

Bobby Creekwater, There He Is

[Intro: Bobby Creekwater]

Yesssss, ladies and gentlemen (yeah man)

Bobby Creekwater, today's host

Today's narrator, yeah

(We do this shit every year around this time)

Today's what-the-fuck-ever you wanna call it

But I need y'all to sit back, and listen

Listen man (fuck what you write man, just go get 'em)

[Verse 1:]

An executive mindframe, fuck tryin to rap

Niggaz represent a corner, I refined the map

Artesian water, this is flow untapped

And rep for 'em like Mike on playoff night; that's if the payoff right

The dream team, Bobby Creek, Em, 50 and them

We +Run the City+ like Diddy and them

The opposition we just pityin them, it's no chance

Put you niggaz in the special olympics is no dance

I'm nice like a meal twice, nigga no grams

Get them bitches out they pants, I did it with no hands!

See, one thing's for sure I'm pure uncut

Baby you can either stay down or get gunned up

Mr. Night Life, I can give you niggaz sun up

I just get an order, let my niggaz pick the gun up

That's when I bone ya, nigga wake yo' punk ass up

This is ammonia, fuck your face up

Bitches won't even telephone ya

I can space age pimpin, a pocket full of stone ya

Ya dig? Take the world over that's the gig

Sell enough units have Paul and Jimmy dancin the jig

Roll the Maserati through the city, me and Riggs

Bumpin Obie Trice, shoot a bird at the pigs

Ever since a nigga got rich

Life is still a bitch but she a high class bitch

I just wanna fuck with me a high class bitch

Nigga pitch that on some eyeglass shit

See I classic, enough to get the mics back right

And I'm a fan of record sales, I don't like that hype

I'm here to end it

[Chorus:]

Oh Lord that nigga mean, ain't he?

Yea, goddamn that nigga clean, ain't he?

Yea, see he a greedy baby

But some people tend to call him the return of Shady

There he is - goddamn that nigga clean, ain't he?

Yea, oh Lord that nigga mean, ain't he?

Yea, see he a greedy baby

But some people tend to call him the return of Shady

Bobby Creek, Bobby Creek...

[Verse 2:]

Yea, yeah

Nice like Mike right, you niggaz soft as night lights

Diamond's a tall order I'm just tryin to get the hype right

I'm throwed off, so hard, so soft, sold out

Bought the Coupe a color of nice weather and rolled out

I can't hold out, hot like a fish fried

Who the fuck is this guy? The ruler on the disc I

Hit you in your suit coolers, I'm in the Coupe cooler

than pigskin men base runners and hoop shooters

A loose screw ban money like the legendary Roots crew

This is just the shit that I am used to

Oh nah, I don't bust a chopper but I used to

Now I put the word out - I'm sure you niggaz heard 'bout

Young boss sold money, old school new paint

Ball knowin you can't, give a fuck what you think

Member of the mighty Shady Records, nigga you ain't
Think you fuckin with me then double whatever you drink
You can't fathom what the bitch throwin at him
Couple niggaz hatin on him but the fans waitin on him
like a, PlayStation 3, money for your advance
My vacation fee, ain't no use in hatin me nigga
And don't shit-talk pimp, I'd rather flush
anyone with big enough nuts to come and fuck with us
I bust but keep in mind, pressure bust pipes
And you niggaz wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight
What the fuck? (yeah)
[Chorus]