

Baby Bash

"Better Than I Can Tell You"

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[Russell Lee]

Yeah, Yeah

I'm a spit some of this real game

Some real shit

Some real talk

Na, na

Whoa-oh, Whoa

[Richie Rich]

Ugh, check my watch

Check my chain

It's simple and plain

The Chevy wit the blew out brains

As I bounce and mash

Count this cash

Floss and flash

Cop and blow a zip wit Bash

Since everything is big in Texas then where's the zag's?

I'm a cross the finish line

Tell me where's the flags?

Brought my rag top

Should have brought the Jag

On the beach me and Beesh

Look at all this ass

I could tell you stories but can show you cash

Give you game and secrets that I know you'll pass

To the next playa hater

And he'll break like glass

Now I got a bunch of people digging' through my pads

So I choose to floss

Cuz who's the boss, let's ink it

It's Richie Rich for those who thought re-think it

Some yell it and tell it

I blow it and smoke it and smell it

Let's spend tokens wit my people who sell it, what?

[Chorus]: Russell Lee

I can show you better than I can tell ya, tell ya

I can show you better than I can tell ya, tell ya

I can show you better than I can tell ya, whoa yeah

But it's really nothin' though [But it's really nothin']

though]
But it's really nothin' though [But it's really nothin'
though]
[Baby Bash]
I could show you somethin' dirty deep up in them
corners mayne
What the deal?
I could bend the block and make it hotter than a
Forman grill
I got the keys to the Chevy Caprice
I could show you mother fuckin' snitches straight to
Belize
Now that's low
Fa sho', conspiracy and parole
I could show you real cats doin' time over a ho
I could show you poor and happy, or rich one's that lose
they mind
I could show you dime pieces in school fashion design
I could show you street lights and heart beak hotels
I could show you young cats gettin' popped wit yayo
Down to do what I gotta do to satisfy the man in me
And from the looks of thangs the popo's ain't
understandin' me
The original digital scale reader
The pedigree playa who be stackin' his Velveeta
I could show you boss stuntin' so fuckin' disgustin'
I could show you rapper's frontin' but mayne it's really
nothin'

[Chorus]

[A-Wax]
I could show you
I could reach you and teach you
I know you and where you comin' from
I understand it
This been goin' on forever dog
It's no end
Life is like a bullet in your back from a close friend
Disappointed to the point where I'm runnin' by myself
Never knowin' where I'm goin' start to wonder myself,
yeah
Money was a necessity
My greed got the best of me
You think you smokin' Uncle B
Who got the recipe?
I'm sayin' it's nothin'
I say it sincerely, and speakin' clearly
I'd rather you respect me than fear me
I came a long way and still I got a while to go
You probably thinkin' to yourself "What's he smilin'

for?"

My dog Bash about to be platinum doin' his thang
So if you hate him for it, boy you fakin' and know it
We takin' this money
Big bundles of bills
I'm like a whole 'nother person when it come to this
skrill

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