

Lady

Obie Trice

Hey can we re, can we re-enact Biggie's song?
See-can you shit on me?
I just want you to shit on me

Hey lady, hey darlin', hey baby
I'm sorry but I can't be your boyfriend
If you toy with my motherfuckin' emotions
I'll kill you, bitch I'm fuckin' for real
I'll make you suffer like I suffered
If you fuck me then I'll make you fall in love

Baby, I'm extra large in magnitude
And Magnum's the lubrication that I use
To chose which hole on a hoe I abuse
Have 'em confused, can't tell who is who

When I fuck the shit out you, then the next date
I rush the shit out you off my two-way
You wanna cuddle, emotional hustle up on Pocono's
Poke ya nose in and outta Obie's own

No, I'm in and out your home
And this in and out your tone
I ain't the nigga that settles 'em down
Put 'em in nice homes and floss 'em around

I bounce 'em around, camcord the sex and sell 'em around town
Now how that sound?
If I was in love witcha, now you wanna clown
Fuck with them clowns until I pound on your crown

Bust a few rounds and the cops come and get me
Bad mouth a nigga just to convince a jury
You don't want it with me, you just horny as me
You want a nut, nuttin' but what is you be

I'm internationally known baby but actually
There are few people who know how I am naturally
All you know is that I can act irrationally
When you shove a puppet up in my face on national TV

So they label me this crazed loony rap bully
But truthfully that ain't the truth
And if you believe in that shit then you'll believe anything's true
And you're too stupid to ever get to know me personally

But personally that actually works for me
'cause the last thing that I need's a string attached to me
I'm a bachelor bitch and I ain't in no fast fury
To run out and find a new Mrs. Mathers

'Cause see, technically me and Kim ain't back fully
But we do still make booty calls occasionally
But be damned if I end up back in that pattern
And we end up back at that god damn tavern

And havin' another déjà vu, we seein' security

Pass my pussy around like it's Ja Rule's jewelry
I got news for you bitch, your new curfew's early
You ain't home by 2:30

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See you lookin' at the life, you lookin' at the lights
You lookin' at the ice, you ain't lookin' at the Trice
You should look at some advice when I see he ain't nice
Despite the fact you think you the feisty type

Oh, love to fight, I love the drama
Love when my bitch get to cussin' out Yolanda
Find the Obie condom on the counter
Swingin' her weave, can't breathe like I can't believe

Least I ain't deceive and try to mislead
And sell a dream just to get you on my team
I came clean to keep down the beef
Keep down my reach, you can keep all your teeth

So what we do under the covers should stay between the covers
And the two of us and we ain't gotta be news coverage
On the front page cover of "Buzz's New Lovers"
And this is when the bitch get to showin' the true colors

'Cause the truth of it, everything that I do's public
And you'd love it if you could run and tell all your friends
Guess who you just screwed, assume it's me and you've done it
And save da used rubber to show 'em the proof of it

But I guess it's do unto others as you'd have 'em do unto you
But you better be careful of who you're doin' it to
'Cause you never know when the shoe
Could end up on the other foot and it backfires on you

'Cause you may think you want it then you want me, then you get me
Then you got me and you're fucked, 'cause you'll be stuck with me
For the rest of your life 'cause if I get attached to you
We'll be joined at the hip, I'll be so latched to you

You'll be walkin' out the house and I'll run up and tackle you
Chain your ass up to the bed and shackle you
You don't think you're leavin' this house in that, do you?
Not till I brand my name in your ass and tattoo you

Have you walkin' out this bitch in turtleneck sweaters
Scarves and full leathers in 90 degree weather
Front on me? Never
'Cause we gonna be together forever
Right bitch? Right bitch?

Hey lady, hey darlin', hey baby
I'm sorry but I can't be your boyfriend
If you toy with my motherfuckin' emotions
I'll kill you, bitch I'm fuckin'
For real I'll make you suffer like I suffered
If you fuck me then I'll make you fall in love

Fall in love
Crazy
Fall in love
Crazy
Fall in love
Crazy
Fall in love
Crazy