

## **Bob** **"Fucked Up"**

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I've lost control  
And I've lost my soul  
My hearts turned to coal  
Cause I've lost control!

Chorus:

Is that's why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
Is that's why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
Is that why?  
Is that why?  
Is that why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
Is that why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?

Way too fucked up obviously  
But that's what just happens when the bottles are free  
Prestige like an older man  
I'm laid up in the sweet like solomon  
You all just following.  
I'm half way across the world, it just occurred to me  
I look down, wallet full of foreign currency  
Table full of shots, that's courtesy  
Broke niggas fake ballin, that's perjury.  
I do my thing certainly  
One black, one asian, Diversity  
I got a girl, she got a girl, we doing both concurrently  
I wanna see 'em lips move, and I ain't talking verbally!  
I'm at the peak, man  
I'm hon, kong high! you wanna see me falling, I don't  
know why  
I'm getting wasted at the hong kong spot  
And the world keeps spinning, but I don't know why.

Chorus:

Is that's why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
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Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
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Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
Is that's why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?

First class on my ass, don't know how to act  
Tell a broad with a big rack bring a shot of jack  
I need a lot of that, hustle with, party hard  
I can't see you fuck boys call it cateracs  
Hon-kong, nice girls, interracial speaking  
... international drinking  
Living life, stop soaring, make a...  
Hit a freak on one... call it captain morgan  
You all are hater, while we all lean  
Getting hurt with the true fucking...  
Make it take controls off, I need...  
And don't be stringent with that stuff, cause we all  
friends!  
Tell me som freaking,  
I kiss my home girl, we're out of here... in my own  
world!  
Call it... over no fat jesus  
Your truly, mr. pat belly, good evening!

Chorus:  
Is that's why you think I'm cool,  
Because I get fucked up, fucked up?  
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Because I get fucked up, fucked up?

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