

# 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  
Then take your hand, hold it high to the ceiling right now  
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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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