

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]