

Obie Trice Feat. Eminem "Hands On You"

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Babe uh, yeah
Girl, you my only one though aight, haha
You my baby, fuck all that shit
You're the one for me, check it out

Baby, I'm feeling the feelings you giving, I'm feelin'
your style
And I'm willing to let my guard down to figure you out
I'm picturing your figure in a swimsuit wiling
Somewhere in the Caribbean Islands

'Cause the vibe you giving me now
Feels like I'm an innocent child
Sinning is never tempting when other womens around
Hands down, this is my vow

I never heard a moan sound so profound
When a nigga's digging you out, phone rings
You cuss them motherfuckers out, quit calling the
house
If I call, you're in route, there's a drought, you look out

I'm on edge, you put the palm of your hand on my head
and squeeze
Please believe I ain't scared of commitment
Fuck head from them bitches, when you could do the
same
But that respect is given, our intimacy is significantly
different

You gon' ride for me
Then I'm gon' ride for you
If you put your mouth on me
I'm a put my mouth on you

Together there ain't nothing we can't do
Any problem, we can see it through
Baby, if you promise to be true
I will never put my hands on you

Come on and think about it

We ain't even got to talk when we see each other
We got it all chalked out when we see each other under
them covers
You my lover, I'm your friend, I'm your man, but I'm
sayin'
Who needs a label, we roll hand in hand

Visions of you having my little man
We joke, you call me George Foreman
'Cause I'm namin' him O number four, me I'm three
Plus the ol' G like the personality, she say it's meant to
be

I'm in the bathroom when you pee
She in the bathroom too when a nigga doo doo, you my
boo boo
There's nothing in this world that a nigga wouldn't do
to
Satisfy, this my bitch that ride

My bitch wit' the pistol in the ride
A nigga act up she busting, she ain't got to decide
No discussion, she'll put a slug in a tough niggaz
muffin
You're fucking wit' her husband

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If you put your mouth on me
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Together there ain't nothing we can't do
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Baby, if you promise to be true
I will never put my hands on you

Come on and think about it

Come on and think about it, you got a ring about it
Nothing could ever come between or intervene our
bondage
Drama we overcome it if we out numbered
I promise it'll be us against a hundred

Rushing to your side when you vomit, eating pickles
and peanutbutter
Eight months later Obie rubbing your stomach
Paying homage to your momma for raising a girl
proper
Enough to call O her Baby Father

You ain't gotta bother bout a deal, I swear I keep it real
Raise young O trill and cook a decent meal
It's signed and sealed, you the only female
Hail, my one and only pal come to get me outta jail

Post bail and post up for sale
I swore, I swear, we will always live well
Long as I got my bombshell from the hood to the hills
Who's gon stop up? Nobody, we's that deal

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Then I'm gon' ride for you
If you put your mouth on me
I'm a put my mouth on you

Together there ain't nothing we can't do
Any problem, we can see it through
Baby, if you promise to be true
I will never put my hands on you

Come on and think about it

If you gon' stand by me
Then I'm gon' stand by you
If you promise you'll be true
Then I'll never put my hands on you

But! don't you play me for no fool, bitch
'Cause if I put my mouth on you
After you put your mouth on someone else
Better find someone else new
Come on and think about it

Yeah, Obie Trice
Shady

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