

Obie Trice, Oh! Feat Busta Rhymes

<(Verse 1 - Obie Trice)

Yeah, Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks
I came in the game, profane no image
I came in the game, with a name
I was given from a mayn who ain't give a fuck about his child-ren
I proclaim the name though, never in vain no
Watch the change grow, a young nigga who didn't gain from fame
Copped the Range Ro', now they want my brains on the main road
They don't understand what I came for
How I came fo', with a million sold
Who say you can't grow from mildew and mold
Gettin money like Ross Perot
I'm often told, a coffin's the routes I go
Oh that's the road you on, oh no
I'm down for the rifle, tone the fo fo
Don't ever try to send a nigga home, no no
I know you wanna catch me at Sunoco
Show me that your loco put holes in my photo
NOPE!, HOPE!, hold toast, no jokes, send slugs through your Polo
Just cause our thug roll solo
And po' zone grown folk, be a cold negro
Be-low, your grieved up people
Be-lieve that the boy see no evil

(Chorus - Busta Rhymes)

OHH! I had you yellin out when I backed a 30/30 Rifle
OHH! Too late for niggaz to get religious and start readin they Bible
OHH! See you can yell like other niggaz, your pickin a dirty psycho
OHH! See you should make peace instead of makin me become a psycho

(Verse 2 - Obie Trice)

I visualized it, O. Trice at 25 survived it
Bright but violent, invite the violence
Fist fight a fireman, be a tyrant
'Til these niggaz nights is silent
O. Trice from a trife environment
He 'Rock's the Mic' no sight of retirin
Maybe when the bank accounts light like a fire thin
I'm in the position to hire other clients then
Meanwhile I'm a virus like Iverson
A nigga crossover, Europeans admirin
And the soldier's retirin, I ain't buyin
Motherfuckers actin like you denyin them
Who tryin a nigga, who use buyers
I figure your crew tired, my trigger introduces VIOLENCE
Loose the sirus, you in hospital, orange juice and vitamins
No coke

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Obie Trice)

A derelict who inherited hustle
My heritage married the street struggle
Like a couple of a great unk's ago (yeah)
So this blood streams through my nuts
Seems like I wasn't in touch
When the teacher's ass spoke
Nope, naw I was just a preacher in oath
Sit on the bleachers and flip coke
The only reach you got through my dome
Niggaz yaffle so the gat'll be chrome
Pull the window raffle, so I scramble with a track and the phones (woo)
Fuck a act and a clone, this is actual happening's that's factual back in my home
This is rap, but I ain't rappin so you clappin the zone

Think we trapped in the act, for the sake of performin (nigga)
This is your warnin, run up on the wrong
And your tissue is burning a hundred degrees warm (Blaap)
O. Treezy's gone, my nigga Buzz bring the track back here for 'em
C'mon

(Chorus)>