

Bob "Guest List"

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[Hook: Roscoe Dash]
I be over here, I be over there
You be on the outside wishin' you were here
I be at the club, I be at the spot
You be talkin' big but you really, really not
Cause you ain't me and I ain't you
I ain't even gotta try, this is what I do
Cause you ain't me and I ain't you
I ain't even gotta try, this is what I do
This is what I do

[Verse 1: B.o.B]
This is how my day go
Wake up, cross over, fade ho
I wake up with that leggo, 28th floor but I lay low
No lease 'cause it's paid fo, stack chips with my queso
Straight shots no hangover, real b*tches, no fake hoes
Two chicks in Barbados, we bake O's like begals
Hasta luego, Lasta Alfredo
Authentic Italian linguine, pasta, no Prego
Call me lieutenant, riding in a whip windows tinted
Got a tour bus with a room in it
Loud pack, no stems, no seeds in it
When I ride on the beat, man I groove in it
Hell yes sir, I handle business
I'm so prolific, it's no impostor-ing and no pretending

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[Verse 2: Roscoe Dash] Do it, do it, I did it, did it It's done, it's finished Yes I put it over a time to mix it
Mine I spin it, man I got hits on hits on hits
So why the hell they keep on pitchin'
Got a whole lot of haters who don't hurt me when they
missin'

My music is like a drug man I'm just fillin' enough prescriptions

That's school and put the beat it at the school detention Got me Captain Hook man after low murder make me a burger

I'm so further like the place that you ain't heard of pound worker

See I get out hand to my building, I am so ambitious I got big dough that's biscuit (?)

So when I walk around that's fitness, I pass fur when I visit

Overseas ball no pivot, you talk about it and I love it

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[Verse 3: B.o.B]
Since day one you heard me
From the underground to the surface
I rose out of the fire, I emerged out of the furnace
But I knew that my time would come, and I couldn't be
more deserving
Man I swear I'm good for life, but still I'm far away from

perfect
Sh*t I'm straight like 12:30
I'm eating good, I'm burping
Chillin' with brown sugar and cinnamon
One butter scotch and one Hershey (Good God)
With a booty so big you can probably Google Earth it
I'ma hit it girl with that long jump,
With that Jackie Joyner, that Kersee
Now squirt for me, twerk it for em
I'm the professor of Real N*gga University
I hold my team down, anchorman Ron Burgundy
I'm tryin' tell you man, I'm sharper than surgery
Bobby Ray!

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