

# Voltage

B.o.B

Well she strike like a lightning bolt  
She highly electric, a thousand volts yeah  
She'll shock you up out your clothes  
One strike then there she go  
I'm talkin 'bout her  
Oh yeah!  
I'm talkin 'bout her  
Oh yeah! I'm talkin 'bout..

(Talkin 'bout her man) (Oh yeah)

Now baby girl's highly electric, cute but deceptive  
Straight high voltage, fool with the poses  
Will I smoke it? Ye ain't gotta ask me  
I make her strip like Puff did Cassie  
Frank White, Lil' Kim, lick her on her chest  
Ain't nothin like a tit with a lil' Henn'  
Got her new, tryin to get it in  
Sayin shit like "Girl just once let me put it in"  
I'm talkin 'bout her  
Talkin 'bout girl, you fine as fuck  
So talk about me, up in that P  
Leg to the West, one leg to the East (spread 'em)  
And let me go deep, like Roddy White  
Stood up in it and the girl got hype  
But man I don't know, somethin ain't right  
Shawty got different niggaz callin all night  
I'm talkin 'bout her

Jack in, jack in  
Givin me a feeling like a Blackwood, Blackwood  
Momma's so appealing and I got this, option  
that we can get it poppin  
And right after I plug her  
I can take her to an outlet for shopping, shopping  
But I don't know if I trust her  
So I gotta go, peace out, he's out  
like all up in my head tweaked out  
Keep out, I don't know what to think, she's out  
on the town gettin frisky  
Raising the hairs on my arm when she with me  
Shorty got charm  
Lucky just to be with her, breathe with her  
But T-R-E's with her, and he did her  
Deliver her to me, currently, it worries me  
what her and he did vertically  
If I see her with him I pass out  
No bolts, no volts or pulse I black out  
Ow!

(I'm talkin 'bout her bro) (You mean her?)  
(Yeah her bro) (Hehehehe)

I'm talkin 'bout she's so psychadelic  
She's so cool you can tell she gellin (hehe!)

And Led Zeppelin sell it  
If she were a statue, she'd be a relic  
Strikin like venom, in all white denim  
Sugar in the brain cells on my neurons  
I'm on her like the Hamburgler on buns  
Runnin like the marathon you run  
Someone gave her a medallion  
Kickin like kung-fu from Shaolin  
Which means how she looks is arousing  
And so I'm thinkin how lucky her blouse is, yeah  
Built like brick houses  
Appraised at about eight hundred thousand, heh  
And so the whole place shoutin  
So for her I gotta scream this ballad, like