

Roughnecks

Obie Trice

MoSS Productions
Obie Trice...
Ha ha, yeah!

Rap is a necessity, so God don't question me
about how long I been doin this shit here
I spark like a flare, and tear through a stank bitch underwear
when my testosterone's in full gear
I'm rugged - and when the music bump out
I call niggaz out, that's how I club it
Shit, you dug it, yo' punk ass got retarded
cause the moment my music bump your pussy ass farted
Ha! That's how hard I hit
Call it collision effect to make you player haters sick
Obie Trice truly is ridiculous with lyrics
I know you wanna drive my style but talk stiddicks
New millenium nigga, bringin mayhem
My slave rap is for real, games I never played 'em
I'll stab him in the abdomen
And leave him gaspin for air like asthma really attacked him
I'll leave you paralyzed with no more action, or verb
I know Obie get on your nerves
I'm like a nigga tryin to stay at your spot, without a job
Or a gang of thugs beatin on your head by the mob
Run that sob[?] but no more heartthrob
You're stiff like a carcass full of maggots and shit
layin on the corner
I leave bodies more rotted than John Jr.'s body at the motherfuckin coroner
Your face mutilated, legs decapitated
from foul fuckin your dick, your dick disintegrated
Burnt niggaz never learned nigga
It's Obie Trice - now say nice!

My veins pump purple rain
My pores sweat liquid cocaine
My eyes are dry, dry, dry..
My spirit's maaade in proof
My body craaaaves that juice
My mind is high, high, high..
You on the wrong side of these drums

I intensify your high
Bump me through your systems and watch blood trickle out your eye
I make you feel like you meltin, or seein the devil, in 3-D
Only it's Obie on CD
Mr. Trice unfamiliar?
But I'm the same nigga that killed ya - go read ya poem
I hit harder than them Hiroshima type bombs
Relocate arms - no more wri-ting
Obie Trice be live for the night
And any nigga try to take that, threatens my excitement
And yo, that's when I get violent
and create with your blood like the red violin
Yeah, I bet you'll be silent then
O. Trice rock harder than infinite horny men
Tipsy off gin, that's when I begin to sin
Even if I lose no one wins

I'm an ex-convict escaped from hell
returned, to take the world over as well
MC's rather me be in the cell
Rather than seein me up the block hoppin out a drop-top 12

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I come strapped, with a pack of gats
that'll eliminate you, and that flat you stay at
Nosy neighbors
I break out the arsenic arsenal and firebomb your block for acres
Who would've thought? Me!
Obie Trice, the destruction of a fake wannabe
You claim you're hardcore when you're soft as you wanna be
That type of shit gets you lost unfortunately
Your mother miss ya, she thinks she ain't shit
"Oh I ain't raised him right! Oh I'm such a bitch!"
Shit change, when the bullet meets the brain
Leave a ugly first impression
And leave a dirty mess on your girlfriend's dress
And he wouldn't give a fuck, how loud the bitch screamin
Call him a demon, I call him a slug
Not a thug but a slug that'll rip through a thug's mug

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Blaow!
New millenium shit