Epic

Sandro Silva

[B.o.B]You know who it is without a doubt or hesitation
If money talks I got my masters in communication
But you can't hold a conversation
Probably find me burning something good you can call that smoking aces
Compliment the chef in the lab making greatness
Ain't a thing changed but the number on the statement
NBA resume, ballin's my occupation
Kush so loud I can't hear what was you saying
Bass go so low that the freaks in the backseat
Get a thrill off the alpine when it vibrate they ass cheeks
I'm Bobby Ray baby an all American athlete
I run and leap and jump and like a track meet
Yeah that ought to do it
Give it that Carl Lewis
I got the magic baby call me George Lucas
I'm so prolific but my flow's so foolish
These niggas making moves my niggas making movies wait
[Playboy Tre]I'm wild like a crazy night
Clean like a baby wipe
Y'all just a momma's boy sleeping with a baby light
My ex say I'm a dick cause my mind frame cocky
Up in Beninhan', drunk, drinking all the sake
Damn right I want a double fried rice
I'm getting bread I put my dick up in your face
Your face'll look like Stewies head
Girls call me Tre day
I'm looking for pay day
My squad's got more bottle poppin' niggas than the AA
Liquor and wheelbarrow foolish as Will Ferrell
But I ain't got a step brother, I f-ck your step mother
I cuss cause I like it bitch
F-ck hoe mutherf-cker
You mad cause I'm balling, life is a mutherfcker
Your son is a leprichaun so hater live life a little
New shit dropping soon "Patron & Instrumental"
It's tre, my flow won't quit til I say it ends
[B.o.B]Eastside on my arm, 3 stripes on my sneakers

Don't roll with p-ssy niggas, we call them vajeenas

That's why your girl choosing dawg, pray I never meet her
I tap her on the head and tell her you know the procedure
You just mad with no bitch cause I'm chilling with your bitch
She threw out your mixtape but she knows my whole disc
My flow's sick, I'm a poet, Edgar Allen Poe shit
Haters be getting defensive like 4th down and show blitz
But I don't punt it, I run it for a hundred
Ever since I was a young 'un, been hungry as Paul Bunyon
I'm the shit so fix the plumbing
I'ma beast and the game's you
And if this ain't what you call hip-hop it must be bungee jumping
I'm smoking on hydroponic some of you call that chronic
Hennessey in my vomit cause the night before jumpin'
Lil C got that beat bumping so you can hear me coming
And my name's Bobby Ray, Eastside of the A just in case anyone was wondering bitch
[Meek Mill]Oohh I'm a matherf-cking beast
All my haters rest in peace
I make a hundred on the Monday and go hard the rest of week
Pray on niggas like a Sunday
See your artist that's a feast
I got like 30 in the chalk I let you p-ssies catch a piece
It was me and old melly? in the Scaglietti
Bout to scoop these bitches cause they say they past ready
Swagger on the finish, I think I'm Andretti
I push it to the limit get 'em haters gassed heavy
Wait a minute I'm a menace
Shout out to the winners
Jacket boy Louies like a flag before the finish?
I'm just getting started and niggas at they end
And errbody say I'm hot but I've been hot from the beginning
I be with a bitch that looks like Kim Kardashian
She aint on these niggas not by purpose but by accident
Big ?, you niggas relaxing
And the main reason I'm passing em like Michael Vick Im faster than yo quarter back
I bring that order back
Aint f-ckig with that weed, like where that water at
Like where them purps nigga
Somebody order that
Caught a couple cases, went to jail but I aint going back

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