Campaign

B.o.B

One hand on the clutch, life in the fast lane
Money ain't nothing if it can't come the fast way
Chronic chronic chronic, roaches in my ashtray
It's that presidential shit, welcome to my campaign
To my campaign, to my campaign
Same lifestyle ain't a damn thing changed
To my campaign, welcome to my campaign
Same old lifestyle ain't a damn thing change

I say my mixtape, better than your album
How come, really you was better off without one
Sideline haters, they can't tolerate the outcome
You the runner up type, me they cannot out run
Sit your whack ass down, Calm the fuck down some
Take a fucking Valium, now DJ crank the volume
Tell her like, keep your head steady I'm about done
Passed out, please don't wake me up until the ounce come
Uh, I'm in the hood, like an Obama sticker
I'm from the hood, you a neighborhood watch nigga
I fall through with a "made u look," watch nigga
Ha, Pissin niggas off like swastikas

I'm campaigning with my Ace, he just beat a case
So we got liquor by the crates, yellin fuck the state
I guess you could say its fate
That we made it from the bottom of the bottom
Where somebody always shooting but don't nobody know who shot e
m
I just pray the angels got em, I hope The Lord embrace em
I swear to y'all the streets are hell that's why I call my pist
ol Satan
If we don't make it then its back to doin devilish things
Now tell that freak to drop it lower than her self esteem
Death to my opponents, this is my crowning moment
The life we livin can't be rented boy you gotta own it
Im feelin lethal, Sippin brandy that moesha
You saw that buzz upper cut that's how that flow will treat you

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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