

## Fan Mail

B.o.B

What's up with this faggot?  
Fuck is with this nigga?  
Why is he still rapping?  
He even wears the fashion  
Shut us up to make him pop commercials smashes  
Seriously  
That's why people don't take you seriously  
That's why we don't wanna hear nothin' you say  
'Cause you ain't the man that you appear to be  
No, nigga, seriously  
We don't wanna hear your conspiracies  
And we don't wanna hear your political views 'bout extraterrestrial activities  
Look, nigga, make up your mind  
How much longer you gon' wait to decide?  
You was kickin' some dangerous lines  
Now buyin' your shit a waste of my time  
Nigga, what's up with you?  
That's why all my niggas don't fuck with you  
And that's why we don't come to your after parties  
'Cause we don't wanna hang in the club with you  
It's only two types of niggas  
A street nigga and a you type of nigga  
A coon type of nigga  
Prolly born with a noose, and a silver spoon type of nigga  
A new type of nigga  
A sell out surrounded by wealth  
You should have been one of the greats  
Now you just sound like everyone else

Hello?  
Ah, what are you doin'? What are you doin'?  
You losin' your cool, fan basin' your viewers  
Let me show you how to flow, show you how to make music  
Obviously you clueless, how I know? 'Cause I'm Jewish  
Oh, is that unruly? If I'ma say so, ruly  
What if I stand on trial? What if I stand on jury?  
What are we on TV? Who's the judge? Judge Judy?  
What am I supposed to return all these cars and jewelry?  
Like I ain't even know how the flow supposed to go  
Like I ain't even know how the show supposed to flow  
Like I ain't even know how the beat supposed to sound  
Like I ain't even know where the notes supposed to go  
Like I ain't even know how my soul's supposed to feel  
Like I ain't supposed to win, like I ain't supposed to glow  
But you'll never understand the way that I think  
If you ain't grow up with it, sold dope before  
Oh, number one draft pick, number one draft pick  
Oh, he's nice for a black guy, oh, he's smart for a rapper  
Oh, that's who he's with? Oh, she's cute for a black chick  
Oh, he's actually cool, I went to school with him actually  
Actually, he could have has a masterpiece  
Now it's just a fuckin' catastrophe  
Anyway, get fists on a fire  
Tell him send it over to Mastra