

Obie Trice, There They Go

(feat. Eminem, Big Herc, Trick Trick)

[Intro: Obie Trice]

Yeah

Ay, Em, you ready?

Herc, you got them thangs nigga? (you know)

Detroit city!

[Chorus: Obie Trice]

There they go, them D-town boys carry the Calico

Whenever there's war, you gotta know

Them boys got toys tear down the front door

Detroit make noise everywhere that we go

There they go, there they go

[1st verse: Obie Trice]

You are not convincing

When Detroit blocks stay flocked with henchmen

Niggaz get popped for instance, infrared dot for distance

Get knocked by the cops, cop on some pen shit

Straight detention, a nigga doing tension

Once released he on that music business

When viewing 106 and them cafeterias

Only to find that rap's actually serious

Deliriously resort back to crack and vigilance

Same shit that sent em upper Michigan

Us is pimping, a difference, from any city I visited

It's that Detroit spirit and if we in it, balling out till the ending, period

Use O as a reference to that sentence

The message I'm sending you, best just pay attention

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse: Big Herc]

If you don't like how I act then blow me

I don't really give a shit, I represent the real cats who know me

Man what's up with that scratch you owe me?

Now run my chips before we fall out like Shaq and Kobe

Big Herc on a track with Obie, when you come to the D

It's cut-throat, better be packing homie

And niggaz get they shit split for acting phonie

We're known for the glocks and the choppas

These niggaz'll rob you, leave you standing in ya socks and ya boxers

We got real G's and lots of imposters

I smoke the real trees, see I cop from the rastas

Ya'll niggaz ain't impress me yet

Ya'll yapping, not rapping, turn that shit off and press eject

See we known for the car shows, running from the narcos

Keep them bottles coming, we gon' pop 'em till the bar close

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse: Eminem]

Meat cleaver, leave a gash in a bitch's ass

See her dreams of being an R&B singer diva

Leave her face, cut her from the waist

Ah man what a waste, of a pretty face

And this place ain't just safe, it's just straight gangsta

It ain't just New York or L.A. that pains no more

There's Latin Coun' Kings here

Southside, four, East Side and Gansen

Nuthin but ganglands and, spray paint cans

And when that van rolls up, man they ain't glancing

That window rolls down and that tre-eight's dancing

And them shooters don't miss, homie they hate chancing
Straight for the dome and it's vacate fast and
Get the fuck outta dodge 'fore that blue Dodge flashing
Red and blue lights, no ambulance, you got flattened
And this was not supposed to be no Detroit anthem
But just so ya know, if ya see them D-Boys passing

[Chorus]

[Outro: Trick Trick]

Here we go motherfuckers

This the motherfucking back acha Trick

Don't even dream of fucking up in Detroit, bitch

This is where the real killers at

Detroit motherfucker!

Ain't never no difficulty smashing no bitch ass niggaz

Matter of fact, bring your bitch ass to Detroit nigga

We got something for your ass

[Gun shots fade out]

[Laughter]