeping in orbit
I got a great lawyer so they dropped all my charges
Keep it on GP, I'm thugged out regardless
Niggas say that I changed, you talk about change?
Looking at me like I'm money, you niggas is funny
Make a whole fantasy about my goddamn money
Niggas thinking that I'm stupid, he act so ruthless
I'll leave ya roofless, I'll blow ya top off
I'm not soft, I come from the Waterfront that...
Bitches think I'm saucy
Man I'm like, for real, I smoke dope and my hustle I'll
Man they say I'm a hitter and I'm a ring leader
Only ring I lead is my middle finger
And I'm coming from the stripes of the West Coast
Shouts out to Jadakiss bruh, I see you folk
Shout out to Kanye bruh, I see you Joe
Man I'm back in the game with the antidote
They ask why the fuck I say I'm God's father
It's no disrespect, I just rep the set
And I keep it real, Based World make shit happen
I was facing 36, this ain't just rapping
So every day I smoke one and I sit in a chair
I got far as hell, no fear
I drop a tear, fire in my eyesight
The reason I'm still alive because my rhymes tight
And congrats to Jay-Z for having a baby
I grew up too fast, I'm just a baby
Now a nigga riding planes where shit be crazy
Who can I trust? This shit amaze me
So now I'm at my story from top to bottom
I died in my past life, I'm so cautious
Niggas think they can fuck around and catch me slipping
I'm a one man army, we fo' sho' chippin
My new pistol from Texas, wood-grain gripping
And I'm no hit-man, got tunnel vision
Man I sleep with a sixth sense
My sixth sense get the fuck out cause niggas playing
Ride 'round fifteen rounds leave a body laying
Niggas stay up on your door, you feel me ay?
The whole situation impatient, all I want is... Man you niggas hawking
Man you play with the ring, man you got me Dawkins
You dead man walking, you really important

And now you need reinforcements, call the law enforcement
All your fucking partners, cause you're police
You're the fucking police, man
Surrender to me, White Flame