

Mike Tyson

B.o.B

Where's my theme music?

Yeah, somehow I exist, somehow I persist
Thanos cursed with knowledge but still somehow it's a gift
I ain't strung out on the shit, she just strung out on a dick
Give me lips, give me hips, give me hypothalamus
I got snow birds, I got snowflakes need a snow plow in this bitch
Every time I speak my mind somehow someone take offence
It ain't never been a rapper kick this shit the way I did
And somehow, somehow, somehow not succumb to politics
You ain't never been nowhere but shit, somehow you a trip
Niggas die for their presidents, coroner got calluses
You ain't somebody we miss, you ain't somebody miss
I ain't never missed a shot but still, somehow this a brick
Yeah somehow this a brick, I go concrete go cement
If the body is a temple, I [?]
Drink gin 'till it's lights out, call it halogen
They should've sent Mike 'stead of Neil, ain't know which Tyson to send
If you send a shooter why would you send somebody who miss?
Be more memorable, you are not somebody we miss
I ain't never missed a shot but still, shit, somehow this a brick, brick, brick

Bitch, come on you bitch. You scared [?]. You're not man enough to fuck with me. Can't last two minute in my world, bitch. Look at you, scared now [?]. Scared of the real man

It's the rap God, come now, come now, come now and repent
Don't be blasphemous, come now taste this holy sacrament
Parents forced the bible on you, tell me how it's different
You enforcing diets, kids eating colored flower ribs
Vegetables don't make you conscious, that's not true enlightenment
You program your body if you don't eat salad you get sick
They been growing food in labs since some time in '86
First they running out of wings, now they selling thighs and shit
East-eastern medicine versus western practices
The real secret societies are niggas ignorance, yeah
Channeling, television programing
Hollywood keep painting niggas with the same old manuscript
Black trauma, slave tunes, this shit just like Willie Lynch
They don't show when you was kings, just when you got your ass whipped
Now they pandering to blacks and gays in every single script
Yeah we worth a civilization but somehow we savages
Like blunt, I'm laced, that's acid, I'm based
I'm based, I'm baked, off gas, no brakes
All oz, no shake, like blunt, I'm laced
That's acid, I'm based, I'm based, I'm baked, Bobby Ray
Ray Bandz, rap God, eight man

Well, for example, rage against Evander Holyfield worked against you

Well fuck it. It's a fight, so whatever happens, happens

Mike why do you have to talk like that

Well I'm talking to you the way I wanna talk to you. You have a problem, turn off your station

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