Gladiators

B.o.B

Okay so I'm on the beat
What am I supposed to rhyme?
What am I supposed to do in this booth?
Am I to flow a line?
What am I a spokesman now?
What am I a poster child?
What am I supposed to smile?
What am I supposed to be the dopest MC to hold this down?
What if I wasn't poor as a child?
What if I didn't grow up in doubt?
I probably shouldn't be smoking so much my mind is over fried
But still I notice how
Them same folks will smile in your face
But behind your back them same folk will frown
But that's enough about them, talk about me
Yes it's B to the O, I said B to the O and to the B
I owe it to the streets
And I ain't tryna brag but you know your boys a beast
And yeah I gotta eat cause my groceries on this beat
And my song will carry on till I no longer speak
My soul is also Kosher added to the fact I'm cheap
And I put that on my grandma Othella so
Rest In Peace hater

A many blessings sent from heaven thanking God to be alive
Flight attendant woke me up said Mr.Cole you have arrived, welcome
In this game the price of fame is steep, Lord help 'em
Keep 'em sane
Prayin' that the heat won't melt 'em
I'm headed to the top I couldn't be more welcome
Took the lead role, now look I'm right outside ya peephole
That's for the crown holders
Never would I dethrone
But if you ever leave home don't worry I keep your seat warm
So yeah I'm Simba in a sense
I'm the prince, you impostor's no Mufasas, but there's Oscars for you gents
When I say I'm better then you niggas don't mean no offense
But is clear with no tints man just check the fingerprints
You'll see we not the same
I got a shit list with lot's of names
And plus hit list with of rappers I'ma cock and aim
Then it's who shot ya man
Finally figured out the game
Got nothin' to lose
And a whole fuckin' lot to gain

Bwoy. Yeah, nigga. Uh, J. Cole nigga. Yeah. B.o.B nigga
Uh, A.T.L. uh. N.C. bwoy. Grand Hustle nigga. Roc Nation nigga.

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