

## Bob "Play The Guitar"

Visit "[Play The Guitar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

B.o.B play the guitar!  
B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar  
B.o.B. play the guitar  
B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar

[B.o.B]

Well it's B.o.B, flyer than a stewardess  
Fresh to death like I'm dressed for a eulogy  
My outfit's retarded, my flow is the stupidest, dumb  
I'll probably need to after school tutor it  
Ballin' on beats got hops like breweries  
Sideline haters need to chill where the cooler is  
Dr J flow, you can call me Julius  
Y'all take shots, I direct, movie sh-t  
Grand Hustle champion, all I do is ball 'em up  
N-gg-s startin' conversations just so they can talk us up  
If you ain't runnin' sh-t you can't even walk with us  
Still I'm chill blunt wider than a coffee cup  
You know it's B.o, I do this for the people  
Stackin' c-notes, pockets on Cee-lo  
Uhm, I'm killin' 'em mama, I'm talkin' hockey mask  
I do it to death, swag on body bag  
This beat is out of here, it's gone  
Farewell, so long, so long  
I'm sayonara, the way I'm gone  
So far away there ain't no signal on my phone  
Cause I'm a star, so when I hit the bar it's like Cheers  
Everybody knows who you are  
Who would've thought I would've took it this far  
Play the guitar

[Chorus]

B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar  
Play the guitar, play the guitar, play the guitar  
B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar  
(3000) Play the guitar (3000) play the guitar  
(3000) Play the guitar

[Andre 3000]

Man, I keep havin' this re-occurring image where I'm  
Standing on top of Church's Chicken playing guitar

Looked over and I see B.o.B with this strange cigar  
He's standing on top of Dunkin Donuts, it's like he own  
it  
We at the corner of give it to 'em and they don't want it  
We out somewhere and me in Europe, they out here  
yawnin'  
My n-gg-s threw out way too much jewelry, my chain  
lonely  
But they don't know about black pearls, but I will show  
them  
"Why the world sleepin' on black girls?" Hey I don't  
know, man  
Silverback Stacks, jumpin' out the jungle  
Blowin' tiger stripe bubbles with "Go To Hell"  
bubblegum  
When I was younger space shuttle got hung in front of  
everyone  
And grandmum tells me to stay humble but do not un-  
der-stand  
When they leave mumbles to make 'em throw up they  
arms and hands  
Now stumble and they will know I put on my pants  
One leg at a time, like they do pay us no mind  
But everybody look at why we do it, it takes us more  
time  
Excuse me if I'm no exhibitionist accordin' to the  
internet  
3000 got a big old dic-tionary full of words  
He must know how to use 'em  
It also says I play the violin and that ain't true but  
You give me six strings and a pick  
And I will make a guitar talk, why, I ain't gotta say sh-t  
And I encourage any child to pick up some instrument  
Cuz if you're mad at your dad or mum, you can grab it  
and strum  
Eat your cabbage and corn, by the time you're done  
You will finally realize that they meant you no harm  
They was tryin' to save your crazy ass from what's to  
come  
3000 muth-f-cka Mr Tell-Me-Somethin'

My partner say I should practice more, I know  
They be saying I sound like I'm out of tune  
I ask them, do you cry in tune n-gg-? do you laugh in  
tune?

[Chorus]  
(3000) Play the guitar, (3000) play the guitar, (3000)  
play the guitar  
B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar  
B.o.B Play the guitar B.o.B play the guitar

B.o.B Play the guitar  
B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar  
B.o.B Play the guitar (3000) play the guitar  
B.o.B Play the guitar  
B.o.B, B.o.B, B.o.B, play the guitar

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.