

# Obie Trice, Outro

(feat. D-12 and Eminem)

[gun cocked back]

[Eminem]

Nah, we ain't done [echo]

I love bein hated, it great it

Let's me know that I made it

I wouldn't have it no other way

I wouldn't trade it for the world

Only let's me know that I'm loved

by so many other motherfuckers that ain't you

And as long, as you keep fuckin with us, we keep fuckin you up

And keep pullin the rug from up under you

And what's ever more fucked up, is we enjoy what were doin

so much there ain't nothin that we love more than +Pullin Your Skirts Up+

And exposin you hoes so much, people are startin to wonder

what's up with them fuckin one dough a man under-els

Do unto others of you will have done under you

So who the fuck you motherfuckers gonna run to

When someone runs up with a mask and puts a gun to you [gun cocks]

You will ask yourself, how come your mans

didn't enter that last round that he had in Curtis Jackson's ass while he had the chance

You keep askin us to keep it on wax but we can't

This is past any irrationalization

We have captured national media attention

Conversation is senseless, you can sense the tension start buildin

soon as we enter the '106th & Park' building

Someone's gonna get killed and I swear to God

if someone so much as even touches one of my people

I'll put a million on his head

And you ain't got the funds to match or counteract it

But I'd rather rap than get into this gangsta shit

And it ain't because I'm a bitch

It's because I ain't a bitch, I don't endanger people that I'm with

I'm a general, I ain't Bush, I don't send my soldiers to war

I'm right there in the middle of the shit with 'em, so when I do get 'em

Orders to storm your headquarters, you'll be fuckin with a ..

[Swiftly McVay]

Fuckin with a peacekeeper, see you the nigga that greet this lyrical meat cleaver

That I eat ya, niggaz wanna keep speakin, like it ain't even that deep

I got heat that'll sweep a niggaz street [explosion]

See I wouldn't fuck with me neither, only heaven can help ya

I'll be searchin for you longer than the "Legend of Zelda"

Without a failure, there's gonna be hell to tell the

captain that a bassett hound couldn't even smell ya

body, when I hide ya, I be on that mob shit

You another Hoffa, under the Renaissance bitch

You get bombed like Lebanon [explosion] with my own tactic

I snatch your head like one of Saddam's kids

[Obie Trice]

Motherfucker, I'll handle you

We can have it out on any Avenue

A +Average Man+ flipped into an animal

Shoot out your mandibles

Cannons and ammunition, reload with precision

Nigga know the mechanicals

Break the pistol down, you should see them handles

The street taught the child, no read up manuals

Push your crack vows, young Nino Brown

Chasin green is the dream, when your young and brown

Bound to be a problem child, look what I'm involved in now

A 'Dozen Dirty' niggaz and they all get down  
Dissolve any problem that enlarge with ours  
When revolvers we said "all men get down" ([gunshot], c'mon)

[Kuniva]

While your punchin and tacklin punks  
I'm handlin chumps, packin a pump  
that's longer than the elephant trunk [gun cocks]  
On the streets I'm a beast, I feast upon the weak  
So speak beef, I'll shot you and scream "increase the peace"  
A monster, pistol packin pushin niggaz off they Hondas  
Starve ya, get it crackin, yankin bitches for they ganja  
Sneaky as fuck, I don't think mama beat me enough  
When she was sleepin stuff, I was stealin the keys to the truck  
Shut the fuck up, before you end up dead in the dump truck  
Or in the streets takin a nap, bleedin and Lugged up  
+Who Want What+ like M. Bleek, with this heat if you ten deep  
Then fuck it, it will be ten sleepin [gunshots]

[Proof]

Know much about my a land ski  
Don't tustle with my hand speed  
Clutch your burner, bust it and watch your man bleed  
We ferocious, toast no holsters  
Approach us, throw heat straight from the soldiers (c'mon, [gunshot])  
We the soldiers, ya'll the youngsters (ha)  
Youngsters lungs puncture, dead in a dumpster [gunshot]  
Upstairs the Munsters, hand full of drama  
You scared of the drama, bomber the monster [gun cocks, boof]  
I'm back nigga (woof), I reappear  
Shoot like [gunshot], homie steer clear  
Blackness, carcass covered with cat fish  
We murkers with no purpose other than practice

[Bizarre]

There's three things I hate: liars, fakes and cheaters  
Alcoholics, sluts and fuckin wife beaters  
A gat that describes my life  
I don't even know who song this is [Obie Trice]  
Bitch, Bizarre don't give a fuck about no hip hop  
At my release party in a pink tank top in Reeboks [laughing]  
This Ja Rule beef I ain't gettin in  
I'll meet an R & B singer to sing at my wedding  
I turn your face into a fuckin meat patty  
I'll fuck your mommy and go fishin with your granny  
I'll +Shit on You+, I'll pee on R. Kelly too  
This is Bizarre, see you "Devil's Night 2"