

## H.O.B.

Tech N9ne

Yeah, H.O.B  
Tech N9ne. Navé Monjo  
Yeah!

H.O.B  
They keep on following me  
Don't know why they'll never leave  
I think they love me oh yeah

H.O.B  
Cause they keep coming back  
They keep coming back  
Yeah they keep coming back

H.O.B  
I gotta history young but yeah I'm never gon trust em  
I know I'll never no way

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They keep on coming back  
They keep coming back  
Yeah they keep coming back

Oy! I don't use this as a ploy  
Ay, to enjoy the ones that's opposite to a boy  
Say, but music is an aphrodisiac, use it with a rap flow  
She be that foolish with the cat, so easy macked  
Who hit? nigga got yo beezy snatched  
By Mista Charisma, to a lady I'd be ya nigga's  
Enigma keep her in the desert, I give her a river  
If she was a 10 I'd deliver her the diggler  
Seek ya leaser I remember when I use to be a beastly creature  
And beat the V up on a freaky deac  
Up in the middle of a marriage, I completely deceive her  
Now I'm done playing, but when you carry a history of bitches  
Everything's a mystery, suspicious, to a chick seems slippery cause glitches  
Off in the past, fast cash, as a lad smash ass  
But when you grab the last class with what ya have, mad sav  
Though you through with all them ass givers  
A bad chick, I have shivers  
Cause you got too many bitches in your past nigga

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So many different flavors, turned to so many different haters  
Social media instigators hate the way you display your way up

With bae laid up and shade is made up  
Concocted, some consumed it, some blocked it  
When undisputed ones lock it, from dumb and stupid  
Preposterous bitches  
Lost in this sickness cause you bossed it and whipped it  
You tossed and then split quick  
Can get a lady really caustic and wicked  
Real spill, leave 'em in the rear view  
Never anywhere near you  
They wanna really adhere to the negative  
Really competitive and never near true  
Up to date shit, face it, your replacements  
Everything but basic laid tricks, flake and fake bitch  
You can be so righteous  
And totally cleansed from all your previous hoe vices  
Until she gets friended and all your ex's throw ice picks  
Oh Christ, it's no niceness  
They gonna send her fake baby pictures in yo likeness

Yeah so many different flavors  
So many different haters  
They just after my paper  
Bye bye see you later  
I need me more acres  
So they cannot chase us  
While I'm getting my cake up

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