Bad Bitch

Ike Nice

Obie
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
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, hey
Yes, 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 pants
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a G
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Yea, 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
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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
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