

# Hoodrats

## Obie Trice

{I know that ain't my homie over there  
Keep sendin' pages to the motherfucker  
Well  
Obie!  
Is somebody callin' you?  
Nah, nah  
Obie! One ball  
All I'm sayin' is I don't even know the situation  
You know her?  
No, uh uh, I don't know that bitch  
Obie don't act like you can't see me  
Well she's callin' your name  
Turn around and look at me  
Oh shit, Candice this is Sheneneh  
Who is this bitch?  
What the fuck! Security! Security!  
Let me go!  
Come on ma'am  
Tanisha get my purse  
Get her outta here  
Get my purse!  
Get her the fuck outta here!  
Yo, get to her man, need some help with this bitch  
Get that bitch outta here man  
Obie! Obie! You know I'm havin' your babies  
They twins, one look just like you, let me go!  
And one of them look like your brother, okay let me go!}  
My hood rat's fatal, they not stable, I could be at a dinner table  
With 'Union Gabrielle', fine as Hell, pierce in the naval  
Look at my rat like she act brand new, "Hey boo, how are you?"  
Yeah, cool, now tally-o your ass back across the room  
You see me with Pocahontas  
I ain't tryin' to be honorary, but honestly I ain't tryin' be bothered  
You got a brain, define honors in college  
You'd rather define how your knowledge in chronic  
I'm tryin' to step my game up a notch bitch  
Your aim, the cock block on my plot, bitch  
She hot and your not, so stop, bitch  
Quit blowin' up my motherfuckin' spot, shit

How could you be here? Why don't you leave here  
I ain't tryin' to see you every time at my show  
I got a piece here, you ain't gotta speak there  
You know how we get down on the low  
Your playin' me cheap here, tonight I don't drink beer  
I got a bottle, so it's time for you to go  
You's the freak here, you don't know me here  
She's a model, you my late night hoe  
They chase me, when they see me in the club  
With a lot alike Stacey Dash, they gettin' mad  
Then they wanna brag and say "Already had 'em"  
He ain't shit 'cause he rap for Mr. Mathers  
Plus Fifty Cent's like ten times better  
D 12 shouldn't of had him on they album  
That's what I get just for stabbin' them hoes  
They nag, when I pose with a chick with nice toes  
Ya'll knew O before for new hoes, but since it's a new ho  
Just act like you never knew O, boo  
We still crew, we just the same  
Just not tonight, you don't know my name  
How could you be here? Why don't you leave here?  
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I got a piece here, you ain't gotta speak there  
You know, how we get down on the low  
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You's the freak here, you don't know me here  
She's a model, you my late night hoe  
Hey yo fellas, never get timid when the chicken is interferin'  
When your chillin' with a chick, who a ten  
Let her know the situation at hand  
And tell the bitch go play with her friends  
This is for the model that your chillin' with, hood rats is often awful  
My advice keep your mouth on muffle  
Feistiness give 'em the right to snuff you, and you too pretty to scuffle  
This is for the rats, go on with that  
Quit actin' like you smokin' that crack  
'Cause he pokin' that chick, you ain't ownin' on shit  
Ain't no rings on that finger  
And every nigga in the hood ain't triple teamed her  
How could you be here? Why don't you leave here  
I ain't tryin' to see you every time at my show  
I got a piece here, you ain't gotta speak there  
You know how we get down on the low  
Your playin' me cheap here, tonight I don't drink beer

I got a bottle, so it's time for you to go  
Yous the freak here, you don't know me here  
She's a model, you my late night hoe  
That's right, ha, you see me at the club  
With a, with a look alike Halle motherfucker  
Look alike, look a, look alike Alicia Keys  
You know me, don't say shit  
You know who I'm talking to, all my hood rat bitches  
Neneh, Aqua and Trip Entanetta  
All ya'll, Straight, Obie Trice

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