

**E.T.**

**B.o.B**

Like I don't belong  
I feel like I don't belong  
Like I don't belong  
Like a extra-terrestrial  
Extraterrestrial, oh  
Extraterrestrial  
Extraterrestrial, oh

Yeah, basically I'm an alien to y'all  
I guess I'm, speaking in different languages than y'all  
I guess, all you know is my aliases all  
I stepped into the Hall of Fame and put my frame on the wall  
I'm like a Michelangelo painting that hangs in the vault  
They gated me off, by Hendrix while he plays the guitar  
Never had friends but me and Franklin was dawgs  
Somewhere between insane and famous, guess my brain's a little off  
I'm in the b-b-basement havin' d-d-dangerous typa thoughts  
I pace for hours, hit the fuckin' vaporizer and cough  
Kill everything I see and leave behind a mountain of chalk  
I took the hand that I was dealt and made a house outta cards  
You can't compare me to anyone, swag on Area 51  
Blowin' purple crop circles, pack is loud as a intercom  
Anti-gravity moon suit  
Went from being who are you to chillin' with the who's who  
Paranoid of more than story-tales in science fiction  
Sleepin' with a fat burner like I'm tryna watch my figure  
Wanna cut me out the picture get some bigger scissors  
I-I stop shittin' on these niggas, but I never been a quitter  
Yeah, so join the B.o.B hate fence  
I would say "Fuck ya" but I practice in safe sex  
Signin' off, young Jedi on the red eye  
Rap God, I should have my own prayer line  
Ay man, Ray Bans

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Oh my God, it's the Martian  
Stuntin' in them Son of Mars Jordans  
It must be the shoes, the stars in the sky won't start 'em  
Far from the norm', bitch I'm Norman Bates awkward  
But nothing's far fetched when a underdog's barkin'  
But they could get checked if I don't sign my goons forge it  
I don't phone home, I phone homies  
And catch you at your home with your homies, spoil a moment  
Extra-extra-terrestrial, extra clips, extra bitch  
Homie I don't fear shit like excision, neck a twist  
Gettin' high on extra shit with extra kick to kick my ass  
And after I put all bullshit to the side, I lick my hands from a Different world's Dwayne Wayne  
Unexplained things goin' in my strange brain  
Unidentified flyin' object Wayne's plane

'Cause I be on that Mary, I don't fuck with plain Jane  
Drugs in the backpack, no room for E.T  
Eyes on my kneecaps, don't look up knee deep  
All I do is fall back, smoke kush and keep seeds  
Swallow 'em with some water, cut myself and bleed weed  
Having trouble bein' human, let alone a human being  
Have trouble shootin' a breeze not a M-16 (Bop)  
I feel without no understandin', that will be my own fear  
And they don't understand me, I know I don't belong here  
Tunechi

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