

B.o.B. f/ T.I., Playboy Tre

"Bet I"

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[Chorus - B.o.B] - w/ ad libs Put me on anything, still I
bet I bust Put me anywhere on the map, I bet I bust This
is what I does so, please don't gas me up Matter of
fact, give me fifteen minutes and a bag of bud - I bet I
bust I bet I bust, I bet I bust I bet I, I bet I, I bet I bust, I
bet I bust Matter of fact, give me fifteen minutes and a
bag of bud - I bet I bust Bust, bust, b-b-bust [Verse 1 -
B.o.B] Yo, bud boys, bet I bust, that's just what I does,
yes Put me anywhere on the map with a backpack
strapped, still I bet I bust Bet I flow, bet I rip this beat,
bet I feel that soul Bet I go, bet I bench these niggaz
like Ray, sit down bro Bet I know, everything about this
game, bet I know my role But they know when I come to
the court this is my sport, B dot o B, so, bet I'm gone
Bet I'm on a brand new plane, bet I'm in a whole
different zone I ain't really from this place, so I'm up all
night long Really I'm in outer space, really ain't got no
home Really I'm a saint, bet I'm blown, bet I'm thrown
Up to the sky, over the ocean, so I'll fly, wherever I'm
goin When I'm by, bet I'm focused If it's fire, you can
bet I roll it Matter of fact (*lighter flickers*), you can bet
I bust [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 2 - T.I.] Yeah, hey,
grab a brown front and center, the King fittin to enter
(okay) The room when the boom hit the booth, I deliver
The hottest, you probably too small to acknowledge,
you Impossible to copy like what everybody try to do
We cool as some dudes on them waves out in Malibu
I'm fallin hard baseline, ball through the alley-ooop
(bang!) Comin through this thang like James, in the air
off the rim I hang Nigga, this King, pretend you forgot
my name if you wanna I'm a come hard like a boner,
don't I Make a nigga wanna rebound, turned up all the
way, we amped Two or three tramp With 'em in the mill,
same Bentley Niggaz said they do it like us, you shittin
me? '96, '97 in Atlanta, didn't we, have more blocks
than Mutombo, Dikembe? (Bankhead!) For those who
can't hold water, need new kidneys Put 'em down
under Australia, Sydney (bye) And I'm still representing
For the niggaz on the prison yard, tuned in, listening
I'm back to doin big things (okay) A sucker lookin for
me, start in your bitch's dreams (that's right) Or twenty

feet tall standin on the big screen Get dough, big
green, my flow sickening, it's the King nigga [Chorus]
[Verse 3 - Playboy Tre] Yeah, back with a cup of that
liquor, nigga, y'all don't really know Tre Really know
me, really know the streets, no, y'all niggaz really ain't
G Really ain't hard, never really served no hard, y'all be
playin that roll Talkin that pimp shit, never really pimp
shit, nah, y'all be savin them hoes But I don't and I
won't, I'll get a bitch anytime I want I'm that guy, spit
that fire, shake the ground everytime I stomp Beat in
the trunk, cup in the air, you can talk shit but I really
don't care Man I'm in the Cadillac, gun go rat-a-tat-tat-
tat but a nigga ain't scared From that Red, Clay, east of
the A, young niggaz get locked up everyday Cops ain't
shit, so I drop that shit, have it drop on 'em, make it
through the da-ay Grindin for my pa-ay, it's that nigga
Tre-e Bustin like a pistol better believe it when I say -
that I bust [Chorus]

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