

Lil B "Exhibit Based"

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Yeah it's your boy Lil B.
A'yo Just Blaze come holla at me bro.
It's your boy Lil B Red Flame Mixtape, this the intro
If you didn't get Blue Flame go get that to understand
this.
It's done, rap game's done...

My nigga told me if I ever stop rappin
The game lost Jordan, trade him to the Magic
Exhibit Based not Exhibit C
You niggas couldn't see, let me part the sea
Part a part of me, nothing pardons me
You niggas arguably is worse than me
Meet the whole squad, let me go hearse your team
Pop bullets in his back make him work his knees
This is sick I'm on top now
I remember in the hood I was locked down Oakland
Havin YA dreams the pen right ahead of me
Glad I didn't let a few suckas get ahead of me
Now I guarantee that they never be forgettin me
Like a hard drive man it's all about the memory
Strapped with a vest screaming' muthafuck my
enemies
Haters fuck around I start movin like a centipede
I'm the weed-man so you know I got the remedy
Plus I'm a user, dope-fiend music
Plus I'm a robber and I dare you suckas push me
Got the same pistol that they shootin in Blue Streak
Ridin Aston Martin new suede with the blue seats
Then I ride Toyota, hit the hood solo
Doin dirt solo I'll tee like Mobo
Got the piece like popo, spreadin peace like grown
folks
My mom should be proud of me
I don't know but I'm feelin like she doubtin me
Real nigga shit everybody hatin' on me.

And you don't know about these handles
Most of my songs now I gotta set examples
Growin up, I was always the one to have trouble with
the ones that was never growin up
Now we grown up and they never goin up I swear to

god that's the type of shit that make me go nuts
Age 16 I was stealin out trucks
Had music in the deck, had zips in the trunk
Right before class poppin bottles getting drunk
Never been a driver, never had a license
Walked in my house and it was smellin like incense
Bringin home DVD players and TV's
Give em to my Mom as presents for creating me
And you knowin that I love ya in the hood I'm like Peter
Pan passin out hundreds
No hate in my heart, I was passin out money
17 I been fuckin stunin
(Yeah, uh)
Before I was a rapper, I was just a trapper
Don't trap the real and I used to have a ski-mask
Never rob the family, never rob the innocent
Never rob a nigga who you cool and who you kickin with
Bringin back the G-code these niggas started breakin'
it
How you makin death threats to niggas who was makin
it
At your house mad and you really started hatin em
Want to be the hero but you never really takin shit
Fuck around with me I leave your ankles split
Desert Eagle with extended clips, wishin death to
enemies
You hate on me, you a fake nigga
You a fake nigga like Ricki Lake nigga
Heart and soul of a cold-blooded killa
But my spirit too pure I had to shower in the river
And bless my hart I'm a visionary
Speak in 3rd person, cause it's the only one in the city
I'm the greatest rapper alive, Lil B I'm the rawest
rapper, greatest to ever do it... (Based God
mothafuckas!)

And I don't know how I survived my childhood
A lotta letters and the judge show a lot of love
PO hate still do a lot of drugs
Violate a couple times now I understand
You would act like my friend and send me to the pen
Not the pen juvenile hall like a gym
Start my day man I'm really nice with the pen...

Our world ain't the same
I'm thinkin hitman out nigga waitin in the trees
If he's relevant, Imma make him Oddjob
I got the goldeneye, I got the? Golden gun
I'm on the jet-skis no I'm not James Bond
Split a nigga wig make him think that he James Bond
If I ain't James Bond, bet I got the same gun

Plus I got money in the bank for the bail-bond
Pay him 80 G's if he thinkin he can tell on
No witness make him run like Rev Run
No blood in his jeans (genes) like a stepson
Yeah I got 45's I'm travelin to India
I'm finna have 10 kids it's my millennium
Everything Lil B, everything Based God
Berkley like Gotham City, hitman is the Joker
Best friend Two-Face
Who do I approach when I move at night, like Batman
Show my respect with my right hand
Solid? eye contact, hip-hop notepads I bring it full
contact
Really in the hood and I do it no contracts
And I won't eat pussy eatin bitches like blunt-wraps
When you see me, it's like you seen a holy ghost
Put the nine in his mouth nigga like french toast
My niggas, we do it real extra-big
Wanna book Lil b that's G's
Start to see life real like my last name
LIL B THAT PRETTY BITCH RUN THE RAP GAME

Hey Just Blaze come holla at me man, come fuck with
the greatest bruh.
Lil B, rawest rapper alive can't nobody fuck with me.
Hey, um, Jay Electronica I'm sorry I had to do that...

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