

Masters of War

B.o.B

Masters of war
Build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
All the money you made will never buy back your soul

Yeah
Hercules, nigga, you heard of me, nigga
I verbally murder these niggas
Blame on a bitch nigga look like some Burt's Bees, nigga
They talking 'bout actual topics and dropping on actual knowledge to purpose
these niggas
I ain't worshipping these niggas
Man it's curtains for these niggas
Man I'm hurdling these niggas
Put a [?] on these niggas
Ah ah ah, skirting on these niggas
Pick up a leaf and I roll up the purplest weed in them
Bobby Ray cold as a negative thirty degrees winter
The world is so cold that a Po' gotta murder to eat dinner
The world is so cold nigga you could get murdered just eating dinner
[?] some perfectly creased denim
Perfectly creased denim, perfectly creased denim
Feel like the youth is lost and ain't no reaching them
By day I be teaching them
By night I'm a heathen, um
Chilling with freaks in a ghetto [?]
Plus a norwegian, look like [?]
Pull up outside, wheels big as elysium
Haters like, "Hey, that's nice, I hear they was leasing them"
So many thoughts on my head my fucking cerebrum dumb
The world is a stage, America steady policing them
Niggas don't want the facts, just the convenient ones

All the money you made will never buy back your soul

Uh, Buy your soul back, buy your soul back
I expose facts, that's why my phones tapped
Hollywood turned you while you coming up broke back
On my coattail, bitch, give my coat back
Niggas behave the same as how they souls act
Like a high school kid back when I would smoke blacks
I would light up the whole pack, stinking up the whole class
Had to find my own lane, had to find my own path
Crisis, I see Isis, slightly blind from these devices
Might be bias, Michael Myers
What you want, I'm [?]
Ha ha ha ha, [?]
Stacking my cheese on top, top top top
I put my team on top, bitches they scheme and plot
[?]
Look at my life, how is it perfect?
All the hell I survived, yeah I deserved it
So I'm shitting on niggas with twice the serving
All the thoughts on my head are quite disturbing
[?]
So whenever I die, I die with purpose, mother fucker

Bandz

All the money you made will never buy back your soul

Yeah yeah

I defy the limits, penmanship is wicked

I'm my only master and my own apprentice

How do I present this, tryna find a sentence

Guess to some extent I feel the end is near and clear of all your vision

Cold as cryogenics

Knowledge that's forbidden, knowledge in my lyrics

I've been in the kitchen, all the points I'm hitting

I'm just too direct, no such thing as [?]

Kick the shit now quit your bitching

Now cut the shit, let's get to business

I try to show what's hidden

Try to paint the picture, guess you just ain't photogenic

Get offended

Make you see the veil then I lift it

Been to hell it's [?] visit

Here's a breath of fresh air, it's been a minute, aye

How to make a murderer, better yet

How to make a terrorist, better yet

How to start a civil war, better yet

How to tax America, yeah yeah

Step by step by step by step get more in depth, don't panic

Don't panic, follow the rabbit

Bandz