

Bob "Things Get Worse"

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There's no need to say shit you already know
The question is just how far will this go
How far will he take it?
And when will he stop?
Shady man I done told you once homie to easy up
But you just won't listen will ya, nah I guess not
You just can't can ya, man I can't stand ya
You're rotten, what you plottin' for us?
Man when are you gonna let up
I guess things are gonna get much worse 'fore they
get better

Holy toledo's Angelina Jolie amigo
She told me yo Shady just hand your penis to me I'll
deep throat
And Brad if you try to stand between us then we're
gonna see bro
Who was a fantasy I don't mean to damage your
ego
You faggots wanna rastle I shove a f-cking jar of
vaseline up inside your asshole
And rope it shut with a lasso
Couple of crushed lexapro broken up wit the capsule or
paxil
Just incase I aint dope enough wit the raps though
Coke is cut with tobacco
Smoke it up then go wacko
This is what happens when you mix a cocunut with
tabasco
Shady let go, the hoe has been choked up enough
Let her ass go
Not till Jessica Simpson lets go of the tuna casserole
I used to love her hooters now Carmen Elektra cuter
Strap an extension cord to her arm and electrocute her
I'm off my f-cking meds but I'm on an electric
scooter
I might just scoot by and shoot my mum in the neck
with rugers
Spit in Jasons face while I vomit on Freddy Krugar
They can't even get Jeffrey Dahmer to pet the
cougar
Now I'm gone get the rectal thermometer, get the

lubra-
cation and get the patient some Darvocet to chew cuz

Thereâ€™s no need to say shit you already know
The question is just how far will this go
How far will he take it?
And when will he stop?

B.o.B I done told you once homie to easy up, geez
Thereâ€™s no need to say shit you already know
The question is just how far will this go
Cause I will never lay down?
And I will never let up?
(I guess things are gonna get much worse â€˜fore they
get better)

With the soul of a Sharman
I leave the beat than vomit
Like a bullemic woman with an uneasy stomach
I pass by people on the street they seem like sheep and
zombies
Stiffer than a therapeutic pair of jeans you run in
So can you hear me coming
Eminem this beat is absolutely disgusting
Itâ€™s probably go diseases on it
Iâ€™m just being honest, I can see the comments
I can see the evolution as we creep up on it
I put that music in your veins like a needle junkie
Shit I just do this for the haters, I dont need the money
I diarrhea on track so it needs plunging
Somebody tell these girls please release my undies
Nobody really understands my language
I find it complicated just to hold a conversation
But still I got a whole lot of patience
Sittinâ€™ back watching Earth from my Space station

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Oh my gosh I put Natasha Bendingfield in a washer
Watch it go from rinse to spin cycle
Its like I got ya hypnotising like I gotcha

I gotcha psychologically f-cked
Michael would like an apology what
Tell that psycho to stick a Tyco truck and a white
tricycle up his butt
And glue the seat of bicycle to his nuts
I'm as cold as a muthaf-cking icicle on my nut
I aint nuttin' nice, man I like to pull knives and I like
to cut
The poster addict for post traumatic stress
I guess this is the most dramatic I've been in a
while
This is the closest that its come to the Marshall Mathers
I can hear him start to gather
I don't paint the portrait of the picture perfect
Partridge family
This aint your orphan Annie, no this is more uncanny
Kick down Dakota Fannings front door while the whore
is tanning
(He can't say whore)
Of course he can, man he just saw her fanny then
murdered her while he danced around the room and
wore her panties

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