

Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks

Two trailer park girls go round the outside

Round the outside, round the outside

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Round the outside, round the outside

Guess who's back?

Back again

Shady's back

Tell a friend

Guess who's back? Guess who's back?

Guess who's back? Guess who's back?

Guess who's back? Guess who's back?

Guess who's back?

I've created a monster

'Cause nobody wants to see Marshall no more

They want Shady, I'm chopped liver

Well, if you want Shady, this is what I'll give ya

A little bit of weed mixed with some hard liquor

Some vodka that'll jump start my heart quicker

Than a shock when I get shocked at the hospital

By the doctor when I'm not co-operating

When I'm rockin' the table while he's operating

You waited this long, now stop debating

'Cause I'm back, I'm on the rag and ovulating

I know that you got a job, Ms. Cheney

But your husband's heart problem's complicating

So the FCC won't let me be

Or let me be me, so let me see

They try to shut me down on MTV

But it feels so empty, without me  
So, come on and dip, bum on your lips  
Fuck that, cum on your lips and some on your tits  
And get ready, 'cause this is about to get heavy  
I just settled all my lawsuits, fuck you, Debbie!  
Now this looks like a job for me  
So everybody, just follow me  
'Cause we need a little, controversy  
'Cause it feels so empty, without me  
I said this looks like a job for me  
So everybody, just follow me  
'Cause we need a little, controversy  
'Cause it feels so empty, without me  
Little hellions, kids feelin' rebellious  
Embarrassed their parents still listen to Elvis  
They start feelin' like prisoners, helpless  
'Til someone comes along on a mission and yells, "Bitch"  
A visionary, vision of scary  
Could start a revolution, pollutin' the airwaves  
A rebel, so just let me revel and bask  
In the fact that I got everyone kissin' my ass  
And it's a disaster, such a catastrophe  
For you to see so damn much of my ass, you asked for me?  
Well, I'm back, da-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na  
Fix your bent antenna tune it in and then I'm gonna  
Enter in, endin' up under your skin like a splinter  
The center of attention, back for the winter  
I'm interesting, the best thing since wrestling  
Infesting, in your kid's ears and nesting

"Testing, attention, please"

Feel the tension, soon as someone mentions me

Here's my ten cents, my two cents is free

A nuisance, who sent? You sent for me?

Now this looks like a job for me

So everybody, just follow me

'Cause we need a little, controversy

'Cause it feels so empty, without me

I said, this looks like a job for me

So everybody, just follow me

'Cause we need a little, controversy

'Cause it feels so empty, without me

A-tisket a-tasket, I go tit for tat with

Anybody who's talkin' this shit that shit

Chris Kirkpatrick, you can get your ass kicked

Worse than them little Limp Bizkit bastards

And Moby? You can get stomped by Obie

You 36-year-old bald headed fag, blow me

You don't know me, you're too old, let go

It's over, nobody listen to techno

Now let's go, just gimme the signal

I'll be there with a whole list full of new insults

I been dope, suspenseful with a pencil

Ever since Prince turned himself into a symbol

But sometimes the shit just seems

Everybody only wants to discuss me

So this must mean I'm disgusting

But it's just me, I'm just obscene

No, I'm not the first king of controversy

I am the worst thing since Elvis Presley  
To do Black music so selfishly  
And used it to get myself wealthy (hey)  
There's a concept that works  
20 million other white rappers emerge  
But no matter how many fish in the sea  
It'll be so empty, without me  
Now this looks like a job for me  
So everybody, just follow me  
'Cause we need a little, controversy  
'Cause it feels so empty without me  
I said this looks like a job for me  
So everybody, just follow me  
'Cause we need a little, controversy  
'Cause it feels so empty without me  
Kids!