

# There He Is

Bobby Creekwater

Yessssss, ladies and gentlemen (yeah man)  
Bobby Creekwater, today's host  
Today's narrator, yeah  
(We do this shit every year around this time)  
Today's what-the-fuck-ever you wanna call it  
But I need y'all to sit back, and listen  
Listen man (fuck what you write man, just go get 'em)

An executive mindframe, 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?  
Yea, goddamn that nigga clean, ain't he?  
Yea, 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?  
Yea, oh Lord that nigga mean, ain't he?  
Yea, see he a greedy baby  
But some people tend to call him the return of Shady  
Bobby Creek, Bobby Creek...

Yea, yeah  
Nice like Mike right, you niggaz soft as night lights  
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 fried  
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)