

So Long

Obie Trice

I got this chick named Ari, all she do is want to party
Always want to meet up in public with a Barbie
Swear she's a Barbie, Nicki, she got it going
Ass fat, keep a straight wig on her dome
Never at home, hot ass, she hit the street nights
Paparazzi, earrings reflecting off the street lights
Never want to sit tight, she call a nigga midnight
To tell me after two, she's coming to get my dick right
Well baby, that's cool, but listen, I'm getting older
Nowadays, after 2, I'm sleeping, I'm rolling over
I call you about noon, you was tweaking, you wasn't sober
I can see you in your room hungover all on the sofa
Them days over for Obie, I'm on some next shit
Way it's looking like, I'm going so domestic
You ain't cooking nice or hooking up that breakfast
I'ma direct you to the exit, biatch

(So long, so long)
I've been fucking y'all for years, time for Obie to duck up out of here
(So long, so long)
You enjoyed Obie's pleasing, but pardon me, good evening
(So long, so long)
Been a player like forever, I'm gone, it's time for O to move on
(So long, so long)
You done had a lot of fun, right? But pardon me, good night

Time for me to move on
I'm telling the girls so long
(I'ma direct you to the exit, biatch)

I got this chick named Mona, always want me on the phone with her
When I'm on the road, she blowing up my horn at her
She don't like the homies, she always want me alone with her
Social skills ill, something had to be wrong with her
Lock me in the crib since she ain't fucking with wanderers
Niggas got to live, see that will never become of us
Want to be my rib, literally fuck my kids
Fuck a [?] sister, speak up, yo disappear
Baby listen here, you're tactless and full of wackness
You don't like kids, you need a psychiatric pamphlet
I don't give a shit how damp your snatch get
How loud your ass clap, you's a crazy ass bitch
Going through life ass backwards, your motto
Carrying all that baggage, bottle
Marrying me's not happening, bye dude
There's the door, yep, I mean to be rude

I got this chick named Keisha, all she do is smoke reefer
When she say she love me, it's hard for me to believe her
Cause when she say she love me, she's rolling up sativas
Smoker's choiced lips, bitch swears she's a diva
Yeah I grew up off the chronic, but she's so Wiz Khalifa
Keep a couple grams of OG in her sneaker
Dressed like the 90s, Dooney & Bourke purse
I try to coerce her to Louie, it never worked

So pitiful, forgetful
You on some hoopy shit when Obie is so in it, boo
I like to hit and quit, you claim that it's medicinal
Her swisher be gettin' more licks than my dick do
I know you on the, ganja
Sometimes I'm wishing, bitch, that I was marijuana
You thinking relationship, I'm thinking more like nada
I won't be seeing you tomorrow, bitch

(So long, so long)
I've been fucking y'all for years, time for Obie to duck up out of here
(So long, so long)
You enjoyed Obie's pleasing, but pardon me, good evening
(So long, so long)
Been a player like forever, I'm gone, it's time for O to move on
(So long, so long)
We're supposed to be peers, but you never caught up, fuck out of here