

B.O.B

King Los

Yeah, it's Los
And this is, Zero
Uh, uh
Take you to the next level now baby
Let's go
You know a lot of ppl do what they do
But not too many peolpe do it the way I do it
Ya feel me
Baltimore City
I'm goin' in

Okay, I could one hand a full man mission
No half-stepping, just full transition
Boy got drive like Ford transmissions
Just one man and a little ambition
No days off while the game all sleep
I just play ball
Bitch, I'm on a A-Rod streak
At it way hard come snow, rain, or sleet
Grab a day job, they ain't got a thing on me
See those that talk shit
Like I ain't stay down to stand up
On my Rosa Park shit
Swag superman, the flow's Clark Kent
How bums sleeping on me like Los a park bench?
But believe I plan to teach
They ain't even made the heights I plan to reach
I'm on a run, so hot I need antifreeze
But in the mean time, I'm working on my Grammy speech
Life hard, go harder
Get knocked down, get up, go farther
Won't sell my soul for no offer
Won't sell out for shit so don't bother
No father, rest in peace
Show love to some niggas, to the rest it's "Peace! "
Catch a flight then I'm getting back at ya
You never leave the home, you're just a back catcher
My raps capture the post of the nation
Spirit of the hustlers, hope of the Hatian
Goals that we chasin', no limitation
Provoke innovation of whole generations
Yep, I'm on that jet fuel, nephew
Catch you, pass you, lapped you, left you
Step one, nigga, watch who you step to
Step two, nigga, know what you step for
Step three make a nigga take a step back
Cause step four make a nigga have to step off
Now step five is easy like step one
You step to me wrong I make you my step, son
That's the father in me
I'm sonning these rappers, father MC
Ayo, who farther than me?
Slash cooler, slash iller, slash smarter than me?
Yeah, so tell them hating niggas step off
Or watch that.40 throw bullets, Brett Favre
With my right arm you get left off
Plus I write hooks that hit like a left cross

Yup, and my new car special
The grill mean like a Q Dog at a step show
It's too easy, I'm tellin' you baby boy
I'm that motherfucker like Melvin from Baby Boy
Get it?
If not get a broke nigga slip knot
And kill yourself, that'll help save hip hop
Stop walking round this bitch like a big shot
You the same type of motherfucker got BIG shot
So I'm screaming "Zero! " 'til this bitch stop
Hit hard like a B-Hot rib shop
Yup, I love Moms, and I miss Pops
Riding 'til the wheels fall off, no pit stop