

Generation Lost

B.o.B

(Turbulence. Can you feel? Turbulence) Okay. (Can you feel?)
I need to spit something real for a second y'all. (Turbulence)
Just bare with me. Listen. (Can you feel? Turbulence.)

Skull and crossbones and death bandannas
A liquor store on every corner in Atlanta
Cops ridin' around tossin' niggas in the slammer
Tell me what's wrong
I could really use some answers
Now-a-days everybody wants to be a rapper
About two years ago everybody was a trapper
Obviously, money is what everybody's after
Cause slavery ain't change
It's a modern day disaster
Now these are my words from me to you
Everything you do from your shades to your shoes
From your chains to your Coupe
Came from the tube
Trust me I would know
I was raised on it too
Okay, now just let me get your attention
I'm a turn the tables so you don't get defensive
I'm a put my bullshit aside for a second
Cause I can't be fake
Cause God won't let me
I used to wear a grill
Because it was the trend
Not because I liked it
I just wanted to fit in
Then I got "Eastside" tatted on my skin
And I tried to get dreads but my hair was too big
But I was lost
I ain't know who I was
What else was there to do besides look like a thug
So in my senior year at Columbia High
I dropped out of high school and I got signed
B.o.B. was the name
I ain't like Bobby Ray cause I was ashamed
But you can call me Bobby Ray from this day forth
And I could give a damn about the fame and fortune
Honestly I don't even listen to rap
Cause when I turn the radio on, out comes crap
And if you make good music that's okay
But on the radio, that they don't play
It's easy to see we created a beast
Cause everybody wants to hear what they don't need
And now all the rappers got to struggle to give you
That bullshit music so they can continue
To live
The position that I'm in
Is quite an interesting predicament I will admit
But you can count on me cause I'm refusing to give in
Cause I'm a give you music cause we need it to exist
Bitch
So I'm a play my guitar
Rap about aliens and sing about stars
Till you understand that's what we are

So we ain't got to struggle no more so we don't starve
I swear to God I love you with every bar
We all got problems that need to be solved
So while I got the mic I'm a speak my thoughts
And I'm a keep it real till the day I fall