Mission Statement

B.o.B

Let me assert my firm belief
That the only thing that we have to fear is...fear itself

Cut the check man [x2]
Bobby!

Ladies and gentlemen
Gentlemen, consider this moment the Genesis
This is the part where you flip the fuck out as you feel the adrenaline
I'm only here to give, I'm only here to give you the experience
Oh what an experience, they probably should've prescribed me with Ritalin
But fuck it, rumor has it A.D.H.D wasn't real, it was just an experiment
All of these years I was taught to be ignorant
Tryin' to figure out why I'm so dif-ferent
Modern day life is set up like a pyramid
I was sleep, man I woke from the ignorance
Wake up now, tryna' sell me a membership
Shittin' on niggas so much that I'm hemorrhaging
Your bitch on my couch auditioning
She wants me to buy her some booty shots
But I can't fix a flat, I'm not Michelin
My mind's overflowing with images
So many thoughts I can never remember them
But I never forget to go straight to the source
I learned to cut out all the middle men
I got no patience for your basics
Time is windiling, you just ain't interesting
No strangers inside of the organization
That shit is strictly prohibited
The music industry is sickening
But no one will ever admit this shit
These niggas ain't making the numbers they make
And shit, half of these niggas pretending

Yo, fuck a hater, fuck a genre
No genre
You can't box it in
They try to box me in but they couldn't box me in
They try to describe me but they just still can't describe me to this day
You'll never be able to describe me
No genre, no genre, no genre
The label

Why do I bother spending time gathering thoughts up?
To prove I go a little bit harder
I'm like Jesus on the microphone
I make vodka from water (shots, shots, shots)
Kinda' like Jimmy Carter, just a little bit darker
The rap game just got a little bit smaller
I just lay down the facts
So lay down and stay down or stay off my sack
Niggas say I ain't dope, need to lay off the crack
Bustin' like a motherfuckin' AR with lasers
Drop a fuckin' bomb on the radar like Adolf was back
I blow a state straight off the map
Hundred round ricochet, when them stray rounds come back
Got to go and get this paper, I can't hang out to chat

Where the, where the, where the players at?
Bring the paper back
Running through the racks like a motherfuckin' pyromaniac
I need a lady that ain't a basic rat, with a crazy gat
With a decent booty hanging out her back
Give that thing a smack like a angry black (pow)
But before I smash gotta' wear a safety hat
Bobby where the mac? Bobby where the mac?
Man Eastside got the flow, had to bring it back
Now motherfuckers acting conscious and shit
Just cause you're dressed like a hippie
Attending the Coachella concert and shit
Don't make you no different than me
Cause I happen to like making money and shit
I'm just being honest, I never make promises
I just pay homage and shit
No Genre you bitch
Bandz

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