

BME Up

Obie Trice

Nigga we up, we don't give a fuck
We gon' keep holdin this shit down
Nigga raise up, you can get bucked
{blam} Gangstas around
Got the world in a flux, all on the nuts
You can't stop us now
This where the riders at
'Til we posted up somewhere beneath the ground

BME, trust the truth's in the booth
He don't take a hit to let 'em know I'm bullet-proof
Rest in peace Proof, this is no truce
This is, hood music brought directly to you
Mac-11 in the Chevy with a nigga or two
Ready for whatever, we cuckoo, loose screw
Used to bungalows juicin up fiends
Just to ride 'round in the new school
Come from, basehead rentals, same faces, no dental
Claimin they gon' pay incidentals
Give a fiend a break, he see God all in ya
Then he run game 'til your change all minimal
Pinnin them predicaments to live that life
I been spendin Benjamins since the early '90s
Now BME is where a nigga can find me
Still on the grind nigga still gettin mine

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Niggaz, I done been around the world and back
Ask about Trice, ain't shit fuckin with that
BME said "Get 'em," Obie did exact
Straight from the trap to the muh'fuckin map
Young nigga, star, do this, car
Louis, where a nigga murder a track
Hurdle over snares and claps
So verbal, had to dumb it down so your ears adapt
Now it's (Money in the Bank), Lil' Scrap's pappy
'Preme in the tank, ain't a vehic' could pass me
Ask BME how a nigga from Craft be
Nasty, K covered up in the back seat
Any melee comin at me - death day
Pastor be speakin to your fam-lay
G shit, I'ma rap 'til my sun set
'cept sun's up; BME what?

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Nigga I don't slip, handle 'em, rap's Rip Hamilton
All in his mansion, gamblin
Alls I'm tryin to do is match 'em, rappin
Get a couple chicks, I'm ramblin, stab 'em
Take 'em to the crib where it's magnum, madness
Mashin, ass, as if, you ain't know the half
It's BME, that's the muh'fuckin staff
Now I represent on they behalf - yes

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