

# Obie Trice f/ Big Herc, Eminem, Big Herc, Trick Trick "There They Go"

Visit "[There They Go](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Obie Trice]

Yeah

Ay, Em, you ready?

Herc, you got them thangs nigga? (you know)

Detroit city!

[Chorus: Obie Trice]

There they go, them D-town boys carry the Calico

Whenever there's war, you gotsta know

Them boys got toys tear down the front door

Detroit make noise everywhere that we go

There they go, there they go

[1st verse: Obie Trice]

You are not convincing

When Detroit blocks stay flocked with henchmen

Niggaz get popped for instance, infrared dot for distance

Get knocked by the cops, cop on some pen shit

Straight detention, a nigga doing tension

Once released he on that music buisness

When viewing 106 and them cafeterias

Only to find that rap's actually serious

Deliriously resort back to crack and vigilance

Same shit that sent em upper Michigan

Us is pimping, a difference, from any city I visited

It's that Detroit spirit and if we in it, balling out till the ending, period

Use O as a reference to that sentence

The message I'm sending you, best just pay attention

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse: Big Herc]

If you don't like how I act then blow me

I don't really give a shit, I represent the real cats who know me

Man what's up with that scratch you owe me?

Now run my chips before we fall out like Shaq and Kobe

Big Herc on a track with Obie, when you come to the D

It's cut-throat, better be packing homie

And niggaz get they shit split for acting phonie  
We're known for the glocks and the choppas  
These niggaz'll rob you, leave you standing in ya socks  
and ya boxers  
We got real G's and lots of imposters  
I smoke the real trees, see I cop from the rastas  
Ya'll niggaz ain't impress me yet  
Ya'll yapping, not rapping, turn that shit off and press  
eject  
See we known for the car shows, running from the  
narcos  
Keep them bottles coming, we gon pop em till the bar  
close

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse: Eminem]

Meat cleaver, leave a gas in a bitches ass  
See her dreams of being an R&B singer diva  
Leave her face, cut her from the waist  
Ah man what a waste, of a pretty face  
And this place ain't just safe, it's just straight gangsta  
It ain't just New York or L.A. that pains no more  
There's Latin Coun' Kings here  
Southside, four, East Side and Gansen  
Nuthin but ganglands and, spray paint cans  
And when that van rolls up, man they ain't glancing  
That window rolls down and that tre-eight's dancing  
And them shooters don't miss, homie they hate  
chancing  
Straight for the dome and it's vacate fast and  
Get the fuck outta dodge 'fore that blue Dodge  
flashing  
Red and blue lights, no ambulance, you got flattened  
And this was not supposed to be no Detroit anthem  
But just so ya know, if ya see them D-Boys passing

[Chorus]

[Outro: Trick Trick]

Here we go motherfuckers  
This the motherfuckin back acha Trick  
Don't even dream of fucking up in Detroit, bitch  
This is where the real killers at  
Detroit motherfucker!  
Ain't never no difficulty smashing no bitch ass niggaz  
Matter of fact, bring your bitch ass to Detroit nigga  
We got something for your ass  
[Gun shots fade out]  
[Laughter]

Visit [Obie Trice f/ Big Herc, Eminem, Big Herc, Trick Trick](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.