Gladiators

B.o.b

[Verse 1 - B.o.B]Okay so I'm on the beat What am I supposed to rhyme? What am I supposed to do in this booth? Am I to flow a line? What am I a spokesman now? What am I a poster child? What am I supposed to smile? What am I supposed to be the dopest MC to hold this down? What if I wasn't poor as a child? What if I didn't grow up in doubt? I probably shouldn't be smoking so much my mind is over fried But still I notice how Them same folks will smile in your face But behind your back them same folk will frown But that's enough about them, talk about me Yes it's B to the O, I said B to the O and to the B I owe it to the streets And I ain't tryna brag but you know your boys a beast And yeah I gotta eat cause my groceries on this beat And my song will carry on till I no longer speak My soul is also Kosher added to the fact I'm cheap And I put that on my grandma Othella so Rest In Peace hater

[Verse 2 - J. Cole]A many blessings sent from heaven thanking God to be alive Flight attendant woke me up said Mr.Cole you have arrived, welcome In this game the price of fame is steep, Lord help 'em Keep 'em sane

Prayin' that the heat won't melt 'em
I'm headed to the top I couldn't be more welcome
Took the lead role, now look I'm right outside ya peephole
That's for the crown holders
Never would I dethrone

But if you ever leave home don't worry I keep your seat warm So yeah I'm Simba in a sense

I'm the prince, you impostor's no Mufasas, but there's Oscars for you gents
When I say I'm better then you niggas don't mean no offense
But is clear with no tints man just check the fingerprints
You'll see we not the same

I got a shit list with lot's of names
And plus hit list with of rappers I'ma cock and aim
Then it's who shot ya man
Finally figured out the game
Got nothin' to lose
And a whole fuckin' lot to gain
[Outro - J. Cole]Bwoy. Yeah, nigga. Uh, J. Cole nigga. Yeah. B.o.B nigga

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/

Uh, A.T.L. uh. N.C. bwoy. Grand Hustle nigga. Roc Nation nigga.