B.o.B, Psycadelik Thoughtz

Psychedelic thoughts, psychedelic calls
From these psychedelic trees and I think it's rubbing off on me
I think it's rubbing off on me, I think it's rubbing off
Faded memories, every face I can't recall
Who the fuck are you, we was never cool, you ain't my dog homie
You ain't my dog, don't reach
Yeah, yeah, you ain't my dog
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I'm searching for an outlet tryna charge my phone
Looking through my contacts ain't no one to call
Questions that need answers, looking for escape
I'm just looking for that high, can ya help me elevate?
Can ya, can ya help me elevate?
Can ya help me elevate? /3x
Imagine modern day civilisation as we know it just collapsing
Television screens and news reports just serve as a distraction
Propaganda got our minds so flooded that we just paddlin'
Damn it, drowing for air, we keep gaspin' for breath
I take a step, you take a step, I take a step
Living out our dreams till nothing's left, till there ain't none left
Bury me in honor, we will not forget to fallen soldiers
I pay respect, I pay respect, I wear the burden
Of the world ever since I travelled on a jet
To a far away place in a third-world city where the whole damn country was oppressed
Couldn't help but stomach what I saw but still my conscious was upset
With all the money in the world but anyone I can't express
Some thoughts is trapped inside my head so I roll a blunt to ease my stress
Coz troubles through the USA where people constantly obsess
Over all this shit that wouldn't matter if we knew what was ahead
Signing off, psychedelic thoughts running through my head

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