# Lady (feat. Eminem)

## Obie Trice

Can we re- can we re-enact Biggie's song?
C-can you shit on me?
I just want you to shit on meHey lady, hey darlin', hey baby
I'm sorry but I can't be your boyfriend
If you toy with my motherfuckin' emotions
I'll kill you
Bitch I'm fuckin'
For real I'll make you suffer like I suffered
If you fuck me then I'll make you fall in love{*in the background of the hook*}
Hey lady, hey lady
I don't think you really wanna be my girl
(be my girl, be my girl, be my girl)
Fuckin' with me can be dangerous (dangerous, dangerous)
You never know what I really (be like, be like)
(be like, be like, I'm your type)
(And might even get a little bit crazy)
Baby I'm extra large (huge) in magnitude
And Magnums to lubrication that I use
To chose which hole on a ho I abuse (yes)
Have 'em confused, can't tell who is who
When I fuck the shit out you, then the next date (bitch)
I rush the shit out you off my two-way (ooh wait)
You wanna cuddle, emotional hustle up on Pocono's
Poke ya nose in and outta Obie's own
No, I'm in and out your home
And this in and out your tone
I ain't the nigga that settles 'em down
Put 'em in nice homes and floss 'em around (nah)
I bounce 'em around
Camcord the sex and sell 'em around town
How that sound?
If I was in love witcha, now you wanna clown
Fuck with them clowns until I pound on your crown
Bust a few rounds and the cops come and get me
Bad mouth a nigga just to convince a jury
You don't want it with me, you just horny as me
You want a nut, nuttin' but what is you be
I'm internationally known baby but actually
There are few people who know how I am naturally
All you know is that I can act irrationally
When you shove a puppet up in my face on national TV
So they label me this crazed loony rap bully

But truthfully that ain't the truth
And if you believe in that shit
Then you'll believe anything's true
And you're too stupid to ever get to know me personally
But personally that actually works for me
Cuz the last thing that I need's a string attached to me
I'ma bachelor bitch and I ain't in no fast fury
To run out and find a new Mrs. Mathers
Cuz see, technically me and Kim ain't back fully
But we do still make booty calls occasionally
But be damned if I end up back in that pad
And we end up back at that god damn tavern
And havin' another d'j' vu, we seein' security
Pass my pussy around like it's Ja Rule's jewelry
I got news for you bitch, your news curfew's early
You ain't home by 2: 30 {*gunshot*}Hey lady, hey darlin', hey baby
I'm sorry but I can't be your boyfriend
If you toy with my motherfuckin' emotions
I'll kill you
Bitch I'm fuckin'
For real I'll make you suffer like I suffered
If you fuck me then I'll make you fall in love{*in the background of the hook*}
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You never know what I really (be like, be like)
(be like, be like, I'm your type)
(And might even get a little bit crazy)See you lookin' at the life, you lookin' at the lights (lights)
You lookin' at the ice (ice) you ain't lookin' at the Trice (right)
You should look at some advice when I see he ain't nice (nope)
Despite the fact you think you the feisty type
O love to fight (uh) I love the drama (yeah)
Love when my bitch get to cussin' out Yolanda (fuck you bitch)
Find the Obie condom on the counter
Swingin' her weave, can't breathe like I can't believe
Least I ain't deceieve and try to mislead
And sell a dream just to get you on my team
I came clean to keep down the beef
Keep down my reach, you can keep all your teethWhat we do under the covers should stay between the covers
And the two of us and we ain't gotta be news coverage
On the front page cover of "Buzz's New Lovers"
And this is when the bitch get to showin' the true colors
Cuz the truth of it, everything that I do's public
And you'd love it if you could run and tell all your friends
Guess who you just screwed, assume just me and you've done it
And say that you was rubbered and show 'em the proof of it
But I guess it's do unto others as you'd have 'em do unto you

But you better be careful of who you're doin' it to
Cuz you never know when the shoe
Could end up on the other foot and it backfires on you
Cuz you think you want it then you want me, then you get me
Then you got me and you're fucked cuz you'll be stuck with me
For the rest of your life cuz if I get attached to you
We'll be joined at the hip, I'll be so latched to you
You'll be walkin' out the house and I'll run up and tackle you
Chain your ass up to the bed and shackle you
You don't think you're leavin' this house in that, do you?
Not till I brand my name in your ass and tattoo you
And have you walkin' out this bitch in turtleneck sweaters
Scarves and full leathers in 90 degree weather
Front on me? Never
Cuz we gonna be together forever
Right bitch? {*gun cock*}
Right bitch? {*gun cock, shot*}Hey lady, hey darlin', hey baby
I'm sorry but I can't be your boyfriend
If you toy with my motherfuckin' emotions
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You never know what I really (be like, be like)
(be like, be like, I'm your type)
(And might even get a little bit crazy)(fall in love) (crazy)
(fall in love) (crazy)
(fall in love) (crazy)

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