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*}

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/