

# Obie Trice, Yo!

[Obie Trice]

Yo, Obie Trice, yo

I'm with backdoor productions, no discussion,  
O Trice be the sound that's rushin your eardrums  
Pump it up if you feeling em, this is hip hop pure adrenaline  
I'm a winner, I step on the scene  
Start to cipher, bitches start to scream  
Cock back, niggas start to flee  
Ain't nobody in this motherfucker with me  
I'm a dog, I walk what I talk  
Detroit niggas see straight through your heart  
Niggas wanna bark, niggas get traced in chalk  
By the law in the adam car with this rap I be at em all  
I spit through the mic and niggas just scatter off  
The boss before that bitch rap that, these bitch made  
Niggas get their shit pushed the fuck back

[Chorus: Repeat 2x]

You know O Trice spit the hot shit that's the realest  
Keep lacing dope tracks that's the illest  
Hot joints for my raw ass niggas  
That make motherfuckers go yo

[Obie Trice]

Motherfuckers ain't trying to see Mr. Trice  
Yo I pump up the party, pump nut up in ya wife  
Me and you, two different types  
You wanna be hardcore while my shit's precise  
I recite make niggas wanna blast on any punk ass nigga in sight  
My focus, to take niggas minds over  
Somebody's murdered once my rhyme's over  
I do this the regular way  
A regular cat with an irregular verbal spray  
You know my thoughts deep when it runs  
A weirdo sleeping with mad guns  
Who want some, you can have it, semi-automatic catch the trace around  
You be lost and found  
Chalked up with Obie Trice branded on ya ass nigga what

[Chorus: Repeat 2x]