

## Middle Man / Mr. Mister

B.o.B

Ernie, you a fool for this one

Nice than a motherfucker

Than a motherfucker

These days, niggas be polite than a motherfucker

Nice than a motherfucker

Smile in your face, I'm nice than a motherfucker

Soon as they thought I fell off, niggas' true colors shine bright than a motherfucker

Bright than a motherfucker

They hate me 'til they meet me, then they hype than a motherfucker

Hype than a motherfucker

That's cool, we was never cool anyway, huh, yeah

That's cool, we was never cool anyway

Ice cube on the pinkie and the middle finger

Lookin' like we won the Super Bowl anyway

Eeh, eeh, fuck what you sayin' to me?

You was just on my dick just 5 yesterdays

Backstabber on your resumé

Yee, yee, cappin' and you ain't even got your rent paid

I red the text, what that shit say?

I guess I got a short attention span

I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man

Huh, oh, you hating? Don't be mad, don't be salty, don't be bitter, man

I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man

Don't got a middle man, middle man

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Huh, look, DJ's say they support but they still phoney

They don't play my shit 'less I got Tip on it

They don't play your shit 'less there's a diss on it

Down to die for this shit, bet I live for it

For this moment

Had to vent so I hit up the big homie

Niggas don't even buy albums

But niggas still do anything for a deal, homie

Act like this shit don't apply to you, huh

Been in their game, look at how they do, huh

Why do yez mans start off ever sentence

With, "Dog, I wouldn't lie to you"?

Swag is so malleable, covered in valuables

I done accomplished, start what I set out to do  
When we off the colors, not insurmountable  
Bankroll unaccountable, down at the phantom blue  
Bitches drinkin' Rosé like it's Mountain Dew  
Guess what she's down to do, roll up a pound or two  
Bruh, she already jiggin', ain't no turnin' back  
I can no longer be held accountable  
Why you make all that nigga music?  
All you play is that nigga music  
Call it what you want  
But it ain't an anthem 'til the strippers moving  
(But it ain't an anthem 'til the strippers moving)

I guess I got a short attention span  
I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man  
Huh, oh, you hating? Don't be mad, don't be salty, don't be bitter, man  
I learned it, get it straight from the source, fuck the middle man  
Don't got a middle man, middle man

I just put in work, she call me Mister  
Yeah, hey Mister

Mr. Fourth Quarter, Mr. Make-It-Happen  
Mr. Clean, what's the addy? Mr. I-Keep-Your-Bitch-Happy  
Mr. Cool, damn, that Mister cool, damn that Ice Cube  
Mr. Cow, Mr. Chow, Mr. Come-And-Get-Your-Food  
Mr. Bruce Leeroy when they come through  
Mr. Rude, Mr. Cutting School, finna bust a move  
Mr. T, Mr. Act-A-Fool, Mr. Break-The-Rules  
Mr. Told-You-I'd-Be-There-At-12-And-Ain't-Get-There-'Til-2  
Mr. Thought-I-Was-Gon'-Take-Her-Home-But-Left-Her-In-The-Room  
Mr. Screws, Mr. Take-It-Off-Now-Bitch-Get-In-The-Pool  
Mr. Already-Made-It, you can't come around  
Mr. Quiet, shh, bitch, don't make a sound, yeah

I just put in work, she call me Mister (hey Mister)  
Get it by the ground, call it Twista  
I'm so lazy, tell my hoe to get the picture  
Look, I'm straight up, she a margarita mixer  
Mister, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'm Mister, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I ain't never miss her, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Mister, that Mister, Bobby Bands

Mr. Long, Mr. Get-Her-Wrong, Mr. Sing-A-Song  
Hear the bong, Mr. Chichi Chong, Mr. In-My-Zone  
Mr. 2Pac Herringbone, on my collarbone  
Heat it on, Mr., Mr. Got-It-Going-On  
Master dome, black Power Ranger, I do not belong  
Mr. Outside-Of-The-Norm, hieroglyphic uniform  
Mr. Count-The-Rope, Mr. Fried-Rice-With-The-Prawns  
Mr. I-Mastered-The-Style, I'm just working on my form  
Mr. Solo Dolo, no, this ain't no ride along  
Mr. Me-And-Basic-People-Somehow-Just-Don't-Get-Along  
I just brought a couple negros with me, please don't be alarmed  
Mr. I-Guess-I-Overslept-And-Slept-Through-My-Alarm  
Mr. Rush, be rich, hit me up, I'm just waking up  
In the clutch, come through with the clutch, try me, you can touch  
Never blink, never lose no sleep, niggas huff and puff  
Claim they running up, who the fuck? And we see such and such  
I'm not you, I done paid my dues, I do this shit daily  
Mr., Mr. Lituaton, Mr. Fuck-You-Pay-Me  
Mr. I-Might-Be-Here-Now, now I'm out in Vegas

Mr. If-You-Ain't-With-The-Movement-Ain't-No-Conversation, preacher

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