

Bob

Yung Baby Tate

Bob the Builder lookin' ass nigga
All up in my mixture tryna take a picture
Say he see the vision I'm like "huh, go figure"
All up in my ear like "can I build with ya?"

Paid off, I don't owe no man
He wanna build with me
Umm, no we can't
All these boys got cooties
I don't wanna hold hands
And you know my life a movie
So I need a gold man
I call him Oscar
If he get grouchy
Put this cookie on him proper
Look at my noodle
Man I could've been a doctor
I dropped outta school
And I turned into Betty Crocker
Catch me in the kitchen cooking beats
These niggas peekin' up my apron
Tryna find the recipe
And they think they on my level
Baby, stretch before you reach
"I don't know about this line
Lemme test it out and see...
Baby can I build with ya?"
Naw nigga, boy please!

Bob the Builder lookin' ass nigga
All up in my mixture tryna take a picture
Say he see the vision I'm like "huh, go figure"
All up in my ear like "can I build with ya?"

Bob (Bob) bit bob that back
He gone slob (slob) from my neck to my crack
Want that check with no tax
I'm the best, that's the facts
I'm a five-course meal
Half these bitches barely snacks
(Speed it up)
These niggas think they slick
Broke boy, fuck boy make me sick
They ain't tryna build, tryna slang that dick
I already know cause a hoe psychic
I peeped the future like That's So Raven
I'm making more money and these hoes still hating
Stop what?
Stop who?
Can't stop Nathan
Killing everybody, better call me Jason
Can we build it?
No we cannot
I ain't even got no children
These hoes call me mom
Boss bitches in the building
That know what you got

Tell these boys to hush that noise
We taking over the lot
Nigga!

Bob the Builder lookin ass nigga
All up in my mixture tryna take a picture
Say he see the vision I'm like "huh, go figure"
All up in my ear like "can I build with ya? "