

# Bad Bitch (Chopped & Screwed by Mike G)

## Obie Trice

ObieHe gotta bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she want to roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love everythin' that he do, hey  
He gotta bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she want to roll, and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love, everythin' that he do, hey, heyYes, it's O. Trice, I done jumped outta heights  
Right into the microphone life, yea this is right  
This is less strenuous niggaz, this is tight  
This is more dividends niggaz, get it right  
Stompin' like Timberlands niggaz, a pair of Nikes  
But this is more Timbaland nigga and Obie Trice  
The combination is invadin' the stations, air waves  
And rest haven on your listener's membranes  
I done paid 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 for that of a more limbo  
Grab shorty sippin' on that Shirley Temple  
With that ass hangin' out, and pinch her on that pimple  
On her ass hangin' out, nigga advance  
This a world of a night, better start with the pantsHe got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she wanna roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love everythin' that he do, hey  
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she wanna roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love, everythin' that he do, hey, heyYea, let's keep this shit in motion  
'Cause we gon' hang out till we hung over then I.V Profin  
Adios when, I fucked them thighs  
Who influenced with the game that was spoken  
I'ma make sure she open, menage a trois  
In these days and times got my shit growin'  
And she's hoein' and I'm ignorin'  
The lies she throwin', how she won't perform?  
I feed her a blunt, throw on the, "Quiet Storm"  
She repeatedly cum, consistently all morn'  
And she heated cause funds up in the purse not growin'  
Bitch, beat it, my one's, you gets none  
She feel she's treated as if her playboy will play her dumb  
I skeeted some bitch, her playboy is on the run

Deleted the bitch, outta direct connection  
Thanks for calmin' down my erection honey  
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she wanna roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love everythin' that he do, hey  
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she wanna roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love, everythin' that he do, hey, hey  
Yea, I speak the words of experience, lady I'm serious  
Lyrics on my deliverance, is oh so vivid, bitch  
Oh no, hoes up, hoes, I spit it bitch  
Roll up, smoke up dro, and spit on this  
I'm outta order 'cause I break the ice  
And squirt liquid in your eyes, all you see is little guys  
Swimmin' in women claimin' they like my style  
Treat 'em like, "Ike" and ride  
I don't give a fuck, I got the height, sure you're right  
I'm Barry White tonight, you feelin' alright  
Got a buzz and this huzzie sayin' O's her type  
I take her to the high end and strike  
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 workin' with these I's in this rhymes  
It's I's, all's that matter all's the time  
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she wanna roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love everythin' that he do, hey  
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G  
Said she wanna roll and get to know Obie  
Claimin' that she love, everythin' that he do, hey, hey

Songwriters

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