

How It Is

B.o.B

Yeah yeah
Look
She said her ex wasn't shit, one before that wasn't shit, one before that wasn't shit, one before that wasn't shit
How you navigate to the same shit?
You always gravitate to the same dick
She said I'm just like every guy, how you know 'bout every guy?
Maybe only all the niggas you've met
Look, she wanna be a housewife but don't know what a home is
She want a soul mate, but don't know where her soul is
Now, what are we suppose to date or procreate, shit?
Well I guess I suppose that ass suppose to shake
What is love?
How many dates? How many texts? How many compliments does it take?
You know this, you know this world ain't shit, but still, you smile even with a fake grin
Maybe is something in your mind you can't shape
Maybe is something in your heart they can break
Now, look she know how I feel about her, she do want she wanna do
I know how she feel about me, I move how Mohammed move
Couldn't leave is I wanted too
Yeah, look
You want what love? What the fuck is that
Love is how you feel regardless how they treat you back, yeah
Frequencies above anything negative
Big up yourself the same you did the 44th president
You can't love the culture and hate the people
Embrace the flaws, elevate what you call evil
Nigga, I master the shit, I master the shit
Like when Pac shot them cops that was attacking his camp
Would you let your bitch look through your phone? Alone?
Fuck all that pretensionship
Get you a real nigga with no censorship
Tough conversations to have, type of conversations make you pack all of your bags
Well if it's meant to be, then it'll be
The truth will come to the light, eventually
So quit up, all that fake shit, quit all that flaw shit, quit all that fluke shit, get off that tough shit, let have a talk shit
We on this art shit, yeah, owning boss shit
And we ain't gotta have a baby
I like it being me and you
When you weak you kinda cute
What we watching, season one, season two?
And I don't really want no fairytales
Still, I wanna fall in love like the fairytale, still
We can do this shit without no trainer's wheel real
On some Kemet en route take the wheel
That bitch, my bitch, that's my bitch
I feel like I got the baddest bitch in Atlanta
I feel like I got the baddest bitch in the world
I feel like, I feel like that's my queen outta girl
I feel like, I feel like I'm the king of the world
I feel like, I feel like that's my queen outta girl
And if you feel like how I feel, then you're lucky as me
But what the fuck is love? This shit was destined to be, yeah
Now, what is love? What is love? What is love? Yeah yeah

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The tendency for dysfunction eventually breaks up, it breaks up
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Bandz