

Bob**"We Still In This Bitch"**

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[Hook: B.o.B]

Iâ€™m in my zone Iâ€™m feeling it
Stop blowing my buzz quit killing it
So buy another round
They tried to shut us down
About an hour ago
But we still in this bitch
Turn this shit up loud
And buy another round
They tried to shut us down
About an hour ago
But we still in this bitch

[Verse 1: B.o.B]

I pull up in that automatic cookup
B Rich pull up in that rooster â€™til we wake the fucking
hood up
Got all these pounds of ganja, I work out, Iâ€™m doing
kushups
Bobby Bands is in the building, pop that pussy throw it
put up
In the air, one time for a nigga like me with a squad like
this
With a team so strong with a flow so cold, ainâ€™t
nothing but some bad bitches in my clique
Whatâ€™s up Eastside
We in this bitch
They think they seeing me
But they ainâ€™t seen shit
Girls on the pole yeah they make me rich
Girls at my shows wanna take my pic
Yeah we can do this here all night, canâ€™t tell me
nothing, canâ€™t tell me shit
All in my zone, all on my own
Open that pack, rollinâ€™ that strong
And we still up in this bitch, wonâ€™t turn down, wonâ€™t
go home

[Hook: B.o.B]

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[Verse 2: T.I.]

I got big wheels on my ride
I spent about six mills on my ride
You catch me swervin' all on your side of town
But bitch don't kill my vibe
Or blow my high just blow my jock
I'm so paid, I'm so fly
Your baby daddy didn't respect me
Blackened eye, that no lie
I'm on my square, blowing circles
In the air, of that purple
I'm a boss and you a worker
Listen here boy don't make me hurt you
You want trouble I got plenty
How you want it full or semi
I'm so rich so all that fuckboy shit you kickin' don't
offend me
Don't get killed of in this bitch
I spent mills all on this shit
Boy it's been eleven years of this shit
Look at me now still in this bitch
I stand tall no can fall
You pussy ass niggas can't touch a key
See me don't speak ain't nothing G
I'm in my zone nigga don't fuck with me

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[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Keep the bass stay in the club

Me and all my niggas
All these bad bitches
All this free liquor
Surrounded by so many women one of these hoes
might be your wife
She lookin' for a nigga that's ballin'
So tonight might be her night
You know me I stay stuntin'
Lowkey
I threw tuition at Onyx
Flip money fast like Sonic rich
Nigga I speak ebonics
Got a new car I paid cash
Got a new crib with a weed lab
Crisp bills I need that
Fuck your team where the freaks at
Hundred deep in V.I.P
Niggas always hatin'
I came in with a bunch of goons
And I'm leavin' with out with his lady
I got your boo in my Bugatti
She about to swallow my babies
My system loud my weed loud
No hair clip cause I'm faded

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