

# Epic (feat. Playboy Tre & Meek Mill)

## B.o.B

You know who it is without a doubt of hesitation  
If money talks I got my masters in communications  
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, baller's my occupation  
Kush so loud I can't hear what was you saying  
Praise yo solo 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  
Wile like a crazy mic  
Clean like a baby wipe  
Y'all just a momma boy sleeping with a baby like  
My ex say I'm a dick cause my mind frame cocky  
Up in Beninhan', drunk as fuck, 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 Stuarts 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 fuck your step mother  
I cussed cause I like it bitch  
Fuck ho motherfucker  
You mad cause I'm balling, life is a motherfucker  
Short like a leprechaun so hater live life a little  
New shit dropping soon "Patron & Instrumental"  
Til' then stay tuned, freak, and thanks for the hot gin  
It's Tre, my flow won't quit til I say it ends  
Eastside on my arm, 3 stripes on my sneakers  
Don't roll with pussy 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 through out your mixtape but she knows my whole disc  
My flow's sick, I'm a poet, Edgar Allan 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'ma 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 incase anyone was wondering bitch 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 ain't 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  
Ain't 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 ain't going back  
Free tip!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>