

Obie Trice, Rap Name Remix-Ft. Keith Murray

(Keith Murray)

yo

(Obie Trice)

real name no gimmicks nigga

O. Trice and Keith (that's right)

My nigga speak (the most beautifullest shit in the world)

When two niggas meet and take it to the street

O. rep the D

And I Long Island iced tea when I roll with Keith (that's right)

Squad unleash the heat whenever Obie roamin

So that's two dicks you suck bitch whenever Gucci foamin

I got a homin device on life

I get there, leave you with my strife, your strifes

O. Trice the name, just came to the game

That's why I'm twenty-something on Kay Slay's tape

But a nigga's great, hey I'm Shaaaaaday

I'm astronomically bubonic with a treeeeeeee (BLAOW!)

My ebonic's like chronic with a waaaay

I hold you down

Nigga here's your pound

(Chorus: Obie Trice)

I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that

Huh, but you're all just {*wick* *wick*} whack

(Keith Murray)

It ain't R&B muh'fuckers, it's a rap

(Obie Trice)

Real name, no gimmicks

Fuck an image, I'm in it because I live it

I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that

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(Keith Murray)

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(Obie Trice)

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(Keith Murray)

yo, I get outrageous, bodacious, crazy

Make a nigga a vegetable, mashed potatoes, and gravy

Put a cork in it nigga, who the fuck you think you're playin

Snuff nose to your ribs, if you breathe I'm sprayin

Tell the cops it's Keith Murray, real name no gimmicks

Walk the streets with my dick out bitch I ain't timid

I'm like Tyson in the house when I step in the club

Bug, titties get fondled, asses get rubbed

See that nigga ass up with my wild style child

I never get booed on stage like I'm Destiny's Child

I'm too "Dirty" for Christina, make Trina "Work It"

Bird tracks when I rap, smell a rubber when I chirp it

Come on doggy doggy, you ain't got nothing for me

Put a gash in your neck about four inches deep

Yeah, keep talkin like Murray don't get busy

Hit you with this rum bottle and make yo ass dizzy

dizzy, dizzy, dizzy, dizzy

(Chorus: Obie Trice)

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(Keith Murray)
Y'all okie doke niggas can't fuck with the kid
Crack your chest open, your back, and split your wig (what)
Give your punk ass a nice face massage
Now you don't want +No Drama+ like +Mary J. Blige+

(Obie Trice)
Keith pop popped the garage, nigga that's the trunk
Cuz I got a wee whip in there plus the pump
Pumps for punks, whip all you sissies
Two stroke you faggots (won't stop) stagnate you maggots

(Keith Murray)
I like a mix of ecstasy dust and purple haze
Wild now but you shoulda saw me in my school days
Yeah, I bring the funk like a bag of skunk
And I pack sawed off shotguns for street punks

(Obie Trice)
Niggas don't wanna see this animals bite down
Cannibals spit out your ear
Most y'all queer (faggots)
Real over here
Recognize psuedo, it's a new year
Bud, wise, and beer

(Chorus: Obie Trice)
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