

# Obie Trice, Oh

[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]

Yeah, Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks  
I came in the game, profane no image  
I came in the game, with a name  
I was given from a mayn who ain't give a fuck about his child-ren  
I proclaim the name though, never in vain no  
Watch the change grow, a young nigga who didn't gain from fame  
Copped the Range Ro', now they want my brains on the main road  
They don't understand what I came for  
How I came fo', with a million sold  
Who say you can't grow from mildew and mold  
Gettin money like Ross Perot  
I'm often told, a coffin's the routes I go  
Oh that's the road you on, oh no  
I'm down for the rifle, tone the fo fo  
Don't ever try to send a nigga home, no no  
I know you wanna catch me at Sunoco  
Show me that your loco put holes in my photo  
NOPE!, HOPE!, hold toast, no jokes, send slugs through your Polo  
Just cause our thug roll solo  
And po' zone grown folk, be a cold negro  
Be-low, your grieved up people  
Be-lieve that the boy see no evil

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes]

OHH! I had you yellin out when I backed a 30/30 Rifle  
OHH! Too late for niggaz to get religious and start readin they Bible  
OHH! See you can yell like other niggaz, your pickin a dirty psycho  
OHH! See you should make peace instead of makin me become a psycho

[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]

I visualized it, O. Trice at 25 survived it  
Bright but violent, invite the violence  
Fist fight a fireman, be a tyrant  
'Til these niggaz nights is silent  
O. Trice from a trife environment  
He 'Rock's the Mic' no sight of retirin  
Maybe when the bank accounts light like a fire thin  
I'm in the position to hire other clients then  
Meanwhile I'm a virus like Iverson  
A nigga crossover, Europeans admirin  
And the soldier's retirin, I ain't buyin  
Motherfuckers actin like you denyin them  
Who tryin a nigga, who use buyers  
I figure your crew tired, my trigger introduces VIOLENCE  
Loose the sirus, you in hospital, orange juice and vitamins  
No coke

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Obie Trice]

A derelict who inherited hustle  
My heritage married the street struggle  
Like a couple of a great unk's ago (yeah)  
So this blood streams through my nuts  
Seems like I wasn't in touch  
When the teacher's ass spoke  
Nope, naw I was just a preacher in oath  
Sit on the bleachers and flip coke  
The only reach you got through my dome  
Niggaz yaffle so the gat'll be chrome  
Pull the window raffle, so I scramble with a track and the phones (woo)  
home  
This is rap, but I ain't rappin so you clappin the zone  
Think we trapped in the act, for the sake of performin (nigga)  
This is your warnin, run up on the wrong  
And your tissue is burning a hundred degrees warm [Blaap]  
O. Treezy's gone, my nigga Buzz bring the track back here for 'em

C'mon  
[Chorus]