

## Behind Ya Back / Purple Mountain

B.o.B

I'm on some shit, I'm on some shit  
I don't want a bitch that don't wanna bitch  
She been at the gym eating humus and shit  
She crushin' on me cause I'm conscious and shit

Bitch ain't no time so I'm straight, throw them clothes down if you want some  
If you ain't 'bout it then don't come, I know I'm the shit cause I'm on one  
Finna nosegrind like a skateboard, that's your bitch? Well I ain't sure  
You a square, nigga, there's a name for it  
You were forced [?]  
Niggas act like they don't know where I'm coming from  
Niggas act like I'm supposed to stay away from ratchet shit like I ain't from the slums  
Niggas act like they don't see me but they always keep my fuckin' letters on their tongue  
Internet thugs online but they scary M. Night Shyamalan  
Niggas claim they want my conscious lyrics but ain't appreciate it when they had it  
Niggas act like they gon' hold you down but when you need a favor where they hiding?  
Bitches act like they ain't hoeing every time another hoe is right beside 'em  
Yeah we fucked, so what bitch? Go and tell the whole hood about it  
You a turkey ass jive bitch, hope you die bitch sucking five dicks at a time  
Ain't got no type bitch, got a wife bitch and a white bitch, bitch I'm fine  
Why deez nigga - why deez nigga - why deez niggas lyin'?  
And these niggas ain't loyal either, all these niggas droppin' dimes  
Bandz

Y'all niggas gon' find out about me  
It took a while to get back up on my feet  
And everything that I say, is blown out of place  
If I ain't the shit, why they fly around me?

I'm on some shit, I'm on some shit  
You hoes is the feds, I swear I'm convinced  
I hit a club, you know they gon' strip  
I throw all my money like I'm in love with that bitch, I just fuck on that bitch

Look what I gotta do to get respect, that's why I got my boot all in your neck  
That's why I never ball without the check, often I get so bored I get depressed  
Nowadays it's every man for himself, that's why my loyalty is with the set  
I don't know why these niggas fake cool, when they get to actin' I get perplexed  
I'm dishonest man and I must confess, I like nigga shit and I like to flex  
On my hippie shit, just lost in my head, I forgot that I was still in the flesh  
It's too late to try to save who I was, I like bitches and I like to get fresh  
How the fuck did Bobby Ray get corrupt, Bobby Ray discovered Bobby himself  
And all they can say is you changed, say that you changed  
And all they can do to your fame is say that you lame  
Remember me right, remember me right

Till the day I'mma die [?] grave  
Bandz

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itch

New music, [?] music  
Baby-making music, your main lady shaking to it  
This the feeling teachers never gave to students  
Who get paid too little to raise the stupid  
Who learn more from gangster music than basic schoolin'  
A whole generation of angry youth who get mistaken as a pain or a nuisance  
Distracted by the fame and jewelry, a country where we praise the wicked and  
shame the clueless  
When the enemy is within who do you aim the Nuke at?  
Are we really at the top or is that just how're we are trained to view it?  
I wonder who made the blueprint? Is it the same bloodline that enslaved the  
Jewish  
Built ships and chained us to, paid a sniper to aim at Luther  
Took the World Trade, flew planes into it, and framed the Muslims?  
Is probably sound like a scene from your favorite movie  
Well wake up, wake up, it don't take brains to do it, it take bank to do it  
Welcome to the capital where only the greatest do it  
Good intentions is what the road to hell is paved with usually  
And bitches swimming bottomless in bottomless ace of spade jacuzzis  
Drowning in my own lust, I had the draining fluid out the group think think t  
ank  
I outgrew the fishbowl, I snapped your fucking fishing pole  
Fuck opinions, they just want me trapped and fucking pigeon-holed  
Now snap a fucking picture hoe  
Got me feelin' like I don't get it, you don't get it  
Yeah there's truth but who gon' spit it?  
Yeah I could say it but who gon' get it?  
Complicated fuckin' lyrics, who gon' listen?  
We all fuckin' hate it man, now who wants physics  
I ain't speaking to you all cause you all get it  
But see there's projects from Dubai to New York city  
You ever wonder why it's called the projects?  
Picture the statue of liberty in a Thot dress  
I leave you all to your thoughts to process  
Sincerely yours truly, God bless