

Obie Trice, Average Man (Intro)

(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 slayin
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)