

# Obie Trice, Average Man

[Verse 1]

Hey yo I'm focused, it's the locust  
O. Trice is holdin the soldiers, the prognosis  
Probably why I rose from zero to hope  
Cause I was wide eyed and open nosed on my approach (nigga)  
Hold the toast you provoke  
44 Snub hugs my scrotum when I roll  
Yes I hold my own  
Swiftly think you be boast clone, I'm aimin  
Watch 'em switchin to Damons  
And next Friday I can bet you's a changed man  
When them thangs in hands, it's not a game man  
I ghost ya, I bring ya much closer to Jehovah  
Definition of a soldier, I told ya  
I .. hold the toast when I approach  
It's close at all times by my side in the holster  
O-ster roast ya, make me blow my composure  
Pop [gunshot] it's all over, when the fo fo blows and goes [gunshot]

[Chorus]

When I'm up in the club  
And these niggaz they wanna act tough  
'Til they get plugged  
Watch them bullets go [bullet shot]  
Now you touched from a slug  
Huggin the streets like you in love  
Your heart race like [flatline]  
The ambulance arrive [police siren]  
They rush you to the spinner, flyin by my ride  
Engine like [engine revs], homie you just died  
Your family through cryin, I pulled off a crime  
Just as quick as ..

[Verse 2]

Lose your face, in a fool's race  
I put my tune first nigga, you was in second place  
And second place just means you didn't react with haste  
And this differentiates life where murder bein the case  
And since murder was the case, it just means niggas erase  
Another black mother can't eat the food on her plate  
Cause she ain't got the taste of raisin you was a waste  
Such a short span young man, sit at your wake  
First I'm a man, second I'm five eight, with size and weight  
Won't give a nigga the upper hand  
Cause when I pop [gunshot], I get a 's up like Barry Sand  
Sit in the can, you never ran like Barry Sand  
Obie ain't playin, Obie got a plan  
And the plan is NOT to be layin in Earth's land  
I will POP before the can and Earth slayin  
You get SHOT for playin me less than a man motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Niggaz get it twisted, liquor make 'em envision  
that gangsterism is disrespectin a niggaz wishes  
Which is all the touch talk in front of bitches  
Yeah you fifteen deep, the Desert E a give ya stitches  
And I can be all the bitches and hoes you wanna  
But I warn ya the glock could make it hot as California  
You be propped on the corner, flesh meetin the coroner  
O's and quarantine, cause no hoes in need, is no hoes in need  
Niggaz take advantage 'til I manage to pull that hammer out  
They start scatterin, I'm no gangster, I'm a average man

but be damned if I let 'em do me savage man  
Before that I'm strapped and will challenge him  
Cocked back and that [gunshot] gat will damage them  
It's not a act, this is fact, this is how I'm programmed  
This is me, what I'm about, this who I am motherfucker

[Chorus]