

Baby Bash, Better Than I Can Tell Ya

(feat. A-Wax, Richie Rich, Russell Lee)

[Russell Lee]

Yeah, Yeah
I'm a spit some of this real game
Some real shit
Some real talk
Na, na
Whoa-oh, Whoa

[Richie Rich]

Ugh, check my watch
Check my chain
It's simple and plain
The Chevy wit the blew out brains
As I bounce and mash
Count this cash
Floss and flash
Cop and blow a zip wit Bash
Since everything is big in Texas then where's the zag's?
I'm a cross the finish line
Tell me where's the flags?
Brought my rag top
Should have brought the Jag
On the beach me and Beesh
Look at all this ass
I could tell you stories but can show you cash
Give you game and secrets that I know you'll pass
To the next playa hater
And he'll break like glass
Now I got a bunch of people digging' through my pads
So I choose to floss
Cuz who's the boss, let's ink it
It's Richie Rich for those who thought re-think it
Some yell it and tell it
I blow it and smoke it and smell it
Let's spend tokens wit my people who sell it, what?

[Chorus: Russell Lee]

I can show you better than I can tell ya, tell ya
I can show you better than I can tell ya, tell ya
I can show you better than I can tell ya, whoa yeah
But it's really nothin' though (But it's really nothin' though)
But it's really nothin' though (But it's really nothin' though)

[Baby Bash]

I could show you somethin' dirty deep up in them corners mayne
What the deal?
I could bend the block and make it hotter than a Forman grill
I got the keys to the Chevy Caprice
I could show you mother fuckin' snitches straight to Belize
Now that's low
Fa sho', conspiracy and parole
I could show you real cats doin' time over a ho
I could show you poor and happy, or rich one's that lose they mind
I could show you dime pieces in school fashion design
I could show you street lights and heart beak hotels
I could show you young cats gettin' popped wit yayo
Down to do what I gotta do to satisfy the man in me
And from the looks of thangs the popo's ain't understandin' me
The original digital scale reader
The pedigree playa who be stackin' his Velveeta
I could show you boss stuntin' so fuckin' disgustin'
I could show you rapper's frontin' but mayne it's really nothin'

[Chorus]

[A-Wax]

I could show you
I could reach you and teach you
I know you and where you comin' from
I understand it
This been goin' on forever dog
It's no end
Life is like a bullet in your back from a close friend
Disappointed to the point where I'm runnin' by myself
Never knowin' where I'm goin' start to wonder myself, yeah
Money was a necessity
My greed got the best of me
You think you smokin' Uncle B
Who got the recipe?
I'm sayin' it's nothin'
I say it sincerely, and speakin' clearly
I'd rather you respect me than fear me
I came a long way and still I got a while to go
You probably thinkin' to yourself "What's he smilin' for?"
My dog Bash about to be platinum doin' his thang
So if you hate him for it, boy you fakin' and know it
We takin' this money
Big bundles of bills
I'm like a whole 'nother person when it come to this skill