

# Cranberry Moon Walk

B.o.B

If we gon smoke gotta do it out a jar  
If we gon ride gotta drop the top on the car  
I pull over to the side, you don't mind if I play my guitar  
We're just starin' at the stars tryna figure out who we are  
Oh cranberry moon walk  
Cranberry moon walk

Ah this shit amazing, seventeen chips gotta calculate it  
Paid for tuition, that's a graduation  
Killin through the presidents, that's assassination  
Uh I smoke a half, I make her  
Bang that bitch and her baby make up  
Look, I ain't no baby maker  
She was hanging so tight I had to amputate her like uh  
I got shit to do  
Ball up, pour up, twist a few  
But hey I've been runnin' this shit so long  
I'mma fuck around and blow out a hip or two  
Like uh, that's a workout  
Can twerk so hard, she can twerkout  
And I swear this freak bitch ride my wave so long  
She know how to surf now

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Cranberry moon walk, yeah yeah unh

I'm throwin' that long back at yo baby mama  
I'm smoking that alien, I call that Osama  
I got my own lane but I ain't got no genre  
I'm shittin' on niggas, you might need a plunger  
Uh, no I ain't no worries  
No drummer, no drama, no drummer, no drama  
Uh and I'm whippin' that Rari  
E Honda E Honda E Honda E Honda  
And we deep like 300  
From the east side, yes I keep it 100  
Go and my weed hydroponic  
That chronic, that chronic, that chronic, that chronic  
Smoke!  
Anything you done did  
Yes I've done, it I've done, it I've done, it I've done it  
And they think that they do but don't want it don't want it don't want it do  
n't want it

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Watch me put in work  
Yea I put in work  
Got these niggas mad  
'Cause I get did it first  
Get yo feelings hurt  
Bet yo feelings hurt  
Got these niggas mad  
When they see that work

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