

Lil B

"Battery Acid"

Visit "[Battery Acid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Aye Driss man, come halla at me
I'mma rip your track on time man
Ain't nobody fuckin with me

Smoke a big nigga, light him up with the same gat
I frame back, leave him right there on the race track
I'm on the same track, mind state where my frame at
Nigga wanna ride but I told him to lay back
I'mma knock his head off, dump it and let off
I'mma pull his cap like takin the tag off
What a nigga want? Money or pussy?
Bitch, you already pussy with a lil bit of money
Bulletproof with the rap, you ain't takin it from me
Five suckers in the hood, give me all of your money
I broke rap nigga, ain't shit funny
Soon to stay at the top, I be off that dope
Big dope off the boat, still push them notes
Got crack in the soap, pull it out like ropes
You got to sing a note to understand my vibe
I ride up with the tillies with the motherfuckin lines
I kinda like this seat cuz it's stayin with mine
Pull his head out his ass, don't waste my time
Lookin all over my shoulder while I slang these boobies
In my hand like controllers, still control it
Thumps in it right there like a moment's notice
Seen bitches choose up, don't forget who chosin'
I just let them sit back and realize I'm god
I bag the zips up, start to feel like shine
I ain't one of you niggas that's be out here lyin
You fakin like a jail nigga
Telling me still what you did on the outside trail
Real niggas don't snitch man, you just post bail
Don't go to jail cuz that's way too stupid
Niggas we foolish, teenage cruel
I understand why you spend all your money at jewelers
You phase game, tryna look it out like the soopa
Clinch, I'm on the computer
Got dope stuffed in the computer
Like I'm a mack sitting on the back
Don't trip, two gats
Huh, lay em flat

Base foot niggas, I ain't got time to play
I used to sell buzz passes
You toll guns that was covered in acid
My whole gun still but the scope is plastic
Shoot up in the crows, man I leave it tragic

Lil B

And this illusions of Grandeur Part 2
Ya feel me? I'm talking about
You know, if you ain't fuckin with that real shit man,
then fuck it
You know man, like niggas going down in history man
If you ain't fuckin with history I don't know what you're
talkin about
Lil B man, base wood, we keep this shit lockin to the
pen
Yea man, this is base for life
Aye kiss, I see you man, what it do

Visit [Lil B](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.