

Obie Trice, Stay Bout It

(Obie Trice)

Obie Trice, nigga! Stat Quo! Welcome to Shady my nigga!
Congratulations, another nigga out the hood!
I'll vouch for ya, lets go, nigga!

(Hook: Stat Quo) + (Obie Trice)

This is for my bitches and my dogs
gettin' cheddar fuck the law
Stay on ya feet and never crawl
STAY BOUT IT!

(This is for my niggaz and my hoes)

(keep ya head up fuck ya foes)

(get ya bread up to ya nose)

(Over Corwd It)

(Verse 1-Obie Trice)

My name is O and to the B-I-E

Trife life, entety

envy me, injuries

niggaz who pretend to be

gangs-tah, nigga you's a fake-ah

gettin' money maj-ah, nigga you can hate if it's ya nate-ch-ah (nature)

never stop gettin' paper though

all that 'cho, just waitin' on a ho

gotta raise cocoa, put her in grade-A schools where asians go

amazing, two years retro, and in a vacant home where the aafes sold

now a nigga's on the road, sellin' out major shows, hate me hos

never would have fathomed that

big lipped nigga from school Craft

have access to the masses

now they sweatin' them backstage passes

try to give a nigga ass, cause I roll with a gangsa style

where was you at when I was on the ave, tryin' to get cash up/ (BIATCH!)

(Hook)

(Mini Hook) (Olivia Singing)

I am so alive! (Obie Trice-Gotta get that money man, and ain't a thang funny man)

I am so high! (Obie Trice-You rollin' up that skunk, i'm off that crunk juice, punk)

and I spy I feel so alive (Obie Trice-Shit, I gotta get that money man, and ain't a thang funny man)

and I am so high (Obie Trice-Liven up, then hit that ATL on'em)

(Verse 2-Stat Quo)

S-T-A-T-Q-U-O

with the awkward flow from the AT, do

wrist 'fo too cold, he swole, he roll, fo' sho' he gettin' plenty hos

ridin' fled, by my grip

GMM, that's my clique

fresh fit, new kicks

i'm the shit, might see me wit

yo bitch, on the strip

super slick, hate on me eat a dick

born to get plenty chips

is he rich, damn right, every day

every night, motherfuckers can't see me, bibi

I made this look so easy

signed with E & D the recipe, how can you not love it

tipsy off that hennesy, and other types of bubbly

(Hook)

(Mini Hook) (Olivia Singing)

(Verse 3-Obie Trice)

Obie keep a couple hoes, tokin' on that okie-do
dick up in they ass so them hoes know they gotta smoke
they know O, ain't for jokes, thats fo' sho
so they try to hold on, as long as possible like a rodeo
I mean that that dick do so much damage
that Obie's not that average, so you gotta pardon me, i'm so savage
gotta lot of bitches wantin' marrage
what bitch who? horse in a carrage
no bitch thats not obie's status
gotta know my apparatus
pimp, no food stamps, no pampers, no lips
strictly prophalactics inside these oversized mag-anums
when i'm dickin' down these actresses then
cut'em like John Singleton, in a matress askin' him when they seein' him again

(Hook)

(Mini Hook) (Olivia Singing)

(Obie Trice-Liven Up To Get'em (echoed))