

Bad Computer

B.o.B

I've traveled so far
Couldn't tell you how far
Feels as though I have been
A million places at once
Many lives I have lived
Many battles I've fought
I've fought, and lost

Mass shooters
Black rulers
What's up to you half-truthers
Hotep [?]
That's humor
I'm past the rumors
I'm past the human
The body is trash
A bad computer
A ghost, a ghost
With massive tumors
Can't threaten a nigga like me
With death I'd be glad to do it
And sprinkle my ashes on my Mac computer
And rappin' to it
While blastin' Future
And say that's the future
That's the future

If you're lookin for trouble
You ain't gotta look far
Without the presence of dark
Wouldn't-

The year is 5625
Niggas is clappin' and stompin' in church, waiting for Jesus to come back alive
Niggas is still (conscious), waiting on E.T. to come out the sky
Stop all these crimes, mentally ill and out of their mind
Nigga-niggas-niggas-niggas is still awaiting for fleck to get some supplies
Niggas is still like "Damn, I was just talkin' to so-and-so the other day, how did they die? Why?"
Niggas is still (conscious), waiting for politicians to admit that they lied
Since we all comrades, (let them niggas pre-locked up in them contracts)
You accept that its generous, just 'cause the man let his boot off your neck just a little bit
If that shit - if that shit - if that shit was threatening, you wouldn't know that it did exist
They wouldn't - they wouldn't - they would've hid that shit from you, like a lie of your history
They brought - they brought - they brought Bill Nye back from the dead just to get a minute
They sent so many agents my way, I could start an agency
(You are nearly conscious)
It's all about branding, all about branding, feel like a fraternity, niggas wanna brand me
Niggas want Grammys, niggas want families, niggas think I'm crazy, I don't own a damn thing
Where the fuck's the manual? They can't understand me, they can't understand

me

All that shit must go, all that shit is trash, there is not a Plan B
(You are nearly conscious)

Where do all of that go, where we gon' end up, where we all landing?
This is just a shit-show, this is just a sitcom, lying on me passing
(You are nearly conscious)

I've traveled so far
Couldn't tell you how far
Feels as though I have been
A million places at once
Many lives I have lived
Many battles I've fought
I've fought, and lost
If you're looking for trouble
You ain't gotta look far
Without the presence of dark
Wouldn't be any stars
You may know who I am
But do you know who you are?
(You are, you are)
These roads, they don't go nowhere
These half-ways overdid it
I've had my share of losses
I've had my share of lessons
And I sure know what hell is
And I ask you this question
If we, ourselves, ain't perfect
Then how could we know what heaven is like?