

The Elephant

B.o.B

Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob
Say my name bitch
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Say my name bitch (Incredible, you know)
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Say my name bitch (Incredible)

I'm a monster, call me sasquatch
I put the Mac down, she give me laptop
I said I lay the pipe, leave her with a quote
Niggas ain't got water, they Wells Fargo
You let her play with ya but I ain't bout the drama
I hit the baseball bat, my blunt force trauma
Blowing in the wi-blowing in the wind chilling
They can't handle this shit, Bob Dylan
I'm top notch nigga, you the bottom tier
If I tear the tear drops you'll be the bottom tier
Yeah, I hate to be blunt
Elephant in the room
No room, trunk in the front

The momentum of this party can only increase
The design of this rhyme is a masterpiece
M-M-M-Masterpiece
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B. Boy claiming that they got water, asalamalakum
Silence the potato, drop cheese and then I bake 'em
And then I, and then I dodge the bacon
Drop a half of onion on the heat, sautee 'em
To money I'm no stranger
Turn the top upside down, it gets stranger
The deposits I make, that's Cassius
You wanna box? UPS package
Niggas careers in jeopardy
Bob's the answer, don't question me
Look I hate to be blunt
Elephant in the room
No room, trunk in the front

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On my release, that's date rape
Your album's duct tape, Scrooge McDuck face
Yeah I'm running shit, got the shows flow
Yeah it's halftime but you a whole hoe
Talking four quarters, your girl wanted my balls
So I quarter, buzzer beater and all
She drank my pickle, said she picky
So I took the bitch to Piccadilly
Eating pussy in Connecticut, I got poor etiquette
When I leave a town, bitches walk bowl legged
So hate all you want
Elephant in the room
No room, trunk in the front

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In the front-in the front, in the front-in the front

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Elephant in the room

No room, trunk in the front

In the front-in the front, in the front-in the front

In the front-in the front, in the front-in the front

In the front-in the front, in the front-in the front

Elephant in the room

No room, trunk in the front