

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 pretentiouship

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

You can tug you can tug but jealousy ain't love
Jealousy ain't love
Just 'cause you feeling reckless don't mean that it's really love
The tendency for dysfunction eventually breaks up, it breaks up
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Bandz