

Bob

"Freestyle In The Backroom"

Visit "[Freestyle In The Backroom](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What it is is B.o.B., Bobby Ray
Mr. Eastside, Mr. StrangeClouds
I got my homie TJ's DJs on the ones and the twos
This here is BET backroom exclusive freestyle
A-Town spend up, what up?

Yea uh
I put my CD on and I did it since the beginning
I pulled up to the table and helped myself to the fixes
I kicked it funky for you to break up the repetition
When they told me I never obtained what I once
envisioned
Now with me in my position you welcome the
competition
Honestly I'm alone in my league, in my own division
Hypocritical critics, all noticed but won't admit it
They probably be just afraid of the change that I once
presented
The duality I see in this game is a contradiction
All I can do is hope but the days I just can't predict 'em
The record young profane in this age is just so
ridiculous
The population is stricken by fantasies of tuition
Me on the other hand, the plan was to be invisious
Never sacrifice myself for the plans of a politician
Stand in danger, just so close to the edge
They thought I'd end up in prison I'm on the poster
instead
So hallelujah boy, that's how I do it boy
I live a different lifestyle you ain't used to, boy
Your girl got the type of mouth to hold crew enjoy
I'm on that loud-pack , call that the super noise
Strange clouds yo

Visit [Bob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.