# Let Da Beat Build

**King Los**

Ok. It's .2 baby!
Ok. You already know
It's the definition of fly
Let's go

I stay slick, stay fly, stay clean and groovy
Nigga I been the shit before Regine was Tootie
This is my American Pie so please have a slice
By all means, I'm only feeding you the Facts of Life
Yeah I'm nicer than these rappers twice
Got a new name for haters, call 'em hermaphrodites
How did his wordplay get that precise?
Half my life I sacrificed and I scrap and fight
And these rappers hype... bullshit
But bulls shit in the grass
If you bullshit, I'm shittin' on bols shittin in gas
Nigga my pen and my pad like a four-fifth and the mag
So if you bank on shooting shots, I hope you're using the glass
Did I lose you? I'm fast
If I confused you, I'm bad
I'm not your usual rapper, don't confuse me with that
Here's a T-I-P for y'all niggas, I'm serious
I leave my blood on the pad, period
Ya bars'll break but my bars won't bend
I'll all-white cast yo ass like you starred in Friends
Ayo Mill I'm gone again! It's 'bout to get uh-guly (ugly)
His bitch wanna gargle me 'cause all she do is Google me
And if that's not unusual
One bitch was dyin' to meet me, she said, "Just come to my funeral."
Ain't no cooler dude!
I twisted so many different color bitches, I could make a fuckin' Rubik's cu
be
And the coupe is new and the jewels is blue and the shoes is too
Big the 'fit, while we cruisin' through dick a sit
I mean duck a sit, I mean suck a dick you fuckin' prick
Suckas sit the fuck down we got bucks to get
Well duck a clip, I'll clip ya duck, stripper butt
Now get, tell her to lift it up, drop it low then it's adios
Vámonos, who hot as Los? Who is rhymin' close?
Now it's about to go down like Geronimo
It's time to show what I'm grindin' fo'
Can't find a flow to match mine
Yeah I need a [?] time and I need a [?]
Kill the motherfuckin' track til it flat lines
Flat out, I spazz out
I don't back in, I go in then after that I pass out
Theraflu.. to any rapper if he feel sick
Now that's how you let the beat build, bitch!

That's how you let the beat build, bitch!
That's how you let the beat build, bitch!
That's how you let the beat build, bitch!
Now say... 'Cause the beat goes on, and on and on

Alright fuck it, I'ma go back in again
Check it

You know the nigga Los take another nigga song
Make it fire, make it fire 'cause he make his own style
See I'ma take the beat let it build, let it chill
Let the 808 pump or break it on down or
Stay in the pocket, break it and chop it
Like I'm on the fluid and chop it and screw it
You watch it, I do it
You hate it, I love it
Just watch what you do in the face of the public
'Cause when I come and see about that hating and that bluffing
Nothing, nothing, they ain't sayin' nothing
Who are you
Fooling, you already know I'll ruin you
I'll prove it
You need to go home and then come back with two of you
For one of me, it's fun to me
If I was son and son was me
I'd find a way to come to me
And ask me to be under me
OK, how could I put this out best?
I'm fly and you fly, but you're cheap like Southwest
Ain't nobody fly as Los
I'll put you under my wing like you riding coach
Shout out to the real Gs
I killed the beat, it's screaming, "Los let me build please!"

(It's .2 baby!)
That's how...
Aw man, I'm having fun man
(This is the definition of fly)
And that's how you let the beat build bitch
It's .2 baby!
I'ma turn the lights back off now, ya dig?
JG I see you! Marlon what up? Ya dig?
Just let the beat ride out Jizzle don't cut it off yet
Aw man. Ay, y'all think I'm the best?
I need 'em to sing to me...

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