

Bad Bitch

Obie Trice

He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a "G"
Said she want to roll and get to know Obie
Claming that she love everything that he do, heeeey
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Yes it's O. Trice, I done jumped outta heights
Writing to the microphone life, yeah this is right
This is less stringest niggaz, this is tight
This is more dividends niggaz, get it right
Stomping like Timberlands niggaz, a pair of Nikes
But this is more Timbaland nigga and Obie Trice
The combination is invading stations, air waves
And rest haven on your listeners membranes (woo!)
I done payed some change, I got Timbo
This is not a brainy thang, yo this is simple
Get your ass up and dance, to the tempo
Exchange your stiff frame, with that of a more limbo
Grab shorty sippin' on that Shirley Temple
With that ass hanging out, and pinch her on that pimple
On her ass hanging out, nigga advance
This a world of a night, better start with the pants

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Yeah, let's keep this shit in motion (motion)
Cause we gon hang out 'til we hung over then I.V. Profin
Adios when (os when)
I fucked them thighs, who influenced with the game that was spoken
I'ma make sure she open (open)
Ménage-a-trois in these's days and times got my shit growing
And she's hoein' (hoein')
And I'm ignoring' the lies she throwing', how she won't perform?
I feed her a blunt throw on the "Quiet Storm"
She repeatedly cum, insistentlly all morn'
And she needed cause funs up in the purse not growin
Bitch beat it my one's you gets none (nada)
To feel she's treated as if a Playboy or lpay her dumb
I skeeted so bitch your Playboy is on the run
Deleted the bitch, outta direct connection
Thanks for calming' down, my erection, hun

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Yeah, I speak the words of experience (oh) lady I'm serious
Lyrics on my deliverance, is oh so vivid bitch

Oh no hoes up, hoes I spit it bitch (spit it)
Roll up, smoke up dro, and spit on this (spit it)
I'ma outta order cause I break the ice
And squirt liquid in your eyes, all you see is little guys
Swimming in women they claming they like my style
Treat 'em like Ike and ride (bitch!)
I don't a fuck I got the height, sure your right
I'm Barry White tonight (hey) you feeling' alright
Got a buzz and this huzzie saying O's her type
I take her to the high-end and strike (ahh)
Trick for hire, I'll never buy her to bite
Despite she tight, I'll tell the bitch you can have a nice life
See I'm working with these I's in this rhymes
It's I's, all's that not a aus-tin time

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