

Obie Trice, Yo!

[Obie Trice]

Yo, Obie Trice, yo

I'm with backdoor productions, no discussion,

O Trice be the sound that's rushin your eardrums

Pump it up if you feeling em, this is hip hop pure adrenaline

I'm a winner, I step on the scene

Start to cipher, bitches start to scream

Cock back, niggas start to flee

Ain't nobody in this motherfucker with me

I'm a dog, I walk what I talk

Detroit niggas see straight through your heart

Niggas wanna bark, niggas get traced in chalk

By the law in the adam car with this rap I be at em all

I spit through the mic and niggas just scatter off

The boss before that bitch rap that, these bitch made

Niggas get their shit pushed the fuck back

[Chorus: Repeat 2x]

You know O Trice spit the hot shit that's the realest

Keep lacing dope tracks that's the illest

Hot joints for my raw ass niggas

That make motherfuckers go yo

[Obie Trice]

Motherfuckers ain't trying to see Mr. Trice

Yo I pump up the party, pump nut up in ya wife

Me and you, two different types

You wanna be hardcore while my shit's precise

I recite make niggas wanna blast on any punk ass nigga in sight

My focus, to take niggas minds over

Somebody's murdered once my rhyme's over

I do this the regular way

A regular cat with an irregular verbal spray

You know my thoughts deep when it runs

A weirdo sleeping with mad guns

Who want some, you can have it, semi-automatic catch the trace around

You be lost and found

Chalked up with Obie Trice branded on ya ass nigga what

[Chorus: Repeat 2x]