

B.o.B, Through My Head

Running up through my head
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Thoughts keeps running through my head
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Now tell me the definition of a politician
I ain't gon vote for you, and no I ain't singing no petition
You give us debt and you call it a college tuition
We break our necks for these checks you take out...
Bitch, ain't nothing but a bitch, if you fuck uncle sam, then you probably a snitch
If I ruled the world, well my rules are shit,
I probably wrote a constitution...
I just ain't with it
I just don't get it, how we getting broke up
But they boost up the price of living
Just to drive a hundred civic
Cause im a different soul
A different low
With my pistol for

My presence is evident