## Obie Trice, Oh! Feat Busta Rhymes

<(Verse 1 - Obie Trice)

Yeah, Obie Trice, real náme 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)

À 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)>