

## Boom Bap

B.o.B

Bitches kissin' and huggin'  
Niggas trippin' and buggin'  
You watch your mind, I'm on my grind  
And I ain't quittin' for nothin'  
Tell your mothers and uncles  
Brothers, sisters, and cousins  
My flow so nasty, deranged  
That nigga T.I.P is disgusting  
Gotta grip on the game  
Quit your pullin' and tuggin'  
Cause I ain't clinically sane  
I go to pushin' a button  
They get to clickin' and bustin'  
You get to dippin' and duckin'  
They empty clips by the dozen  
You come up missin' for nothin'  
Hey, I can triple your budget  
I'm in the business of hustlin'  
If we ain't talkin' about money  
I say, "Let's end the discussion"  
Hate off my shoulders  
I'm brushin'  
All the ladies are blushin'  
They all love when I fuck 'em  
Blacks and Latinas and Russians  
Tell 'em be easy no rushin'  
Mastered the art of seduction  
I let 'em blow me so much head  
I can catch a concussion  
Seven chicks in the bed  
Touchin', lickin', and suckin'  
Dick 'em into submission  
Then I send 'em to truckin'  
Cousin we nothin' alike  
You can say what you like  
Do all that huffin' and puffin'  
Then run away from the fight  
Don't know who getting' {you high}  
When you sit and you write  
Great imaginary life  
You only live on a mic  
I'm who you'd die to be like  
Cause I'm so fly nice  
To live my life you'd have to try to hit the lottery twice  
Find it amusing, I'm gigglin' at what you made in a year  
Quadruple that while in prison  
Servin' my day and a year  
Nigga hahahaha

Wow  
It's on right now  
Buckhead to {Bucksound}  
Boogie man and rubber band snappin'  
Bang, listen  
No retreat, no surrender  
No gimmicks, no hoax, no jokes, no pretenders  
The littledefenders haters all they tempers

But tell them phil how they feel, fucking let it go  
That's ineffective though, I'm in a show  
It's that incredible and my old special doze, extra flow, quiet dog  
Off the chain, I was born unleashed  
And I get it how I get it cause I'm from these streets  
These niggers I cut your favorite rhythm I made this  
Say it once, say it twice, you made this  
That's in a affirmative, word of big bird it is  
I got the fire work  
You feel it in the chest when the base be bang  
Yeah and you know my style, I'm from the killer cane  
While we turn it on and turn it out  
It go on and on and on and on  
Everybody talking  
It's bob, bobby raylisten

Yeah  
It's B.o... B  
Bobby Ray, international extraordinaire  
Listen  
I'm from the city where they hang out on the light pole  
Tryin' to get their weight up off 'em, I ain't talkin' lipo'  
I'm talkin' bout that city I take everywhere that I go  
I do this for the niggas locked in solitary iso'  
Who grew up with kaleidoscopes  
Now they lookin' through rifle scopes  
Tryin' to make it out the dark  
That's what we raise our lighters for  
Smokin' on that blue turf  
Just like them boys in Idaho  
I swear I'm {eatin' good}  
What you on that diet for?  
I'm chillin' with some fire hoes  
So hot you'll need a fire hose  
Too much pussy on your payroll boy  
You need to fire hoes (You're fired)  
That's why my fans is who I'm writin' for  
You'd swear they never tire  
Cause they hands are up the entire show  
But what you hidin' for?  
I'm speakin' for your benefit  
Me to you is like PlayStation 3 to SEGA Genesis  
I have no arch nemesis  
I have no identity  
I just go gorillas in your village and start pillaging your city  
I still got it  
I don't need to baby sit  
I'm just magnificent like Magic back in '86  
I told her, "Cook my eggs Benedict"  
She say I'm gettin' cocky  
Now I say, "I've been a dick"  
"Bitch"  
Hahaaa