Out of My Mind (Clark Kent Remix)

B.o.B

I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm I'm out of my, out of my mind Out of my fucking mind I'm, I'm out of my, out of my mind Out of my fucking mind I'm out of my-my-my Out of my mind-mi'-mi'-mi' I'm out of my fucking mind Out of my fucking mind, mindI'm out of my fucking mind, gee, gee, golly, oh my I was doing fine, once upon a time Then my brain left and it didn't say bye Don't look at me wrong, I'm out of my mind Like Nostradamus and da Vinci combined So paranoid of espionage I'm watching my doors and checking my blinds My brain is on vacation, they telling me And I'm bi-polar to the severity And I need medication, apparently And some Electroconvulsive therapy I am a rebel, but yes, I'm so militant Still I'm illegible for disabilities I am psychotic but there is no remedy This is not figurative, this is literally If these niggas go dumb, I go to the mental facility See, man I'm so out there, I slap fives with ET I don't need a feature They don't want me to eat A La Carte when I'm on this beat If you feel the same as me, then you got to agree I'm out of my mindOut of my, out of my mind

Out of my fucking mind

I'm, I'm

Out of my, out of my mind Out of my fucking mind

I'm out of my-my-my

Out of my mind-mi'-mi'-mi'

I'm out of my fucking mind

Out of my fucking mind, mindWhat's your name? B.o.B?

So, they calling you Bob?

Stop playing, nigga, you know that I'm known for the 'Bob

Couple hit songs, got you thinking you a hearthrob Well, this thang so good, make a nigga wanna sob

You don't need a feature?

Nigga, I'm the feature

You gon' be the priest, and I'mma be the preacher

You can be the He-Man, I'mma be the She-Ra

You can be the Grim, I'mma be the Reaper

Can we pretend that airplanes in the night skies

Are like shooting stars?

Well, you gon' really need a wish right now

When my goons come through and start shooting stars

You know, I'm all about shoes and cars

I'm kinda drunk off booze, Bacardi

I told Baby when I get my new advance

I'mma blow that motherfucker on a blue Bugatti

You know, I graduated summa cum laude

That's why they thinking I'm Illuminati

And matter fact, let's kiss and make-up

I'll help you escape on my blue Ducati

Hallelujah!I'm, I'm out of my, out of my mind

Out of my fucking mind

I'm, I'm out of my, out of my mind

Out of my fucking mind

I'm out of my-my-my

Out of my mind-mi'-mi'-mi'

I'm out of my fucking mind

Out of my fucking mind, mindI'm out of it

I can't seem to come out of it

What's going on inside of my head?

It feels like I'm being John Malkovich

Ladies and gentlemen, please tone it down a bit

There's an announcement, I like to announce

Wait, how am I suppose to pronounce this shit? I don't need a sub, I don't a speaker

'Cause a nigga bring the noise like an onomatopoeia

Leave him in the dust, all he see is my Adidas

Na na na na boo boo, wouldn't want to be ya

Never turning back, how you think I got here?

And I'm never slowing down, fuck was that a deer?

If you got a problem, step to the office

Matter fact, never mind, talk to the kiosk, bi-atch

You have no idea

That's why they call me B dot, been a maniac ever since I was knee-high

Man, I swear to God, I'mma need help

Someone call Charter, maybe call FEMA

'Cause I got to be crazy or outta my mind to have this many stamps on my VISAI'm, I'm out of my, out of my

mind

Out of my fucking mind
I'm, I'm out of my, out of my mind
Out of my fucking mind
I'm out of my-my-my
Out of my mind-mi'-mi'-mi'
I'm out of my fucking mind

Out of my fucking mind, mindWait, if I'm here and you're there?

And I'm here and you're there? (If I'm there and you're here?)

And I'm here and you're there? (If I'm there and you're here?)

If I'm here and you're there? (If I'm there and you're here?)

And I'm here and you're there?

Songwriters

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