

Ray Bands (Fat Ugly Bitch Remix)

B.o.B

She wanna pop bottles and chill with all her folk
Hang with all the models and all the centerfolds
Showin' off her body, now watch her strike a pose
Tryin' to get beside me so she can get a hold
Of them ole Bobby Ray Bands
She want them Ray Bands, she want them Ray Bands
Bobby Ray Bands
She want them Ray Bands, she want them 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 strain
That's that overseas money, call 'em Talibands
She WMD, all year 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 all her folk
Hang with all the models and all the centerfolds
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Tryin' to get beside me so she can get a hold
Of them ole Bobby Ray Bands
She want them Ray Bands, she want them Ray Bands
Bobby Ray Bands
She want them Ray Bands, she want them 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 bullshit's 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, you're grandfather clockin' it
I don't pop bottles, I got pop dollars
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 all her folk
Hang with all the models and all the centerfolds
Showin' off her body, now watch her strike a pose
Tryin' to get beside me so she can get a hold
Of them ole Bobby Ray Bands
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She want them Ray Bands, Bobby Ray Bands

Songwriters

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