

Obie Trice, Spread Yo Shit

(feat. Kon Artist)

[Intro - Proof]

Hah! This is DJ Seven Duece
Fresh up out your momma's mouth
So when she spit's you know how I "cum";
You know what I mean, haha
We release the Dogg Hour
Where we give a shout out to my School Craft Playaz
Detroit's in the house, live at Roll-in-Wills
Obie Trice baby, check it out...

[Verse - Obie Trice]

I done did my share of dirt, flipped my share at work
I'm the nigga that lived and slid through terror turf
Did it big with clever workers who hid the crack
In the back bottled up in that Gerbert glass
For what it's worth, I ain't told to have
I'm just rambling, y'all dick handling
Telling my past and you don't know me
Niggaz the name's Obie, I'm bout to expose these motherfuckas

[Chorus - Kon Artist]

When I was down you had a lot to say
You should mind your business and walk away
Talk about them trying to find a way
To spread yo shit 'round town
I ain't really got time for you
With all that ignorant shit you do
Niggaz need money and I do too
That's why I ain't fucking with you

[Verse - Obie Trice]

I wonder would he pass for passer
If a massive ass kick's inflected
It can happen that quick, when spitting shit
Rapidly laying down your fag ass click
From running your lips like a bitch
All I know is something it gotta give
Niggaz I gotta live, it's not a poragative
Don't speak on The Kid
Lid your speech or rid ya in the streets
It's so optional, but I will be logical
Cause when I lodge at you, it's not hospital
Operating poppin' them hot slugs outta your abdominal
Now your momma got a funeral attendin
Just for mentioning Obie Trice the Henchmen
All I wanna do is make music and "bench" man
"Get my weight up" the same shit that Jay said
If you hate up, the AK's is sprayin
Motherfuckers ain't playin!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Obie Trice]

That's why I don't fuck with you cats
Cause this all wrap with y'all
But this is not an act at all
Run ya trap, get clapped and fall
Spread rumors recieve malignant tumors
Don't confuse music with us choosin
Adhesive patches won't cover the bruise
Channel Two anchors won't cover the news
They never give a fuck when it's beef between crews

All I know is Obie paid his dues
Made his moves and bitch niggaz hate the truth
They rather see me laid in that body booth
Deep six, rotten so the rats can chew
That's why I don't fuck with y'all
You'll run and get y'alls, and that really sucks for y'all
Talk behind backs but never to him dawg
Wouldn't that irritate your boss?!

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

[Outro - Obie Trice]
Fuckers, Obie Trice