

Oh! (feat. Busta Rhymes)

Obie Trice

Yeah! Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks
I came in the game, profane no image
I came in the game with a name I's given
From a man who ain't give a fuck about his chit-lenI proclaim the name tho, never in vain no
Watch the change grow
A young nigga who don' gain from fame
Cop the Range RoveNow they want my brains on the main road
But they don't understand what I came for
I came forth with a million sold
Who said you can't grow from mildew?
And mold, getting money like Ross Peroe
I'm often told, a coffin's the route's I go
O that's the roads you on, oh no
I'm down for the rightful tone of fo-fo
Don't ever try to send a nigga home.
(No, no)I know you wanna catch me at Sinoko
Show me that you're loco, put holes in my photo
Nope! Obie! Hold toast no jokes send slugs through your polo
Just 'cause though a thug roll solo
Impose on grown folks, be a cold Negro
Be low, you grieved up people
Believe that the boy see no evilOh! I had you yellin' out when I backed the 30-30 rifle
Oh! To late for niggaz to get religious and start reading they Bible
Oh! See you can yell like other niggaz repeating the dirty cycle
Oh! See you should make peace instead of making me become a psycho
I visualized it
'O Trice at twenty-five survived it
Pride but violent
Invite the violence, fist fighting the fireman
Be a tyrant, 'til these niggaz nights is silent'O Trice from a trife environment
He rocks the mic no sight of retiring
Maybe when the bank accounts like leviathan
I'm in position to hire other clients
(Bitch)Mean while I'm a virus like Iverson
A nigga cross-over, Europeans and Myaran
And the soldiers retiring
I ain't buying motherfuckers acting like they denying himWho trying a nigga whose view's
biased
I figure your crews tired
My trigger introduces 'Violence'
(Dudes through sirens)
You want to spittle Orange Juice and VitaminsOh! I have you yellin' out when I bag the 30-30

rifle
Oh! To late for niggaz to get religious and start reading they Bible
Oh! See you can yell like other niggaz repeating the dirty cycle
Oh! See you should make peace instead of making me become a psychoA derelict who
inherited hustle
My heritage married the street struggle
Like a couple of great aunt's ago
(Yeah)
So this blood streams through my nuts
Seems like I wasn't in touch
When the teacher had spoke
(No!)Now I was just a preacher in O
Seat on the bleachers and flip coke
The only reaching that got threw my dome
Niggaz gamble so they get outta be chrome
Pulled the winning raffle so
I scramble with the track and the foamsFuck an act and a clone
This is actual happenings that's factual, back in my home
This is rap, but I ain't rapping so you clap in the "Zone"
Think you're trapped in the act for the sake of performing
This is your warning, run upon them wrong
And your tissue was burning a hundred degrees more!
O trizzy gone
My nigga bust bring the hook back in for 'em
(Come On)Oh! I had you yellin' out when I backed a 30-30 rifle
Oh! To late for niggaz to get religious and start reading they Bible
Oh! See you can yell like other niggaz who repeating the dirty cycle
Oh! See you should make peace instead of making me become a psycho

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