



Wake up, Lil B.

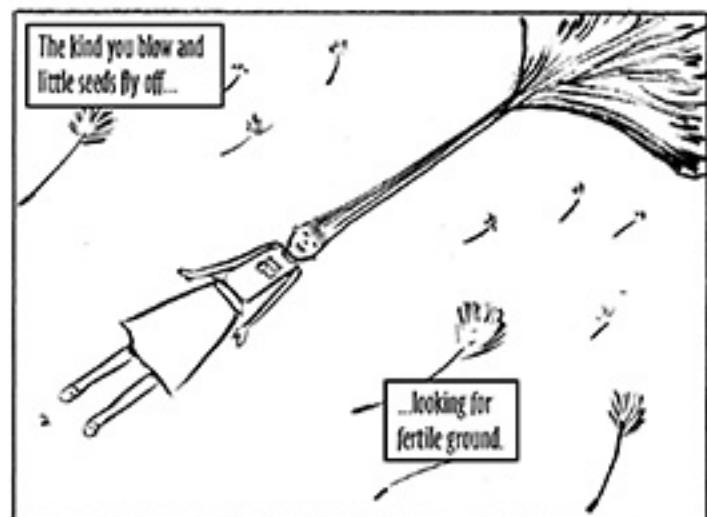
Wake up and smell the coffee.



I was born without a mother or a father.



For a long time I thought I grew from a dandelion.



The kind you blow and little seeds fly off...

...looking for fertile ground.



I landed here.

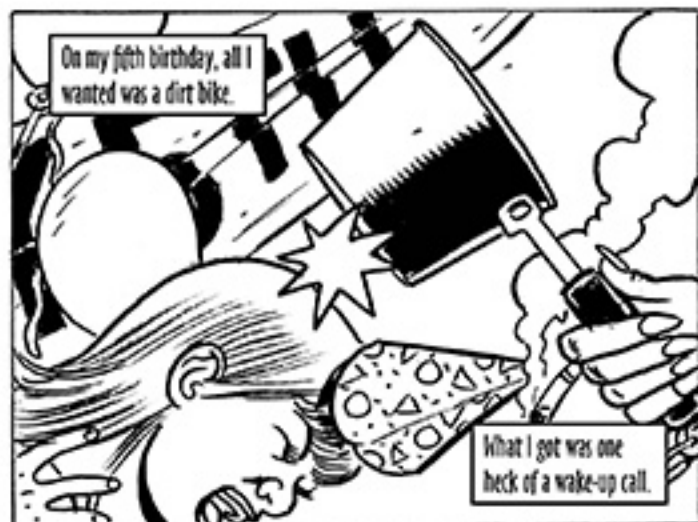
"HIC"

With Tina and Fred.



Tina was a drunk,  
and Fred was a loser.

Still, I was a baby.  
What did I know?



On my fifth birthday, all I  
wanted was a dirt bike.

What I got was one  
heck of a wake-up call.



That was the last day I  
spent at Tina and Fred's.



I've been on my  
own ever since.

Like a dandelion seed.



Alone. Floating on the  
breeze. Wishing...

I HAD  
TO MOVE US  
FROM THE LAST  
SAFEHOUSE.

WORD'S OUT  
THAT YOU'RE UP TO  
SOMETHING, AND HAIRY  
CREEPER'S ASSASSINS  
ARE EVERYWHERE.

I KILLED  
THREE WHILE  
MOVING THE BED  
ACROSS TOWN.

Usually landing in doo doo.