

Various Artists "There He Is"

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Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Bobby Creekwater
Today's host, today's narrator, yeah
Today's what-the-fuck-ever you wanna call it
But I need y'all to sit back and listen, listen, man

An executive mind frame, fuck tryin' to rap
Niggaz represent a corner, I refined the map
Artesian water, this is flow untapped
And rep for 'em like Mike on playoff night
That's if the payoff right

The dream team, Bobby Creek, Em, 50 and them
We 'Run The City' like Diddy and them
The opposition, we just pityin' them, it's no chance
Put you niggaz in the Special Olympics, is no dance

I'm nice like a meal twice, nigga, no grams
Get them bitches out they pants, I did it with no hands
See, one thing's for sure, I'm pure uncut
Baby, you can either stay down or get gunned up

Mr. Night Life, I can give you niggaz sun up
I just get an order, let my niggaz pick the gun up
That's when I bone ya, nigga, wake yo' punk ass up
This is ammonia, fuck your face up

Bitches won't even telephone ya
I can space age pimpin', a pocket full of stone ya
Ya dig? Take the world over, that's the gig
Sell enough units have Paul and Jimmy dancin' the jig

Roll the Maserati through the city, me and Riggs
Bumpin' Obie Trice, shoot a bird at the pigs
Ever since a nigga got rich
Life is still a bitch but she a high class bitch

I just wanna fuck with me a high class bitch
Nigga pitch that on some eyeglass shit
See I classic, enough to get the mics back right
And I'm a fan of record sales, I don't like that hype
I'm here to end it

Oh Lord, that nigga mean, ain't he?
Yeah, goddamn, that nigga clean, ain't he?
Yeah, see he a greedy baby
But some people tend to call him the return of Shady

There he is, goddamn, that nigga clean, ain't he?
Yeah, oh Lord, that nigga mean, ain't he?
Yeah, see he a greedy baby
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Bobby Creek, Bobby Creek

Yeah, yeah, nice like Mike, right, you niggaz soft as
night light
Diamond's a tall order, I'm just tryin' to get the hype
right
I'm throwed off, so hard, so soft, sold out
Bought the Coupe, a color of nice weather and rolled
out

I can't hold out, hot like a fish fry
Who the fuck is this guy? The ruler on the disc, I
Hit you in your suit coolers, I'm in the Coupe, cooler
Than pigskin men, base runners and hoop shooters

A loose screw, ban money like the legendary Roots
crew
This is just the shit that I am used to
Oh nah, I don't bust a chopper but I used to
Now I put the word out, I'm sure you niggaz heard 'bout

Young boss sold money, old school new paint
Ball knowin', you can't give a fuck what you think
Member of the mighty Shady Records, nigga, you ain't
Think you fuckin' with me then double whatever you
drink

You can't fathom what the bitch throwin' at him
Couple niggaz hatin' on him but the fans waitin' on him
Like a PlayStation 3, money for your advance
My vacation fee, ain't no use in hatin' me, nigga

And don't shit talk pimp, I'd rather flush
Anyone with big enough nuts to come and fuck with us
I bust but keep in mind, pressure bust pipes
And you niggaz wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight
What the fuck? Yeah

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