

# Petty

## Obie Trice

Who do it hotter in Prada?  
I ain't from N.Y., do it +M-Y Way+, so Sinatra  
You know my {?} not proper for the Oscars  
But I opt out for the Oxfords in the Oxford  
... Ha ha, that hurts  
Some'n by this oar got 'em tippin they fedoras  
Got the ladies bein whores cause we're ballin out stores  
I coordinate on e'rything I wore  
So ladies know him now say, "That was him before"  
Fresh as the core in my Christian Diors  
[Chorus][Obie Trice]Got me smellin like Chanel  
Well, that's my female, shorty gets that mail  
In them transparent 90-millimeter heels  
In them Red Bottoms showin off them Christian Lou-B's  
Heels... that's real  
E-e-e'rything 'bout her scream Dolce & Gabanna  
with the bowlin ball bag showin out at Caribana  
  
Lil' mama, she a stunner  
Tweed dress on, no panties up under  
Catch her on Queens Street ballin at the boutiques, holla  
[Chorus][Obie Trice]BME, Black Market Entertainment  
Obie Trice (Obie Trice, Obie Trice)  
New shit... so bent  
Guess the man lucky, she ain't glam luxury  
We as a couple get +Fresher+ than Douglas E.  
Double up on my duds where the logos be  
So Polo duplicate on me, guess that's why they hate Obie  
They can see  
[Chorus][Outro]I'm petty {\*4X\*}

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