

Lil B

"Laundry Mat Music"

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Yeah, one time, one time for the world
Green flight feet girl, it's for the world
Yeah, hey this to all the ganstas man
Everybody around the world, world wide
Feel this shit man, real shit, yeah
Lil B

On my last damn lick, I'm out on the street
Erybody looking at me, bitch who I'm supposed to be?
I used to love niggas that was close to me
But when I close my eyes, niggas ran over me
I keep moving weight, no brokers feel
A lot of niggas snitch, if they get close to me
Last year I wondered why nobody nodes me
Now I go outside, and they know it's me
Took a couple chances, no perfections
Niggas look at me like our chain is so foul
Out the game, never complain
I stay close to the beanie, with them eyes poked out
Bitch rolling up to see weed
Niggas took deals that you wouldn't believe
Bra working with this, put you in agree
How you gonna disagree with a man of my stature
Talking that bass for real
It's like I clap on, and turn your whole house black
At night I move like that's all so fact
The hating bitch will call you so whack
But my money's green, so what do you call that?
My money's green, so what do you call that?
A hating bitch would call you whack
But that paper's green so what do you call that?
Green flame, Lil B man, say... do what you do man
Grind up, you know it's that motivation
Real motherfucker motivation
You play this when you do the motherfucking grind
It's for the gutter man, it's for the laundry mat
This that laundy mat music man, no dish washers type
shit
Shout out to everybody that got it,
We rocking!

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