

Obie Trice, Obie Story

[Mom] Momma's so proud of you, you did so good on that report card today baby
I'mma let you pick out whatever you want
[Obie] Ma, I can get any shoes I want?
[Mom] That's right, today is your day
Momma don't have much, but I'll spend it all on you today
[Obie] Okay, I want these. Ah man, I'mma look fresh when I go to school

Such a beautiful thing, being embraced by a woman that's a queen
With big dreams for the younger sibling
O couldn't do no wrong
According to report cards Obie brought home
They say good in spelling
Spelling bee's always excelling
Which was so overwhelming that Momma took him shopping
Copped him the new Jay's
Swear to God homie this was Obie's cool days
BMX'ing up the block with the tennant living next to him
Shooting hopes, who got hops?
Worthy, when he pop a jump shot
No worries, just a pocket full of sugar or whatnot
Hit the candy house on the block
It was pickle in them spot
Then things turn around when Obie'll lay down
Hear the sounds of fire rounds surrounded em
Astounded him, the volume of the blast had me so interested
Momma falling with cash, she can't get a nigga in this bitch
They wanna hit the ass, nigga start ditching class
Dad ain't around, he left a nigga
Sagging in them Superman drawers that one Saturday
Is it my fault, shit got dark?
Mom and I fall apart, relationship taunts, bad talk
"Can't stand you, looking like ya Daddy with that same walk"
{Muthafucka you - }
Now a niggas out in the streets
Two nickle plated thirty-eights on me
Can't stay away from beef
Scrapping with them niggas from the other side
Sipping Saint Ives rocking old school flannels
Old school niggas see that I'm an animal
Front me at 16, see how my roll handle
Now I'm up the O's but wait on the affy
Cuz here come my muthafuckin baby, cool
Had to slow my role
Plus my P.O. got a nigga pissing in a bowl
Hold my temperment cuz I see such innocence
When I'm looking in Kobe's pupils
Despite all the dope I sold I had to change my road
I just might be able to grow old
Older brother said, "Yo O
I'mma quit my job so we can chase our goals
I'll be manager-a-go, you can rap I suppose"
That's what we did, I still flipped a little bit
Saved up my chips and put it into music
"Well Known Asshole" a underground hit
Still scrambling, looking like shit
Baby momma think I'm smoking more then a spliff
Think a blessing came from the man who invented my gift
When Eminem said "let me hear you spit"
Wrote my signature, now Shady Obie represents
Hit em with the D12 skit
Can exhale now I see my Mom's ain't pissed
She hit em with a smile cuz Obie became focused
From independent out the trunk like them dope kids
To platinum plaques, world tours, getting noticed

An inappropriate soldier became so ferocious
In this Hip-Hop culture that I long for
The roller coaster O was on so young
Took a turn right into his song
That's right, from after school fights
To pushing white, to pursuing his career heights
One mic's, all I need involved with beats
I'mma be the streets to Jesus, cars on me
And that'll be the day you applaud and see
The underdog gets his eventually

Gotta end it though
I'm all in it, there's no limits
And it's so splendid
Real names, no gimmicks
No image, just a soldier who spoke what he lived
From the ribs with it, the flows vintage
Obie gotta do this for real
Yeah
Obie Trice