

# Out of My Mind (feat. Nicki Minaj)

## B.o.B

[Hook: B.o.B]

Im, Im, Im, Im

Im out of my, out of my mind

Out of my fucking mind

Im, Im

Im out of my, out of my mind

Out of my mind

Im, Im

Out of my, out of my mind

Im, Im, Im

Im out of my, out of my mind (Mind, mind, mind, mind)

Im out of my fucking mind

Out of my fucking mind (Mind, mind, mind)

[Verse 1: B.o.B]

Im out of my fucking mind, G-G-golly, oh my

I was doing fine, once upon a time

Then my brain left and it didnt say bye

Dont look at me wrong; Im out of my mind

Like Nostradamus and da Vinci combined

So paranoid of espionage

Im watching my doors and checking my blinds

My brain is on vacation, they telling me

And Im bi-polar to the severity

And I need medication, apparently

And some electroconvulsive therapy

I am a rebel but yes Im so militant

Still Im eligible for disabilities

I am psychotic but there is no remedy

This is not figurative, this is literally

If these niggas go dumb, I go to the mental facility

See, man Im so out there, I slap fives with E.T

I dont need a feature, they dont wanna eat I'm ala carte when Im on this beat

If you feel the same as me, then you gotta agree

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

Whats your name? B.o.B?

So, they callin you Bob?

Stop playing, nigga, you know that Im known for the Bob

Couple hit songs, got you thinking you a hearthrob

Well, this thang so good, make a nigga wanna sob (Hmm, hmm)

You dont need a feature?

Nigga, Im the feature

You gon be the priest, and Imma be the preacher

You can be the he-man, Imma be the she-ra

You can be the Grim, Imma be the Reaper

Now, now airplanes in the night skies

Are like shooting stars?

Well, you gon really need a wish right now

When my goons come through and start shooting stars

You know, Im all about shoes and cars

Im kinda drunk off booze Bacardi

I told Baby when I get my new advance

Imma blow that motherfucker on a blue Bugatti

You know, I graduated summa cum laude

Thats why they thinking Im Illuminati

And matter fact, lets kiss and make-up

Ill help you escape on my blue Ducati

Hallelujah!

[Hook]

[Interlude: B.o.B]

Im out of it

I cant seem to come out of it

Whats going on inside of my head?

It feels like Im being John Malkovich

Ladies and gentlemen, please turn it down a bit

Theres an announcement, I like to announce (It)

Wait, how am Im suppose to pronounce this shit?

[Verse 3: B.o.B]

I dont need this song, I dont need this nigga

Cause a nigga bring the noise like an onomonopia

Leave him in the dust, all he see is my Adidas

Na na na na boo boo, wouldnt want to be ya

Never turnin back, how you think I got here?

And Im never slowing down, fuck was that a deer?

If you got a problem, step to the office

Matter fact, never mind, talk to the Kiosk, Biatch

You have no idea

Thats why they call me B dot been a maniac ever since I was knee-high

Im gonna need help, someone call Charter, maybe call FEMA

Cause I got to be crazy or outta my mind to have this many stamps on my VISA

[Hook]

[Outro: B.o.B]

Wait, if Im here and youre there?

And if Im here and youre there?

And if Im here and youre there?  
And if Im here and youre there?  
And if Im here and youre there?  
And if Im here and youre there?  
[Outro: Nicki Minaj (whispering)]  
Um, yeah, yeah  
Nicki, B.o.B, ho  
(Shh they might be listening)

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