

Lil B

"Mr Igloo"

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Breathe! Oh!
They call me Mr. Glassface
I got a problem
Where you come from?
I just came from Alaska

Dealing with the pain, the process of a made man
Who done survive based world, you killin now

Two face dealers, niggas always gotta hate
No brazier, I could make you move if I say so
I ain't gonna lie, nigga hate, but they hate no
I ain't no pain to take pressure by the case slow
Coke by the boat low, speakin on the old phone
It might be tapped but I'm just being prep
Come in here in person, I'm just spinnin rap
You want beef? Then go down with the strap man
The money come up, bitches always come back
Keep it real talk man, I don't even rap
I just stay with the mack, you could run and tell that
Got the pure lines, ain't lyin
White lines, tan lines
Great lines, ain't no K9's
You ready for a while, I don't come, I'm so fly
You feel me? Suckas gon die
Might as well cut off the wings, because you wanna fly
Got line, leave all you niggas cock eyes
Still in the rental, still with that back board
Get my line, I'mma give you what you asked for
Bitches came around, I know I see a cash horse
Say with a fake bitch cu they really hate shit
Give a rich motivation, here ho, take this
And by the way, put a dick in yo mouth
Everybody tell me, I'm the rawest rapper out
I'm like

Breathe! You feel me? Oh!
Is that Lil B?
I'm like damn, that's really Lil B
Oh shit man, aye this is gonna be
I'm like

Breathe! Oh! That's the based god, holy shit
Thank you based god, Glassface
It's Lil B, fuck off

Breathe!
Breathe! Oh!
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