

Cry Now

Obie Trice

"Crrrrry"

Giant face nigga (giant face nigga)
Get it together (get it togheter)
I ain't goin nowhere (nowhere)
O. Trice (O. Trice)

Niggaz wanna kill me, till a nigga stoned
Wanna peel my cap back, see a nigga gon'
All because I rap actual facts on a song
It's no fabrication, what's wrong (what's wrong)
Slum cracked to the day come (day come)
But they don't wanna gimme that, say he fakin (fakin)
Schoolcraft is the makin (makin)
But God forsake 'em, they hate I'm great
Conservin them weight, to the Top 8 at 8
You whether see him wait, momma hypervenalate
Tuckin her son underneath the state (Michigan)
Hip-Hop's my fate, since cassette tapes
I've been braced what you know of, as this niggaz culture
Put it in a chokehold, spoke as a soldier (soldier)
Yea he provoke him, to pull up out his holster
Leave you wit a visible ulcer, oggle and off ya
Niggaz ought to when he lyrically off us
All cause he salty, I'm rollin like a boss
I don't follow nigga's course, I'm akward
My choice, Rock City is my voice
The White Boy stepped down, so I will accept the crown
Exceptional however, never let ya down
Found my new niche, no more bricks
So I'm pitchin 16's, verbally bitch

"Crrrrrrry now" Cry now
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"Crrrrrrry now" Nigga cry now

Cry all you wanna, numero uno stunna
Then snuck up on ya, Lord what has become of us
The Boy hold the "D" down, like none other
Up comin since slums, can't knock them mothafuckas
So we, take shots at 'em, try to snuff 'em
Whether see 'em suffer, then become one up on us
Round the globe, promotin us hustlas
The white boy's cool, but refuse they brothers
So we, cock the tools, and shoot our own color
This ain't Detroit Red, you won't (X) me out (Malcolm)
I exit this, whenever be from a violent outcome
I turn Exorcist on niggaz wit extra clips
Exit on my ethics, is no longer present
X-rays show, I was this close to Heaven
So for future reference, I stay this close to a weapon {click-clack}
Who you testin, never said I was the best, never stressin
Don't make me get in my zone, I will own that whole note (fa sho')
Metaphorically, for where I roam on chrome yo (fa sho')
Detroit for niggaz that's slow, it's the O
I was birth wit Jehovah's hand on my soul

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Can't explain the gift; but my aim is to take
What the streets gave my brain and spit
And I ain't evaporate, I will remain the shit
So ya lames that got a problem wit the game - tough tit
He still in the same Range, windows fixed
And I'm killin 'em come a-gain, that's as real as it gets
Off ya, tryna make me depart ya, from my thought-a
Coffin's for you, and the nigga that brought ya
The hatin start in ya, release from our father
The people at the alter, saying ya better off
You don't wanna see a demon, come out of a humen being
Recent being the sience, and to him it's too extreme
Catch me in the BM, like Tupac and them
Or in that Tahoe like Christopher - NO
Poppa gon' keep poppin Cris on you hoes
And piss on those, who exist as my foes
O rolls through shit, spittin cold flows
Knows his business, I'll be missed if I go
Who you know holdin the city on his shoulders
Flow is ferocious, it's O shit, true vocalist - BITCH!

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