

# Ray Bands

## B.o.B

She wanna pop bottles and chill with older folk  
Hang with all the models and all the centerfolds  
Showing off her body now watch her strike a pose  
Tryna get beside me so she can get a hold of the ol'  
Bobby Ray Bands  
She want them Ray Bands  
She want them Ray Bands (Bobby Ray Bands)  
She want them Ray Bands (Bobby Ray Bands)  
She want them Ray Bands (Bobby Ray Bands)  
She wants them Ray Bands cause them bands are gorgeous  
She looking for a sponsor and I ain't talking corporate  
She after that endorsement  
Ever since she saw me on the Forbes list  
She be getting zero's from heroes  
They're Zorros with horses  
Like Mustangs and Porsches imported from Japan  
She from Atlanta but she on that Cali strand  
That's that overseas money, call 'em Taliban  
She WMD, aw yeh spring to winter  
So pencil her in for breakfast, brunch, lunch, and dinner  
Ain't no incidentals  
She want them bands like a freelance parade (All day)  
Compliments of Bobby Ray  
She wanna pop bottles and chill with older folk  
Hang with all the models and all the centerfolds  
Showing off her body now watch her strike a pose  
Tryna get beside me so she can get a hold of the ol'  
Bobby Ray Bands  
She want them Ray Bands  
She want them Ray Bands (Bobby Ray Bands)  
She want them Ray Bands (Bobby Ray Bands)  
She want them Ray Bands (Bobby Ray Bands)  
Look, she want them Ray Bands, them Ray Bands, that coin  
Gourmet top-house sirloin, courtesy of ya boy  
She she she she think I owe her, Des Moines  
Quit being annoying, do something useful and roll a joint  
You see business over bullsh-ts my company policy  
And my team's going green and I ain't talking 'bout pottery  
You tryin' to hit the party, she tryin' to hit the lottery

And if they watchin' girl, grandfather clockin' it  
I don't pop bottles, I got pop dollars  
And after Strange Clouds, I'mma drop my rock album  
Violent bravado, call me Bobby Bravo  
Every play is crucial, yeah that's my motto  
Said wassup, yeah we do this all the time  
Where the real freaks who wanna have a good night?  
If ya feel that, let it go it's alright  
The music got you movin' and you're losin' your mind  
So let me know if it's alright  
I just wanna know, shawty, have a good time  
So why don't you let go, let go  
You're losing control  
The music got you movin' and you're losing your mind  
She wanna pop bottles and chill with older folk  
Hang with all the models and all the centerfolds  
Showing off her body now watch her strike a pose  
Tryna get beside me so she can get a hold of the ol'  
Bobby Ray Bands  
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