

Organized Crime

B.o.B

Yeah

Ski mask, from a wild ass county called DeKalb
Might get capped in your knee cap
Come back and finish the job while you in rehab
Amy Winehouse, send you back to rehab
Notice the pattern
My flow killin' niggas, Black Lives Matter
Punches give you headline fractures
Push your hairline backwards
Four words, rings bigger than Saturn's
I'm just tryna get by
Skipped the first day of high school just to get high
Tried to fuck my second grade teacher back in the day
They kicked me out 'cause I was older than my actual age
I was, I was, I was looking for a cougar bitch
New niggas be on that groupie shit

In my head, I see spooky shit, loony shit
This, this, this is what goes on in the mind of a lunatic (Bandz)

He's a paranoia who's a menace to our society
He's a, he's a, he's a paranoia who's a menace to our society

These niggas ain't got the heart they portray
Tell them ghetto boys, I'll put a scar in their face
Just go the opposite way
Hop in your Honda and escape
Bobby Ray, one with the wolves and I pummel the greats
I'm on a killin' spree, turn up my auxiliary
Difference 'tween me and you, I say the shit I really mean
Choose the one can feel with me
All about your energy
Say she spiritual and sexual, I guess two different things
You want some hero shit?
It's now a Tarentino flick
Boom, now you missing, Findin' Nemo shit
Niggas do whatever to survive, I done seen some shit
They be snitchin' for the precinct, get a fingerprint
She a Spanish broad but she like that gringo dick
Ice a bitch out, Sub Zero shit
I been throwin' racks for ten summers
Bitch you ain't save none of it?
Say you want the whip, half of that could've funded it
She know that I'm a hooligan
She wanna see if her coochie fit

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Went pop, went conscious, ain't no shuttin' me up
When it became about the money, that was fuckin' me up
I'll never throw another motherfucker under the bus
So I'm the only one to blame for second guessin' my gut

I cut the TV on and nothing's on but black trauma porn
Strap in my underarm, loud as a thunderstorm
Niggas only hit you back when they need somethin'
Then disappear like police comin'
Raise your fucking kids so they don't run in my crib
Sold a funeral home and gotta send you dozens of bills
Be lookin' puzzled for real
I'm from struggle for real
Bobby Bandz, I ain't got no fuck or no chill
Flip, flip, wear flip flops to your funeral
Treat your grave like a urinal
Niggas wouldn't pass me a crumb, now they wanna ask me to prom
I'm tea-baggin' your mom, bitch

Ha, lil' bitch
This is what goes on lil' bitch
In a mind of a lunatic, bitch