

B.o.b

"B Is For B.o.B"

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Ahhh, man look
Check it out
I step into the place like so
Feelin' real calm cool collected and composed
She lookin' like "Nigga, whatcha here fo'?"
I'm like, "Don't be actin' like I don't be givin that doe."
That thing that you need
That thing that you know
If we was at sea I would not be a boat
Cause I would go deep

Yes down deeper low
Right next to the P like L M N O
There is no expression
No word or phrase I know
That would accurately describe
The way I feel the most
'Bout them curve and the thighs
You know I like the most
And if I ever were to t-try to quit I'd just keep goin'
Cause just like Clarence Carter baby (I Be Strokin')
And you like, "Oh my God", I got you soundin' holy
I got a s-s-surprise. yeah that right there is golden
So hold it
Cause this is my job like it ain't nobody's business
Tell me whose is this?

B-o-Bizzless
Yeah yeah real dirty real gritty
Haha

And you know we like move
In the bedroom like boom-ba-boom-boom
Haha

Now we change up the tune
Now we got a new one rockin' in ooohn
I think it's noon and we still ain't through
While she in the zone I be up in that poon
Ewww

And it's just so nasty
That's why the sex is so damn fantastic
Trashy, trashy

You ain't gotta ask me
Kids close your ears cause this right here is graphic
Then we sit down and we brown on that cali-cali
Like we in Atlanta in the Caddy
I am not a father but she calls me "Daddy"
Now my confidence feels awfully fantastic
Ha

And that's why she the Cooter Club Captian
Cause like this beat she cla-cla-cla-clappin'

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