

# Epic

## Mell Tierra

[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'm a 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