

Bob

"Arenas"

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[Chris Brown - Chorus]

If anybody feelin' fresh in the buildin'
Take your hand; hold it high to the ceilin' right now
And say damn I'm killin' em, damn I'm killin' em
I know they feelin' me now
And if your too fresh in the building
Take your hand; hold it high to the ceilin' right now
And say damn I'm killin' em, damn I'm killin' em
I know they feelin' me now

[B.o.B]

And I'm still here with a lifestyle you would kill fo'
Still here with the same shoes that I had on from the
get go
Straight out of Atlanta, Georgia; for any of ya'll 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, cuz back then I was this
broke
That's why I got so many hustles
Broke man from the fifth floor
What would you do in the middle of the winter
When the sun goes down and it gets cold?
Growin' 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
Comin' 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 chasin' chips, where's Nabisco?
My past memories, I miss those
Hey, all I can say is you get what you wish for

[Chris Brown - Chorus]

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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
Take your hand, hold it high to the ceiling right now
And say damn, I'm killing them, damn, I'm killing them
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[T.I.]

Let's go, hey
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 standin' at the tip top
Where I belong, it won't be long
'Til you hear me on a B.o.B song
Some chick gettin' my skeet on
To touch the sole of my feet, G
You're 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 stoppin' 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?

[Chris Brown - Chorus]

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[B.o.B]

And I'm still here with 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 killin 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 cocksuckers need throw guards
I'm throwed 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 new 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
[Chris Brown - Chorus/Outro]
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[Repeat]

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