

Obie Trice, Hoodrats

[Skit]

[Woman #1:] I know that ain't my homie over there

[Obie:] Keep sendin pages to the motherfucker

[Woman w/ Obie:] Well

[Woman #1:] Obie!

[Woman w/ Obie:] Is somebody calling you?

[Obie:] Nah, nah

[Woman #1:] Obie! One ball

[Obie:] All I'm sayin is I don't even know the situation .

[Woman w/ Obie:] You know her?

[Obie:] No, uh uh, I don't know that bitch

[Woman #1:] Obie don't act like you can't see me

[Woman w/ Obie:] Well she's calling your name

[Woman #1:] Turn around and look at me

[Obie:] Oh shit, Candice this is Sheneneh

[Woman #1:] Who is this bitch?

[smack, crashing noises]

[Obie:] What the fuck! Security! Security!

[Woman #1:] Let me go!

[Security:] Come on ma'am

[Woman #1:] Tanisha get my purse

[Obie:] Get her outta here

[Woman #1:] Get my purse!

[Obie:] Get her the fuck outta here!

[Security:] Yo, get to her man, need some help with this bitch

[Obie:] Get that bitch outta here man

[Woman #1:] Obie! Obie! You know I'm having your babies

[Woman #1:] They twins, one look just like you, let me go!

[Woman #1:] And one of them look like your brother, ok let me go!

[Verse 1]

My hoodrat'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 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

[Chorus]

How could you be here? Why don't you leave here

I ain't tryin to see you everytime 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 ho

[Verse 2]

They chase me (Obie, Obie), 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 (girl)

Plus 50 Cent's like ten times badder (girl)

D-12 shouldn't of had him on they album" (girl)

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 (uh huh)
Just not tonight, you don't know my name (you don't know me)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Hey yo fellas, never get timid when the chicken is interferin
When your chillin with a chick, who a ten (damn)
Let her know the situation at hand (uh huh)
And tell the bitch go play with her friends (BITCH)
This is for the model that your chillin with, hoodrats 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 (go on)
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

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice - talking]

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
Haha, you don't know me
Don't say shit, you know who I'm talking to
All my hoodrat bitches
Neneh, Aqua and Trip Entanetta
Haha, all ya'll
I'm straight, Obie Trice