

# 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