

Escape

B.o.B

You feel that?
That's the sound of the kids...
With no fucks to give
With no luck for shit because they didn't grow up as rich
That's the sound... That's the sound
That's the sound of niggas locked up in pen. Doing a bid with more time then they should give
That's the sound of a oppressed nation, tired of chasing villains that don't got no faces
That's the sound of a nation that got no patience for faux proclamations
Warlocks in churches in sacred location
The sheriff's a klans man and the judge is a mason
But how do I trust my own country and state that is more loyal to Satan then they are occupation?
The system is rigged if I vote will I change it?
Greed with consumers with no moderation
Blame for a beast I am not sure I created
I'm not sure I'm created, like I'm inside a game I am not sure that I am playing
It's a whole operation
Whether it's real or whether they staged it
Shit get so tense when I go out to places if I fuck around and sneeze in the air I can break it
And people feel so violated, you feel what I'm feeling before I can say it
Before I can step in the studio to lay it
I know what my role is I know I ain't basic
But I guess the truth must hurt, I guess that's why they are butt-hurt, all the secrets that I unearthed no stone left unturned
To learn to fly you have to jump first
I touched the sky that's why I'm sunburned
I change a life in only one verse
Welcome to the 7th pinnacle
Somewhere between the metaphysical and hella spiritual
I've seen hell and hell is digital as well as visual
Hell is how they did the aboriginals
Hell is when the innocent get murdered and they don't arrest the criminal
Oh my, oh my, oh my God, oh my God take the steering wheel for I have done something I didn't intend to do! No interviews!
Pacing in my living room!
B.o.B. what has gotten into you
You wil'n dude you [?] like you are invincible!
People asking me geese why you still living dude?
Shit I wonder why I'm living too!

Why I'm living too
Why I'm living too
Say what's wrong with me? Shit what's wrong with you?
Cause' me I'm feeling good
Me, I'm in my zone I look up in the sky, and I know this can't be home And I know I ain't alone
They try to take your homie
They trying to sway the weak, and they try to break the strong. Huh
But I'm not a quitter
God's child not God's dinner
On God I'm godzilla
Try to plot, I'll make the plot thicker Huh
See the middle class got a lot slimmer, and the upper class got a lot richer

They want a revolt

They want you to riot

They want you to try it

They want to provoke us to keep us divided, but the people are no longer quite

They say B.o.B. they are going to take you out if you keep rhyming this way!

Huh, I say fuck it we all going to die anyways