

## Lil B

### "D.O.R"

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[Intro - Lil B]

Fuck the Rap game! It's the death of the rap game  
Fuck the world. I'm God. Lil B

[Verse - Lil B]

I'm militant, I'm very Based, I'm very proper  
And you don't want a war: you bring your troops  
I bring the chopper. Cause you niggas gay  
Yeah, you gay. You fuckin faggot  
And I'm adverse with 30 rhymes I let them have it  
Battlefield with fast cash, you never grab it  
I post up with big blunts & Maserati  
Rick Ross, The new whip is Big Body  
New Boys, you bitch-niggas I been Rocky  
Been cocky as y'all as I been active  
Ride on us, we lock straps, no riff-raff  
Then you hold cars, we hold guns, Dodge Magnum  
It's tragic how he left with no comments  
Never settle for nigga-rich, I'm gonna rob em  
Catch me slippin with tiny pants, you think I'm nerdy?  
.45 got nice aim; I throw curvy  
My game: I run the court. I'm James Worthy  
From the block, I'm from the bricks like New Jersey  
I did court, I did jail, you can't hurt me  
Waterfront and fam nigga, it's West Berkeley  
And they ask where I been? I been rappin  
You drive cars? You fuckin fag, I been gassing  
In my eyes is blood, sweat and paint, cuz  
It's a shame that they don't know my name, Blood  
Lil B: I blow trees in all seasons  
Think I'm slippin? Find out! For no reason  
I met pain, I met God, I met death  
They all say that I'm Based God, and that's that  
Spit sick, I spit rhymes, I spit facts  
I ain't Drake, I ain't come in the game rich  
Fuck you if you don't feel my game, bitch  
Fuck you if you don't like my name, bitch  
BasedGod tell your girl, she could suck on it  
Put money on God and I bust on him  
Don't hate! I rocked out like Philly rock  
Wrists streetlight: a New York City block

Beat your ass like a New York City cop  
Flipmode a Rah Digga, a mind-figure  
Fuck crackers, fuck hoes & fuck niggas  
Fuck her, fuck you & fuck me  
Lil B: I'm back bitch, I spit heat  
Post up, I sell dimes and fat zips  
Got crack: the cats come like catnip  
Don't trip: I never fold like napkins  
Rude goon: I'm just "Robbin" like Baskins  
Anthrax a real boy like Osama  
Been played, I been beat, I love drama  
X-Man on defense, the street shit  
Riding up in deep tints & deep dish  
Never thought I'd come hard? I fooled you!  
Ben Watson I cursed you, it's Voodoo  
Been locked in, Mach-10s and Mac-10s  
Leave his head split & no Cochran to back him  
What? You niggas wish I'd fall of the Big League?  
At my lowest point, sacrifice to make bread  
XMR - call your bitch and get head  
She don't really like you: possum, she play dead  
Riding up top. Real niggas in big box  
Say the pack dead? bitch nigga the pack hot  
All these new niggas is my sons, the new boys  
Fuck you rap niggas: new guns and new toys  
Infrared beam make you dream the truth, boy  
Semi-auto rounds make you scream like rude boy  
Only other thing that I ain't did is die yet  
I don't like that mindset, nigga, it's the grind-set  
They way you watch this it could be a Timex  
You not a threat: my rap flow is bomb threats  
Stay in your house: I'm stampeding with death threats  
Think you hard: I bust a nut like good sex  
Think you real? Obey nigga, a hood vet  
Lil B: I'm BasedGod with no stress  
Incest: fuck your bride, fuck your bitch  
No homo.. fuck your life, I'm getting rich  
Mexican: I'm el amigo, I move bricks  
No Love for dog hoes like New pits  
Doctor! I need help, the game's sick  
Lil B give a fuck about the fame, bitch!

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