

Dealer

Obie Trice

Me, I ain't no rapper
Nigga, I'm a trapper
Eva since nigga was invented
Came out that snapper
Cocaine pin my stature
Bring it back, whip Kane Ackerin
Oh Lord, so hard, just like a statchet
Mathematics, nigga, I'm stackin'
Whateva you crab, I'm matchin'
I'm soap certain bout my curses
Shit's comin' back to a mansion
At work call a nigga athen
I rap, still give a dabble
There's only curtains went over certain
I ain't dealin' with hustles
Bring that bread back to that castle
Lay it on the bed, that's what blacks do
Take a picture, me and my figures
Basket in my satchel
You rap, I'mma come back to put you beneath
Nigga no altitude
My attitude is absolute
Nigga like me comin' after you

This is for my drug dealers
Drug dealin', my real life drug dealers
Drug dealin', my Columbian drug dealers
Sarcoase to my Haitian drug dealers
Hovado loco to all my Mahecco drug dealers
Yella, to my Aerobic drug dealers
All my killas in the hood who be drug dealers
Makin' paper, reach the ceiling, my niggas

With my granddaddy got guncharches
His grandson got gramms though
Got grandma get a grand for every gramm that she transporting
My kids cause I got ammo
And I ain't talk about ammo
I am talking about shelves, hoe
These no more, when you sell dope
Projects with this pyrex
Got nine left with these hombres
He's jumpin' back, I'm bein' honest
I got all my young niggas on this
I don't believe in carin no gateway

I'm not takin' care of no grown man
Gotta jump in and get yo feet wet
Test to shoot you'r own hands
Dope-boy that got no plan
So i do shit you don't understand
I let my partner meet demand
They in it deep like quicksand
You still handling heorine
My uncle in and steppin on it
He got out the pimp
For lettin hes friend OD and left him on it

DOPEBOY..

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Money to the set
No rax that gub like a build
My dopes make cocaine like score
Count so good i could be a Tone
I can take you where the block at
I can show you where the love at
All this work that we get with-Yeah! -
- where my scrubs at
The eastside where the drugs at
How we all trough the city with the pounds and the trunk
Trying get the work on
M'gotta murder ya nigga
Bought what u served yall
And we ain't doing no dance
Booty make the work twerk
Rou-rou-round 3 4 5 6 times
Put em niggas to the dime
Flip a brick at a time
Put a loose at the lam
See the whoop in this man
Fell of it like (cadillac?)
Took a trip now im fine
Look, what u know about OT
(crunnerbook?) you a hoetail
Just to make you a hoesell
Real g's taking no air
Wait till you dry when you got no aires
Feel niggas