

Bob "Out Of My Mind"

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[Hook: B.o.B]

I'm m, I'm m, I'm m, I'm m

I'm m out of my, out of my mind

Out of my fucking mind

I'm m, I'm m

I'm m out of my, out of my mind

Out of my mind

I'm m, I'm m

Out of my, out of my mind

I'm m, I'm m, I'm m

I'm m out of my, out of my mind (Mind, mind, mind,
mind)

I'm m out of my fucking mind

Out of my fucking mind (Mind, mind, mind)

[Verse 1: B.o.B]

I'm m out of my fucking mind, G-G-golly, oh my

I was doing fine, once upon a time

Then my brain left and it didn't say bye

Don't look at me wrong; I'm m out of my mind

Like Nostradamus and da Vinci combined

So paranoid of espionage

I'm m watching my doors and checking my blinds

My brain is on vacation, they telling me

And I'm m bi-polar to the severity

And I need medication, apparently

And some electroconvulsive therapy

I am a rebel but yes I'm m so militant

Still I'm m eligible for disabilities

I am psychotic but there is no remedy

This is not figurative, this is literally

If these niggas go dumb, I go to the mental facility

See, man I'm m so out there, I slap fives with E.T

I don't need a feature, they don't wanna eat I'm
ala carte when I'm m on this beat

If you feel the same as me, then you gotta agree

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

What's your name? B.o.B?

So, they callin' you Bob?

Stop playing, nigga, you know that I'm m known for
the Bob

Couple hit songs, got you thinking you a hearthrob

Well, this thang so good, make a nigga wanna sob
(Hmm, hmm)

You donâ€™t need a feature?

Nigga, Iâ€™m the feature

You gonâ€™ be the priest, and Iâ€™mma be the
preacher

You can be the he-man, Iâ€™mma be the she-ra

You can be the Grim, Iâ€™mma be the Reaper

Now, now airplanes in the night skies

Are like shooting stars?

Well, you gon really need a wish right now

When my goons come through and start shooting stars

You know, Iâ€™m all about shoes and cars

Iâ€™m kinda drunk off booze Bacardi

I told Baby when I get my new advance

Iâ€™mma blow that motherfucker on a blue Bugatti

You know, I graduated summa cum laude

Thatâ€™s why they thinking Iâ€™m Illuminati

And matter fact, letâ€™s kiss and make-up

Iâ€™ll help you escape on my blue Ducati

Hallelujah!

[Hook]

[Interlude: B.o.B]

Iâ€™m out of it

I canâ€™t seem to come out of it

Whataâ€™s going on inside of my head?

It feels like Iâ€™m being John Malkovich

Ladies and gentlemen, please turn it down a bit

Thereâ€™s an announcement, I like to announce (Itâ€™!)

Wait, how am Iâ€™m suppose to pronounce this shit?

[Verse 3: B.o.B]

I donâ€™t need this song, I donâ€™t need this nigga

Cause a nigga bring the noise like an onomonopia

Leave him in the dust, all he see is my Adidas

Na na na na boo boo, wouldnâ€™t want to be ya

Never turninâ€™ back, how you think I got here?

And Iâ€™m never slowing down, fuck was that a deer?

If you got a problem, step to the office

Matter fact, never mind, talk to the Kiosk, Biatch

You have no idea

Thatâ€™s why they call me B dot been a maniac ever
since I was knee-high

Iâ€™m gonna need help, someone call Charter, maybe
call FEMA

Cause I got to be crazy or outta my mind to have this
many stamps on my VISA

[Hook]

[Outro: B.o.B]

Wait, if Iâ€™m here and youâ€™re there?

And if Iâ€™m here and youâ€™re there?

And if Iâ€™m here and youâ€™re there?

And if I'm here and you're there?
And if I'm here and you're there?
And if I'm here and you're there?
[Outro: Nicki Minaj (whispering)]
Um, yeah, yeah
Nicki, B.o.B, ho
(Shh! they might be listening)

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