

# Generation Lost

## B.o.b

Skulls and crossbones and death bandanas  
A liqueur store in every corner in Atlanta  
Cops riding round tossing niggas in the slammer  
Tell me what's wrong i could really use some answers  
Nowadays everybody wants to be a rapper  
About 2 years ago everybody was a trapper  
Obviously money is what everybody's after  
Cos slavery aint changed it's a modern day disaster  
Now these are my words from me to you  
Everything you do from your shades to your shoes  
From your chains to your coupe came from the two  
Trust me i would know i was raised on the two  
Ok, now let me just get your attention  
Imma turn the tables so you don't get defensive  
Imma put my bullshit aside for a second  
Cos i cant be fake, cos God wont let me  
I used to wear a grill because it was the trend  
Not because i liked it, i just wanted to fit in  
Then i got Eastside tatted on my skin  
And i tried to get dreads but my hair was too big  
But i was lost, i ain't know who i was  
What else was there to do besides look like a thug

So in my senior year at Columbia High  
I dropped out of High School when i got signed  
B.o.B was the name, i ain't like Bobby Ray cos i was ashamed  
But you can call me Bobby Ray from this day forth and  
I could give a damn about the fame and fortune  
Honestly i don't even listen to rap  
Cos when i turn the radio on, out comes crap  
And if you make good music thats ok, but  
On the radio that they don't play  
Its easy to see we created a beast  
Cos everybody wants to hear what they don't need  
And now all the rappers got a stoller to give you  
That bullshit music so they can continue to live  
The position that i'm in is quite an interesting predicament i will admit  
But you can count on me cos i'm refusing to give in  
Cos imma give you music cos we need it to exist, bitch

So imma play my guitar, rap about aliens and sing about stars  
Til you understand that's what we are  
So we aint got to struggle no more so we don't starve  
I swear to God i love you with every bar  
We all got problems that need to be solved  
So while i got the mic imma speak my thoughts  
And imma keep it real til the day i fall

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