

# Paper Route

## B.o.B

You don't know who you fucking with  
Ain't no democrat, and by far I'm no republican  
This the type of talk that'll probably piss off my publicist  
And I ain't even started, the water ain't even bubbling  
The type of talk that'll probably get me in trouble with the law  
Or make the government come after me in public  
Won't hear this on the radio, this here ain't for publishing  
This ain't that bubble gum shit, no, this ain't that double mint  
Consider this a risk, I swear I see 'em building pyramids brick by brick  
They'll aim at anyone bold enough to go against the shit  
You don't believe me? Look what happened to the Dixie Chicks  
It's like nobody else complains  
Till you tryna be more than a nigga with a chain  
Cube already told you, they corrupted everything  
And we these out here just tryna function, tryna maintain  
A 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground  
Thoughts moving through my head at the speed of sound  
I pray, I pray my prayers make it through the cloud  
I pray in heaven ain't no fuck niggas ain't allowed  
A 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground  
Thoughts moving through my head at the speed of sound  
I pray, I pray my prayers make it through the cloud  
Till then it's back to the paper route, the paper route  
And of course it's unfortunate that niggas out here robbing  
for Jordan's  
Can we not afford them but got enough to get a Glock 40  
Is our views on reality kinda distorted  
But still, even though I understand the story  
I still fall weak for a booty that's proportionate  
On a sexy short bitch, so what's the score?  
Chilling with some Regs dog, drinking white man's poison  
Ah, now that's a forfeit  
Selling what's for free, that's extortion  
But still I'm wondering what family was present when history was recorded  
A 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I hit the ground  
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I pray, I pray my prayers make it through the cloud  
Till then it's back to the paper route, the paper route  
You think you really know what's going on?  
They passing laws where they can run up in your own home  
Cameras on your laptop, TV and your iPhone  
The battery don't come out, that means it's always on  
Smile and say cheese, yeah niggas got you  
I told you fuckers three years ago 'bout the watchers  
If you won't take the microchip then you can't make no dollars  
This ain't no lovely day for a neighbor, ain't no Mr Rodgers  
Don't let these fuckers rob us for our freedom and your rights  
And you be like: "it's on the news so it must be right"  
Who's pulling the strings? Who's rolling the dice?  
Who's calling the shots and who's starting the fight? Think twice  
A 100 thousand miles an hour runnin' when I  
hit the ground  
Thoughts moving through my head at the speed of sound  
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