

Unwritten Law

"Bad Bitch"

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[Intro]

{*strached "Obie"*

[Chorus - Timbaland]

He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a "G"
Said she want to roll and get to know Obie
Claming that she love everything that he do, heeey
He got a bad bitch, said she recognize a "G"
Said she want to roll, and get to know Obie
Claming that she love, everything that he do, hey, hey

[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]

Yes it's O. Trice, I done jumped outta heights
Right into the microphone life, yeah this is right
This is less strenuous niggaz, this is tight
This is more dividends niggaz, get it right
Stompin like Timberlands niggaz, a pair of Nikes
But this is more Timbaland nigga and Obie Trice
The combination is invadin the stations, air waves
And rest haven on your listeners membranes (woo!)
I done paid some change, I got Timbo
This is not a brainy thang, yo this is simple
Get your ass up and dance, to the tempo
Exchange your stiff frame, for that of a more limbo
Grab shorty sippin on that Shirley Temple
With that ass hangin out, and pinch her on that pimple
On her ass hangin out, nigga advance
This a world of a night, better start with the pants

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]

Yeah, let's keep this shit in motion (motion)
Cause we gon' hang out 'til we hung over then
Ibuprofen
Adios when (os when); I fucked them thighs
Who influenced with the game that was spoken
I'ma make sure she open (open); MÃ©nage-a-trois
In these days and times got my shit growin
And she's hoe'n (hoe'n); And I'm ignorin
The lies she throwin, how she won't perform

I feed her a blunt, throw on the "Quiet Storm"
She repeatedly cum, consistantly all morn'
And she heated cause funds up in the purse not growin
Bitch beat it, my ones you gets none (nada)
She feel she's treated as if her playboy'll play her
dumb
I skeeted some bitch, her Playboy is on the run
Deleted the bitch, outta direct connection
Thanks for calmin down my erection hun

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Obie Trice]

Yeah, I speak the words of experience (oh) lady I'm
serious
Lyrics on my deliverance, is oh so vivid bitch
Oh no hoes up, hoes I spit it bitch (spit it)
Roll up, smoke up dro, and spit on this (spit it)
I'm outta order cause I break the ice
And squirt liquid in your eyes, all you see is little guys
Swimming in women claimin they like my style
Treat 'em like Ike and ride (bitch!)
I don't give a fuck I got the height, +Sho' You Right+
I'm +Barry White+ tonight (hey) you feelin alright
Got a buzz and this huzzie saying O's her type
I take her to the high-end and strike (ahh)
Trick for hire, I'll never buy her to bite
Despite she tight, I'll tell the bitch you can have a nice
life
See I'm working with these I's in this rhymes
It's I's, all's that matter all's the time

[Chorus]

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