

# 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 all 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)

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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?