

## So So

B.o.B

Yessir it's Bobby Ray,  
AKA BOB,  
I can't be eco-conscious,  
I'm always burnin' trees,

And it's that fire-fire,  
Call it that 3rd degree,  
And call me super-sonic,  
I shake the earth beneath,

Hell yeah you heard of me, it's quite an emergency,  
The way I take the game and I beat it so un-unmercifully,

Ladies with curly features,  
Wait at concerts to see you,  
They can roll home with B, yo,  
And maybe service me up,

But if you wanna work for me  
you need your workin' visas,  
And if you ain't workin' then you  
just should not converse with me,

It's not that serious,  
Don't take it so personally,  
Plus currently I prefer the girls who prefer the 3-C-P-O,  
C-P-O I think I think I'm Neo,

I'm caught up in her matrix and  
I think it's time to reload,  
And if this were a court room then  
girl I would have to appeal,  
I think that that defendant has some  
things she must reveal, Ha, heels, high, heels, high,

Tell me what's the deal ma,  
Got me chasin' you to see if I could cop a feel, huh,  
I got gotta keep it real,  
Kosher Kosher Kosher,

'Cause she don't want that bullshit,  
No sir, no sir, no sir,  
Her thighs go 'round like roller coaster motors,  
and like a minute bundle,  
I had to roll 'em over,

Had to connect the headset into her Motorola,  
it's about to get scary like the end of October,

Then this is 'bout the time I hit you that dope flow,  
I got that fire man, that other shit is so so,  
This is 'bout the time I hit you that dope flow,  
I'm out the frying pan, your shit is so cold, (X2)

So cold, like a hobo, wearing no  
clothes, in a snow globe, and the  
temperature is below froze, I mean

below freezing, there's no reason, to  
be so cheesy, got my own team, and my  
own league, my own lane, and my own  
speed, it's a long road,

So I don't sleep, if I don't know you,  
I don't speak, It's a small world, and  
it's gonna shrink, if you full of shit, then  
you gonna stink, I'm a realist, so I'm  
gonna think, with a pair of eyes, so I'm gonna see,

I be whatever the fuck I wanna be,  
I be everything except a wannabe,  
I be everything you ever wanna be,  
If you clever enough you can corner me,  
but what's a corner to me,  
I'm geometry,

So to me,  
Who gave you the authority,  
Who the fuck are you, the authority,  
What am I supposed to be orderly,  
Pardon my honor you're charging me,  
Saying there's something I 'ought to be,

But I got so much heart that my arteries  
RSVP partying like a camaraderie,  
Man I'm already famous historically,  
So my story is already glorious,  
Just like P. Diddy victorious,  
To the B.I.G,

Notorious,  
I'm a champion,  
I'm a warrior,  
I bring war to ya,  
So if you got beef it's unfortunate,  
We'll hang y'all like portraits,

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