

Going Nowhere

Obie Trice

You heard it, you want it, you got it, it's crazy
You play it, you bump it, you know it, it's crazy
Hate if you wanna, that don't phase me
I ain't going nowhere right now...

It's the fo' pound bandit
The coke hand to hand, and he Detroit bred
Goddanmit O Trice's back
And Oh, they so adamant I'm still at it
You should see the grill on a faggot if only looks could kill
But O is so accurate over this matter stagnant
It's never inadequate I swear these haters need to chill
It's SO automatic that he is above average
Jesus of Nazareth's reached his soul and so
He is a talent that has managed to mechanically use a pen and a pad and the
alphabet to get ahead
Niggas mad cuz he single handledly getting this bread
Bitches is in his bed, bullet still in his head
I'm back, fully loaded I'm ready to let off lead
Metal is heavy and I'm ready to let it all rip
The return of the vigilante on that big party and bullshit
You dig? The kid's back you biatch

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I don't suffer the whispers of these envious niggas
Mad cuz his nuts not in my Denim
Wanna be him so much the send slugs to kill him
And keep it on the hush not to become a victim
Vicious, niggas I rid them
I spit, piss on the statistics on that bullshit
I pull up muzzle yell, send the bezel berg back to here
I'mma thug, I'mma clap him till he fail and he fall
I'mma ball, I'm a beast, I'm the streets
I'm the reason you a broad, I'mma boss, I'm me
Obie bout that change, get rich fast
The Claude Van Damme of the game: Kick ass
Trapped until a nigg get out of 'Caine
And bounce back like whiplashes
And dump my cigar ashes on you asses
It's still Trice and Mathers all that matters
Call that other madness, past us
This is passion

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My feet up, I read up
Read up on a MC who fordid, a overachiever
My Visa tease them in that villa overseas in that B1W with mamacita
G'd up, Jesus my cheese keep reaching up
Planted the seed and then it beamed up

The bean stalk being tall
Now I'm balling on these motherfucking peanuts
Huh, the demons wanna deliver me
Wanna deem him less than enemy but O too slippery
But back on you faggots nigga ain't no sympathy
I don't fuck with you actors I do mine differently
Trice made history, now all these fake niggas wanna mention me
Couldn't wait till I break in this with my entity
It don't even interest me, I'mma keep my energy spitting
Obie is in this to win this and that's the ending

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