

# T.M.I

# B.o.B

Yeah, yeah

DUI, leave 'em DOA  
Fuck the FBI  
Hunnid racks leave 'em BOA  
Wait, T.M.I  
Fuck twelve  
And the CIA and the GBI  
Post bail  
Fresh up out the state  
For the BOI  
Confiscate a nigga shit  
Try to make a nigga tell  
Fuck up out a nigga face  
Already made bail  
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Wait, T.M.I

Yeah, fuck twelve  
Right now, right now  
We gon' shoot, shoot  
Knock a fed down, it's gon' be some trouble  
Sugar Ray, go hard every round  
But they still don't love you  
9-11, turn your twin towers to a burning rubble  
Rock a bed, I don't stick around, make it hard to cuddle  
Been a made man, so it's nothing if I gotta dust you  
Kung fu, I'mma break the board when I come through  
I surfed to, single moms tryna be healthy, they shop at Whole Foods  
These niggas hoes too, huh  
Look what I go through, huh  
Eatin' that Nobu, but  
I ain't go no boo  
Drankin' my bottle, drankin' my bottle, huh  
I feel like Goku, huh  
You tryna go cool, huh  
Been poppin' since '02, huh  
Ocho, cinco  
I just bought a bank, ho  
Came in April  
Every shot is faithful  
Belly at the table  
You seen it, you got cable  
Hop out the grave tomb  
Ain't no more slave tunes (Bandz)

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Fuck twelve, right now, right now  
Pull up to the club, no pat down, pat down  
Young nigga got the racks now, like right now  
This right here gon' make you go dumb, AP shine like the motherfuckin' sun  
Trap shit, we did trap shit, we did trap shit  
Ratchet shit, bad bitch, make-it-clap shit  
Rich bitch on some rich shit, kick-your-dick shit  
Real slick, on some slick shit, like I'm Slick Rick  
I do what I wanna, you got, see like my persona  
She givin' me tat, she wanna kiss, she would be havin' him back  
But fuck it, I'd rather kick shit with my packs  
And baby wrap around me like a rib-stick  
I ball too hard, won't miss shit  
Big Havi on the beat, that's a whole hit  
Tell a girl finna got him like "oh, shit"

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