

# Obie Trice, Synopsis

[Intro - Obie Trice - talking] + (Green Lantern)  
The Conspiracy (yeah, yeah ...)  
Green Lantern (what up, what up)  
Hey Green I'ma talk to 'em man  
That's all on this one (Obie Trice y'all) (\*echo\*)

[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]

My momma look in my face with praises  
Amazin grace to see her son on a paper chase (paper chase)  
She ain't gotta face the Jake, runnin up in her place  
Cause her son's on a paper chase (paper chase)  
And she ain't gotta face my frame, layin up in her wake  
Cause her son's on a paper chase (paper chase)  
Obie Trice, toggle back and forth with options  
This is my life, the block or your Magnum-voxs  
The synopsis, clogs my logic  
You wanna be mobsters  
Roll on a roster like we's imposters  
Like we's in D needs to be stopped  
Like we don't bleed and breathe hip-hop, and so they knock us  
But this accomplishment is far more fetch than one's knowledge  
It's impossible, we will never be stopped  
Shady's inevitable, our heavy influence in medley crew  
Who grew from a old school's point of view  
Earn from the best, learn to play chess with words  
The circumstances sayin we herbs  
But that's aight, Soundscan sayin we word  
And I'm pronouncin numbers, I ain't never in my life heard  
And you ain't gotta touch it, fuck it, say I'ma puppet  
I hit the public, motherfuckers love it  
Obie Trice 2003, summer, newcomer, I'm comin  
Bump me in your buckets (fuck it)