

Arena

B.o.B

If anybody feeling fresh in the building
Take your hand, hold it high to the ceiling right now
And say damn I'm killing them, damn I'm killing them
I know they feeling me now
And if you too fresh in the building
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And I'm still here with a lifestyle you would kill for
Still here with the same shoes
that I had on from the get-go
Straight out of Atlanta, Georgia,
for any of y'all that didn't know
And I'm never that hard to find
because 420 is my zip code
My back then couldn't get dro,
cause back then I was this broke

That's why I got so many hustles,
Bruh man from the fifth floor
What would you do in the middle of the winter
When the sun goes down and it gets cold?
Growin' up in a house with no stove,
no doors, no walls, no windows

And my brother was always fresher
I would go to school in his clothes, when I did go
So that's why now this the type of life that I live for
Comin' up as a youngin', man some nights I would vomit
I would throw up on myself cause I was so sick to my stomach
Now I'm the shit, fix the plumbing
Feel with my y'all, I'm this close
Spent my whole life chasin' chips, where's Nabisco?
My past memories, I miss those
Hey, all I can say is you get what you wish for

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I'm fresh off my pit-stop,
flow airtight with no Ziploc
Get shit pop when my shit drop,
no hip-hop, this Tip hop
I'm back standin' at the tip top
where I belong, it won't be long
'Til you hear me on a B.o.B song,
some chick gettin' my skeet on
To touch the sole of my feet,
G you gon' have to get your reach on

I'm up all the way high,
all the way fly on the ground and I'm off the radar
Bernie Madoff money,
dawg got killers paid off with it all
I got the juice, could you place a call
and we place a call to who place a call
Don't get your part and not too hard,
I disregard what you say
Back up the truck and pass the buck,
here's where I'm stoppin' today

Got swag all on me, homie,
can't wipe it away we too ill, ill
That's how we got arenas,
domes and stadiums filled
How you feel?

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And I'm still here
with a black whip full of strange clouds
And I'm still here with the same team,
nigga stay down
Still here for the east side,
ain't a thing change but the bank account
Hands high when I come 'round cause
I'm killin this shit nigga, hands down
And I go hard, my passport's like a postcard

Give a fuck if I'm solo, I'll go toe-to-toe
with your whole squad
With the soul of a soldier but even still
I don't want no parts
And no niggas with no hearts,
you cocksuckers need throat guards
I'm throwed off for the most part,
a young dog with an old bark
Flow dumb, but I'm so smart, I compose art,
call me Mozart

My nightlife's like a soap opera with two chicks
like it's Noah's ark
They got nice dresses with no bras with
good bodies like "Oh God! "
From a poor child to on top like a mohawk
But I always knew I'd go far like a gas truck with no park
So no applause, hold the applause
Just put your hand up if you know the song

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