

8 Foot Sativa

"Adrenaline Rush"

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Get the fuck out motherfucker...

Hey yo...

When I step up in the bar, everybody hit the fucking floor,
Lucky motherfuckers make it to the door,
Cause when I spit on mic's I spit raw,
Which cause confusion from the bar to the dance floor,
I keep the club on the vex,
Cause he gotta pay me when I spit, plus replace alot of shit,
Niggas get a whiling,
When my words echo's the room like, Get your hand out my pocket,
You suck shit when my topics rockin,
I'm banned from clubs 'cause my toxic tonsils,
Loud speaker like a fucking sports announcer,
I spit the baa-haa till you rush the bouncer,
I rush the mutherfucker in your way who's bouncing,
You know old christ get their yak's pronouncin...

Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker,
Out your seat motherfucker, I'm a reach motherfuckers
Shady-records till I sleep motherfucker
Obie-Trice nothin but street motherfucker
Tear this bitch up till you bleed motherfucker
I wouldn?t give a fuck who you be motherfucker
Punk, pussy, bitch or G motherfucker
Adrenaline rush before you leave motherfucker

When I speak I blow out your tweeters, a dog,
Show out in speakers roll out with heaters,
I'm just an animal eating the game,
Jumbo monkey, funky and obie's the name,
I rose solo, never been a hoe though,
Keep yak's vocal when cats act loco,
Where you at when I'm moving the crowd,
You get trampled, mashed on detroit style,
Up out your seats, pump out the E's,
Off the beat's the crowd overpleased,
Where my nigga's at smoking them tree's,

Off the cognac, finger fucking the ski's,
That's how it is when you party with me,
You don't like it, you L-7 like a square beat...

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Yo, yo, since I came I rearrange the place with blaze,
Spays dope with coke-fevers DNA, I'm so addicted,
To gettin nigga's lifted, drunk off a liquid,
Obie Trice the misfit,
Douse'in the crowd with piss and vout's,
We underground motherfucker fix your frown's,
I beat the bore with a wisty tour,
Off a whisky you never been this deep before,
So throw up your hands and peep out your man's
When I come through next quarter trust it in you's,
And trust I'm attackin it,
I cook up the hot shit like Ainsley Harriot
That's why I'm so miraculous,
And hope to get you nigga's pumped up,
I see you next time I see him chump,
That's right, you go through Obie Trice fucked up,
on your knees drop for these...

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