

**B.O.B.
"Epic"**

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[B.o.B]

You know who it is without a doubt of hesitation
If money talks I got my masters in communication
But you can't hold a conversation
Probably find me burning something good you can call
that smoking aces
Compliment the chef in the lab making greatness
Ain't a thing changed but the number on the statement
NBA resume, baller's my occupation
Kush so loud I can't hear what was you saying
Praise yo solo that the freaks in the backseat
Get a thrill off the alpine when it vibrate they ass
cheeks
I'm Bobby Ray baby an all american athlete
I run and leap and jump and like a track meet
Yeah that ought to do it
Give it that Carl Lewis
I got the magic baby call me George Lucas
I'm so prolific but my flow's so foolish
These niggas making moves my niggas making
movies wait

[Playboy Tre]

Wile like a crazy mic
Clean like a baby wipe
Y'all just a momma boy sleeping with a baby like
My ex say I'm a dick cause my mind frank cocky
Up in Beninhan', drunk, drinking all the sake
Damn right I want a double fried rice
I'm getting bread I put my dick up in your face
Your face'll look like Stuarts head
Girls call me Tre day
I'm looking for pay day
My squad's got more bottle poppin' niggas than the AA
Liquor and wheelbarrow foolish as Will Ferrell
But I ain't got a step brother, I f-ck your step mother
I cussed cause I like it bitch
F-ck hoe mutherf-cker
You mad cause I'm balling, life is a mutherfcker
Your son is a leprichaun so hater live life a little
New shit dropping soon "Patron & Instrumental"
It's tre, my flow won't quit til I say it ends

[B.o.B]

Eastside on my arm, 3 stripes on my sneakers

Don't roll with p-ssy niggas, we call them vajeenas
That's why your girl choosing dawg, pray I never meet
her

I tap her on the head and tell her you know the
procedure

You just mad with no bitch cause I'm chilling with your
bitch

She through out your mixtape but she knows my whole
disc

My flow's sick, I'm a poet, Edgar Allan Poe shit
Haters be getting defensive like 4th down and show
blitz

But I don't punt it, I run it for a hundred
Ever since I was a young 'un, been hungry as Paul
Bunyon

I'm the shit so fix the plumbing
I'ma beast and the game's you

And if this ain't what you call hip-hop it must be bungee
jumping

I'm smoking on hydroponic some of you call that
chronic

Hennessey in my vomit cause the night before jumpin'
Lil C got that beat bumping so you can hear me coming
And my name's Bobby Ray, Eastside of the A just
incase anyone was wondering bitch

[Meek Mill]

Oohh I'm a matherf-cking beast

All my haters rest in peace

I make a hundred on the Monday and go hard the rest
of week

Pray on niggas like a Sunday

See your artist that's a feast

I got like 30 in the chalk I let you p-ssies catch a piece

It was me and old melly? in the Scaglietti

Bout to scoop these bitches cause they say they past
ready

Swagger on the finish, I think I'm Andretti

I push it to the limit get 'em haters gassed heavy

Wait a minute I'm a menace

Shout out to the winners

Jacket boy Louies like a flag before the finish?

I'm just getting started and niggas at they end

And errbody say I'm hot but I've been hot from the
beginning

I be with a bitch that looks like Kim Kardashian

She aint on these niggas not by purpose but by

accident
Big ?, you niggas relaxing
And the main reason I'm passing em like Michael Vick
Im faster than yo quarter back
I bring that order back
Aint f-ckig with that weed, like where that water at
Like where them purps nigga
Somebody order that
Caught a couple cases, went to jail but I aint going back

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