

Obie Trice "Shady Baby"

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Hey, what's a demon?
A demon is fun, a lot more fun~!~!

[Intro: Obie Trice]

Guess who's back from Shady's faction
You gotta know that cuz you made him Platinum
'case you look past 'em and ask him
Is OT alright? I say easy bastards
Thought I wouldn't come back? Nigga you backwards?
He came from crack to obtaining his classics
Knowin' all that, get your ass in action
Cuz now you have access to what's happenin'

[Verse One: Obie Trice]

The flows eccentric
O is back with a mouth full of inventions
To hold my fans
'Til the next album comes, like my second one has
?? slept on, it's a thing of the past
I guess got some ?? made 'em all laugh
When I shoulda been strapped, up with gats
But, I'm from the Ave so what's up with that?
Cuz on previous tracks Obie's clutchin' mags
Look at him kickin' with fat chicks why would he brag?
What possesses him to do a song like that?
Shut the fuck up!
My nigga what's up?
Cats with no humor, in the club mugged up
You gon' get a facial tumor
Assuming that that looks persuasive or invasive to him
This is neither the time or place to pursue him
Baby party it up with Shady, under the influence

[Chorus: Eminem]

You can't stop us Shady baby
So come party with my crazy group
Yea were wilin', yea were crazy!
(Whoo) Yea come on Sha-a-a-ady! (Whoo)

You can't stop us Shady baby
So come party with my crazy group
(Whoo) Were not dead, come on party it up with us
Throw me in the club let's get fucked up!

[Verse Two: Obie Trice]

Okey dokey, Obie's back in the lab runnin' the track
On my second lap, ahead of these fags
Marshall Mathers laced the track
So I ride that as if he would have
Havin' a blast with a half a glass of Cognac
Next to my pen and pad
If I wanna get my abs intact call Curtis Jack for that
Make chicks have asthma attacks
The reaction is massive on the ??
Shut the fuck up!
My bitches what's up?
Cats that perfuming in the club hugged up
You should get a different human
Assumin' the dude you're in tune with is wearing PINK
Instincts to tell you he's a freak
He ain't interested in you, he's lookin' at G
(Hahaha)

[Chorus: Eminem]

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Yea were wilin', yea were crazy!
(Whoo) Yea come on Sha-a-a-ady! (Whoo)

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(Whoo) Were not dead, come on party it up with us
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[Verse Three: Obie Trice]

No rehearsals the flow is cursed
I spit it in cursive you know it's curtains
Return with a banger that's so assertive
DJ spinnin' 'em in circles certainly
Hence the urgency, servin' them since the birth of me
Get an intense verse from Obie "Wan Kenobi"
One and only, nothing like a phony
Coordinate and macaroni
Plus I clap your homie
Actin' like he ain't have access to madness
??
Fuck that, let's relax a moment

Before we fuck around over react and blow it
Do it for the folks those who know how to act enjoyment
Actually this is Shady gatherin', spoil it
It'll beat that ass like a Prince performance

[Chorus: Eminem]

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(Whoo) Yea come on Sha-a-a-ady! (Whoo)

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