

B.O.B.

"Welcome To The Jungle"

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On the battlefield I am the commander in
the war between the worlds, time to wheel the cannons
in
I'm out here salamandering
They out here slandering
Try to smear a niggas image down, damn who's the
camera man?
Where's the man to man talk
What a f-ck? Get up off the nipple, man
Let your momma have a mammogram,
Busting like Sammy Sam
Niggas can't even see me on the beat
Like a blind pianist at a band exam
But f-ck a punch line, f-ck a metaphor
F-ck the niggas who said they wasn't feeling me before
Life is like a movie, I just write the score,
Let me dumb it down, maybe you can understand me
more!
I got no time for this shock jock, get up above my cock,
Put the mic down, you're looking sixty four!
I'm guessing I'm the nigga that they love to hate
But they still watch a nigga, and they pay attention
more!
Closer to my words, and closer you observe
Trying to decipher the flow you niggas know this shit is
absurd!
You notice every verb and adjective and every syllable
And why compare to me there is nobody who's
identical
Instrumental general, Grand Hustle emerald
I'm ballin' over here, give a f-ck about your interviews
Niggas talk, hoes too, but they know I'm one of the
coldest overall and general
The more I ball the more the haters run
When you f-ck the game, the problems gonna come

Back down never, I'm never known to run
F-ck life and get high, that's what I call overcoming
obstacles
Get up of my tosticles, I got the sun to control
I'm callin' audibles, I know what I gotta do
When you travel on this road, man after a while

Nobody's either on the side of you
Reaching out the other artists for a wider view
In reality artists just don't have the time for you
It is what it is, I don't take it personal
But it's a jungle out, and lions don't eat vegetables.
I mean veggies, I'm all about my
I don't smoke and I'm never on the reggie
I'm going full speed, but I don't know where I'm
heading
so keep up my yard and never touch my hedges
I'm on the edge, you should never cross the line
Niggas feel safe when they're online
But I'm out here touring, they out here keyboarding
I'm bout to show what the f-ck a high score is
So let me do this for east side bitch
Decatuer GA, on six!
Call it what you want, but real recognize real
So the hush niggas don't even exist!
Ah, Grand Hustle, yeah it's B.o.B
Said free T.I.P, now the nigga back
So now we gonna see what's up and what's good
Bobby Ray coming to your neighborhood!
Strange Clouds, dropping soon
Yeah that's what's up, good news.

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