

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