Chasing the Rain

Lil B

It's your boy Lil B
Shouts out to none of you rappers
Your careers is over
Based

Chasing the Rain, I know that the game got slight change
I stopped hittin licks 'cause that shit was just chump change
My dude said "B, you a God for the streets"
And I ain't seen him in days, my boys hustle for keeps
And you on that petty shit my bruh, felony and bank-rob
I know a white girl that did 10 for a bank job
Seen a lot of money, but that shit ain't never fazed me
I'm driving down 6, in the Stolo looking crazy
I'm feeling like the boss, my tat game is real life
You think I got a tongue because I like the rock shit?
Bruh, I hit 40 licks and I'm known to rock shit
Put my name on the paper, shit, I'm finna eat meals
Only nigga from the hood 16 with a deal
And I still don't have car 'cause I walk around the streets bitch
Young Beezy B, yeah it's Young Beezy B!
And I'm coming for your crown so watch out Weezy Wee
And Drizzy Drake, Missy and Ol' Jay-Z
We ain't got real beef, this is lyrical shit
I'm in the transplant car, call it the miracle whip
Hip-Hop need a God and I'm ready to be crucifixed
Shit, I guess you listen to these rappers
They all apart of SAG 'cause they some really good actors
Ready for the war, bring your whole fucking team out
It's like Star Wars the way I bring that fucking beam out
A lot of haters talk, but they ain't making no music
They rather live fake, make money, then they lose it
My back against the wall that's why I feel Lil Boosie
I'm in the beach house with your main bitch, choosin'
And I don't play games because I ain't fucking with them losers
Because in my life time, I can't make no excuses
Came from the bottom with my knee up on my waistline
Yeah! I was a baller in high school
Had a different whip, everyday, switchin'
Cops came by and there's no need for snitchin'
Because when you do that, your membrane full of stitches
Code of the real: that you mind your own business
Code of the block: is that you never stop grinding
'Cause I been under pressure, that's why I love diamonds
I'm a X-Man, I'm a mutant of the future
Never ever thought the quiet dude might shoot ya
Cause loud mouth men, they immature students
This my class, so I'm here every day
I'm on the honor roll and I'm still a real nuisance
Brang Dang Dang and I'm back, AND I'm juicin'
My eyes getting red, my soul is on the canvas
Painting on my body and it's like you on campus
Where's homeroom, because I'm looking for the master
You play games and I'm not, shit, Ted Danson
But the bullets leave you dancing
I'd kidnap myself, and put my music up for ransom
Lil Boss, I'm handsome
God damn 'em bruh...

God damn 'em bruh...

It's that real shit, know what I mean?
Chasing the rain, you feel me?
But like, this some real Westside mafia music type shit
Know what I mean?
Coming from the motherfucking realest, man
Lil B for "Lil Boss"
Like I said from the first time, man
All you rap niggas, man, it's a problem
Know what I mean?
Suck my dick bitch, you feel me?
And that's how we in this motherfucker, man
Hundred thousand, hundred million, man
I'm in this motherfucker going 8 zilli, 8 willi, trillion thousand on a bitc
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