

E.T.

B.o.B

Like I don't belong
I feel like I don't belong
Like I don't belong
Like a extra-terrestrial
Extraterrestrial, oh
Extraterrestrial
Extraterrestrial, oh

Yeah, basically I'm an alien to y'all
I guess I'm, speaking in different languages than y'all
I guess, all you know is my aliases all
I stepped into the Hall of Fame and put my frame on the wall
I'm like a Michelangelo painting that hangs in the vault
They gated me off, by Hendrix while he plays the guitar
Never had friends but me and Franklin was dawgs
Somewhere between insane and famous, guess my brain's a little off
I'm in the b-b-basement havin' d-d-dangerous typa thoughts
I pace for hours, hit the fuckin' vaporizer and cough
Kill everything I see and leave behind a mountain of chalk
I took the hand that I was dealt and made a house outta cards
You can't compare me to anyone, swag on Area 51
Blowin' purple crop circles, pack is loud as a intercom
Anti-gravity moon suit
Went from being who are you to chillin' with the who's who
Paranoid of more than story-tales in science fiction
Sleepin' with a fat burner like I'm tryna watch my figure
Wanna cut me out the picture get some bigger scissors
I-I stop shittin' on these niggas, but I never been a quitter
Yeah, so join the B.o.B hate fence
I would say "Fuck ya" but I practice in safe sex
Signin' off, young Jedi on the red eye
Rap God, I should have my own prayer line
Ay man, Ray Bans

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Oh my God, it's the Martian
Stuntin' in them Son of Mars Jordans
It must be the shoes, the stars in the sky won't start 'em
Far from the norm', bitch I'm Norman Bates awkward
But nothing's far fetched when a underdog's barkin'
But they could get checked if I don't sign my goons forge it
I don't phone home, I phone homies
And catch you at your home with your homies, spoil a moment
Extra-extra-terrestrial, extra clips, extra bitch
Homie I don't fear shit like excision, neck a twist
Gettin' high on extra shit with extra kick to kick my ass
And after I put all bullshit to the side, I lick my hands from a Different world's Dwayne Wayne
Unexplained things goin' in my strange brain
Unidentified flyin' object Wayne's plane

'Cause I be on that Mary, I don't fuck with plain Jane
Drugs in the backpack, no room for E.T
Eyes on my kneecaps, don't look up knee deep
All I do is fall back, smoke kush and keep seeds
Swallow 'em with some water, cut myself and bleed weed
Having trouble bein' human, let alone a human being
Have trouble shootin' a breeze not a M-16 (Bop)
I feel without no understandin', that will be my own fear
And they don't understand me, I know I don't belong here
Tunechi

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