

B.o.b

"Uno Is My Funeral"

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[Verse 1:]

B.o.B

Uno is my Numeral

They said hip hop was stacked

I must have missed the funeral

Well see what happen was

They started assuming stuff

Cause I don't think the bible is goin to get here soon
enough

I like thick hoes that like to get the beuttty rough

So when I am in the room with her

That's what I do to her

I send her ass to Jupiter

Stretch uterus

And when I'm through with her

Man I put my boot in her (ooohhh!)

[Verse 2:]

Ha, see ya'll can miss me with that silly shit

I fittin to ride for my hood

I ain't Benedick

I go extra extra hard

I ain't fittin to quit

I'm in this thing for the bread

I ain't in for friends

And yeah I spit it off the brain

I ain't in the pants

And no I can't pretend

My nigga I'm genuine

Okay so let me tell you what I'm interested in

Big fat ass blunts of kush and twins

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