

## **Bob "Arena"**

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If anybody feeling fresh in the building  
Take your hand, hold it high to the ceiling right now  
And say, damn, I'm killing them, damn I'm killing them  
I know they feeling me now

And if you too fresh in the building  
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And say damn I'm killing them, damn I'm killing them  
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And I'm still here with a lifestyle you would kill for  
Still here with the same shoes that I had on from the  
get-go  
Straight out of Atlanta, Georgia, for any of y'all that  
didn't know  
And I'm never that hard to find because 420 is my zip  
code

But back then couldn't get dro 'cause back then I was  
this broke  
That's why I got so many hustles, bro man from the  
fifth floor  
What would you do in the middle of the winter  
When the sun goes down and it gets cold

Growing up in a house with no stove, no doors  
No walls, no windows and my brother was always  
fresher  
I would go to school in his clothes when I did go  
So that's why now this the type of life that I live for

Coming up as a youngin', man some nights I would  
vomit  
I would throw up on myself 'cause I was so sick to my  
stomach  
Now I'm the shit, fix the plumbing, feel with my y'all, I'm  
this close  
Spent my whole life chasing chips, where's Nabisco

My past memories, I miss those  
Hey, all I can say is you get what you wish for

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I'm fresh off my pit-stop, flow airtight with no Ziploc  
Get shit pop when my shit drop, no hip hop, this Tip hop  
I'm back, standing at the tip top where I belong, it won't  
be long  
'Til you hear me on a B.o.B song, some chick getting  
my skeet on

To touch the sole of my feet, G you gon' have to get  
your reach on  
I'm up all the way high, all the way fly on the ground  
and I'm off the radar  
Bernie Madoff money, dawg got killers paid off with it  
all  
I got the juice, could you place a call and we place a  
call to who place a call

Don't get your part and not too hard, I disregard what  
you say  
Back up the trunk and pass the buck, here's where I'm  
stopping today  
Got swag all on me, homie, can't wipe it away, we too  
ill, ill  
That's how we got arenas, domes and stadiums filled,  
how you feel

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And I'm still here in a black whip from the Strange  
Clouds  
And I'm still here with the same team, nigga, stay down

Still here for the east side, ain't a thing change but the  
bank account  
Hands high when I come 'round 'cause I'm killing this  
shit nigga, hands down

And I go hard, my passport's like a postcard  
Give a fuck if I'm solo, I'll go toe to toe with your whole  
squad  
With the soul of a soldier but even still I don't want no  
parts  
And no niggas with no hearts, you cock suckers need  
throat guards

I'm thrown off for the most part, a young dog with an  
old bark  
Flow dumb but I'm so smart, I compose art, call me  
Mozart  
My nightlife's like a soap opera with two chicks like it's  
Noah's ark  
They got nice dresses with no bras with good bodies  
like, oh god

From a poor child to on top like a mohawk  
But I always knew I'd go far like a gas truck with no park  
So no applause, hold the applause  
Just put your hand up if you know the song

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