

Obie Trice, Mama

(feat. Trey Songz)

Hey, hey

[Chorus: Trey Songz]

Now when my mama done seen me cry (me cry)

It's my liiiiife

I'll be thuggin 'til the day I die (I die)

It's my liiiiife

You niggaz don't know me (ohh-ohh)

You can't slow me down (oh-ohhh)

You can't hold me, and so I'ma keep
rollin rollin rollin rollin, goin on strong!

[Obie Trice]

They say "Why you so defensive?" I take that offensive

Comin from the shit that I lived in

You wouldn't understand him unless you eyewitness

Chillin on the block where vacant lots are given

Women and children missin, men in the picture

Cause niggaz hit up sittin down and some sinner

Get a kite with a flick of a chick he once hit up

Ridiculous but that's us niggaz

On the corner from dusk 'til dawn

'til that shit Whites brought to America's gone

Be a Good Samaritan, my heritage was did wrong

So all that sufferin that's just prolonged

Long as you're knowin that that strong-arm robbery

was brought on from this society deprivin me

This brings violence if you're not survivin my environment

Don't expect ya to be drivin in

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

Mama worked 37 years in the plant

34 days she missed, that's where I get my grind at

Her lil' nigga, see her as father figure

Even though she got hips and tend to bitch up

Show me how to maneuver snakes, false niggaz

Eleanor Trice, one real sister

Raised her kids up to be go-getters

Now a nigga living room big as a Amphitheater

Get the theater nigga, I'm from the hood

So at times I see the mirror and tell him he doin good

Keep up my spirits cause niggaz want him destroyed

But that's null and void when it comes to ya boy

I'm from Detroit, Shady employee

I'm on a voyage tryna get more than royalties

Niggaz I'm royalty

That's why your bitches spoil me, O. T-R-I-C-E

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

I got visions of makin executive decisions

But this system tells me to be realistic

You can't do shit with C's and D's

I could do the work, I'm just interested in makin cheese

So your schools can't control these G's

He got his own rules and do whatever he please

At ease to my soldiers that's feelin Obie

Long as I know my 1-2-3's I'm flippin O-Z's

A nigga can count like an accountant

Only difference is it ain't checks that'll be bouncin
It's pow-der, peep what he's pronouncin
Now he lives next to the teacher that denounced him
Doubted him, now look at the child's outcome
Duece album got him speakin highly in volume
I assume I'm valuable, they throwin in the towel
Bow whenever they see him roll in that Diablo

[Chorus]