

Lady (feat. Eminem)

Obie Trice

Hey can we re, can we re-enact Biggie's song?
Can, can you shit on me?
I just want you to shit on meHey 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 loveBaby, 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 whoWhen I fuck the shit out you, then the next day
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 ownNo, 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 aroundI 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 crownBust 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 beI'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 TVSo 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 personallyBut 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 tavernAnd havin' another dÃ©jÃ 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 2:30Hey 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
 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

Songwriters

BERT KAEMPFFERT, LARRY KUSIK, HERBERT REHBEIN, CHARLES SINGLETON
 Published by
 Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, Spirit Music Group
 Song
 Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>