

Obie Berm?Dez "Stay Bout It"

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(featuring Olivia & Stat Quo)

[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, that's 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' marriage

What bitch who? horse in a carriage

No bitch that's 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 mattress askin' him
when they seein' him again

[Hook]

[Mini Hook] [Olivia Singing]

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

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