

Middle Man / Mr. Mister

B.o.B

Ernie, you a fool for this one

Nice than a motherfucker

Than a motherfucker

These days, niggas be polite than a motherfucker

Nice than a motherfucker

Smile in your face, I'm nice than a motherfucker

Soon as they thought I fell off, niggas' true colors shine bright than a motherfucker

Bright than a motherfucker

They hate me 'til they meet me, then they hype than a motherfucker

Hype than a motherfucker

That's cool, we was never cool anyway, huh, yeah

That's cool, we was never cool anyway

Ice cube on the pinkie and the middle finger

Lookin' like we won the Super Bowl anyway

Eeh, eeh, fuck what you sayin' to me?

You was just on my dick just 5 yesterdays

Backstabber on your resumé

Yee, yee, cappin' and you ain't even got your rent paid

I red the text, what that shit say?

I guess I got a short attention span

I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man

Huh, oh, you hating? Don't be mad, don't be salty, don't be bitter, man

I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man

Don't got a middle man, middle man

Nice than a motherfucker

Than a motherfucker

These days, niggas be polite than a motherfucker

Nice than a motherfucker

Smile in your face, I'm nice than a motherfucker

Soon as they thought I fell off, niggas' true colors shine bright than a motherfucker

Bright than a motherfucker

They hate me 'til they meet me, then they hype than a motherfucker

Hype than a motherfucker

That's cool, we was never cool anyway, huh, yeah

That's cool, we was never cool anyway

Ice cube on the pinkie and the middle finger

Lookin' like we won the Super Bowl anyway

Huh, look, DJ's say they support but they still phoney

They don't play my shit 'less I got Tip on it

They don't play your shit 'less there's a diss on it

Down to die for this shit, bet I live for it

For this moment

Had to vent so I hit up the big homie

Niggas don't even buy albums

But niggas still do anything for a deal, homie

Act like this shit don't apply to you, huh

Been in their game, look at how they do, huh

Why do yez mans start off ever sentence

With, "Dog, I wouldn't lie to you"?

Swag is so malleable, covered in valuables

I done accomplished, start what I set out to do
When we off the colors, not insurmountable
Bankroll unaccountable, down at the phantom blue
Bitches drinkin' Rosé like it's Mountain Dew
Guess what she's down to do, roll up a pound or two
Bruh, she already jiggin', ain't no turnin' back
I can no longer be held accountable
Why you make all that nigga music?
All you play is that nigga music
Call it what you want
But it ain't an anthem 'til the strippers moving
(But it ain't an anthem 'til the strippers moving)

I guess I got a short attention span
I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man
Huh, oh, you hating? Don't be mad, don't be salty, don't be bitter, man
I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man
Don't got a middle man, middle man

I just put in work, she call me Mister
Yeah, hey Mister

Mr. Fourth Quarter, Mr. Make-It-Happen
Mr. Clean, what's the addy? Mr. I-Keep-Your-Bitch-Happy
Mr. Cool, damn, that Mister cool, damn that Ice Cube
Mr. Cow, Mr. Chow, Mr. Come-And-Get-Your-Food
Mr. Bruce Leeroy when they come through
Mr. Rude, Mr. Cutting School, finna bust a move
Mr. T, Mr. Act-A-Fool, Mr. Break-The-Rules
Mr. Told-You-I'd-Be-There-At-12-And-Ain't-Get-There-'Til-2
Mr. Thought-I-Was-Gon'-Take-Her-Home-But-Left-Her-In-The-Room
Mr. Screws, Mr. Take-It-Off-Now-Bitch-Get-In-The-Pool
Mr. Already-Made-It, you can't come around
Mr. Quiet, shh, bitch, don't make a sound, yeah

I just put in work, she call me Mister (hey Mister)
Get it by the ground, call it Twista
I'm so lazy, tell my hoe to get the picture
Look, I'm straight up, she a margarita mixer
Mister, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm Mister, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I ain't never miss her, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Mister, that Mister, Bobby Bands

Mr. Long, Mr. Get-Her-Wrong, Mr. Sing-A-Song
Hear the bong, Mr. Chichi Chong, Mr. In-My-Zone
Mr. 2Pac Herringbone, on my collarbone
Heat it on, Mr., Mr. Got-It-Going-On
Master dome, black Power Ranger, I do not belong
Mr. Outside-Of-The-Norm, hieroglyphic uniform
Mr. Count-The-Rope, Mr. Fried-Rice-With-The-Prawns
Mr. I-Mastered-The-Style, I'm just working on my form
Mr. Solo Dolo, no, this ain't no ride along
Mr. Me-And-Basic-People-Somehow-Just-Don't-Get-Along
I just brought a couple negros with me, please don't be alarmed
Mr. I-Guess-I-Overslept-And-Slept-Through-My-Alarm
Mr. Rush, be rich, hit me up, I'm just waking up
In the clutch, come through with the clutch, try me, you can touch
Never blink, never lose no sleep, niggas huff and puff
Claim they running up, who the fuck? And we see such and such
I'm not you, I done paid my dues, I do this shit daily
Mr., Mr. Lituaton, Mr. Fuck-You-Pay-Me
Mr. I-Might-Be-Here-Now, now I'm out in Vegas

Mr. If-You-Ain't-With-The-Movement-Ain't-No-Conversation, preacher

I just put in work, she call me Mister (hey Mister)
Get it by the ground, call it Twista
I'm so lazy, tell my hoe to get the picture
Look, I'm straight up, she a margarita mixer
Mister, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm Mister, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I ain't never miss her, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Mister, Bobby Bands