

Obie Trice f/ Bobby Creekwater, Ca\$his, Kuniva, Stat Quo

"Cry Now"

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[Tony Yayo] Shady, Shady, Shady

[Intro: Obie Trice]

OOOOOOOOOOOOO-MIIIIIIIIIX {"Cryyyy"}
Back nigga (dry ya face nigga)
"Second Round's on Me" (get it together)
Kuniva, Ca\$his (I ain't goin nowhere)
Stat Quo, Bobby Creekwater (O. Trice) WHAT!

[Obie Trice]

Niggaz didn't kill me, now a nigga's gone (yeah)
Can't, peel my cap back, I'm never at home (ha!)
I'm somewhere, with my shaft restin on a hoe's tongue
(word)
Sippin Dom Perignon while she sippin up them
newborns
Yeah, bet ya hate the news holmes (nigga!)
He probably somewhere, sippin on a stoop, huh?
Sippin on a brew, plottin to pop me later huh? (haha)
When will a hater learn I'm too great on a song
I push weight on the corner, send weight to the coroner
When courage make him turn performer
I transform into Uma Therman, a dude's version
Verses lettin a 'perfluous nigga with no purpose (woo!)
Continue to walk this earth's surface
I was birthed in hip-hop, watch out my services (that's
right)
Yet, you tried to murder this nigga that's comin
from the same turf as you's (NIGGA) what nerve of
you's (NIGGA)
Pissed cause your hustles ain't worth a shit (NIGGA!)
I'm gettin rich, I'm on my way to Hugh Hefner's, dig?
With a bitch you in the trenches tryin to reach it big (ah-
ha!)
On another rapper's dick who don't represent where
you live (DUMMY!)
Know you're annoyed but don't make the mistake
I'm state to state in that Honda nigga, not an Accord
(woo)
I'm in that Honda G4 you would never afford (woo)
And yep, it's probably ease when a nigga is on board

[Chorus: Obie Trice]

{"Cryyyyy now"} Cry now

{"Cryyyyy now"} Cry now

{"Cryyyyy now"} Cry now

{"Cryyyyy now"} Nigga cry now

[Kuniva]

I'll be damned if I let a nigga lay his hands on me

I'll lay his ass out and park a Grand Am on him

The city where the weak survive and the strong die

Where beef collide, shootouts happen and hit the
wrong guy

I done seen the worst of the worst - and what can be
worse

than a verse about bullets dispersed up in your shirt

The streets is like a curse, niggaz frontin for a bitch

It's like you beggin to die like bear huntin with a switch

A part of my heart is gone, I can never smile the same

Trigger finger is itchy, it'll take a while to tame

Detroit is hella Dirty but the Dozen can fix it

Resist and a biscuit will excede the distance

And bounce off one's home, hit and ricochet

Off a kid's trombone right to where you niggaz lay

Obie can tell you that death is just a few inches away

I shed tears but you can get your fill of it today

{"Cryyyyy now, cryyyyy now, cryyyyy now, cryyyyy
now" }

[Bobby Creekwater]

Yo, Obie, they gonna fuck with us this time nigga (B-G-
O-V)

Uh, Bobby Creek, nigga

Laugh now, cry never, my beretta is a body part

Hit 'em with just enough shots to make his body art

Now I feel like we even

See Creek is here to shine a light on you niggaz this
evenin

Soon as I get my call I'm right on them zeros I'm leavin

Load up a clip and make it dark on them heroes I'm
cheesin

Shit they got snitches on the clock, gotta watch what I
sayin

Me buy a bitch a couple rocks in a watch? Quit playin

Back on my grizzy my nizzy, nobody ran with me

And for them fuckin spectators I brought the band with
me

Halftime niggaz, and grab pine you would never grab
mine nigga

The doc was lyin when he said you gon' be fine nigga

[Eminem] Ca\$his!

[Ca\$his]

Witness the art of war, in the physical (geah!)

Since raw coke was rushed through my umbilical (uhh
c'mon)

And no words from Ca\$h mouth is fiction (what?)

Ready to throw clips if, I'm never dissin you

My aura awards raw to the core and the surface
of the street, when I walk through the door, my purpose
is to move up, pull towards you purp'in

Watch me overthrow the government for my interpret
Plot of Bin Laden, soul of Mumia

I'm prayin to Proof, I'm +Searching for Jerry Garcia+

Talk to my brother, gone in the streets of the D

I'm totin the K, at hawk niggaz waitin on me

You take the first shot then, +Second Round's on Me+

And when you walk, on the other side of me, and my
brother ride

I don't rap for the plaques

My contract's signed just for scraps to get you wacked

Nigga, with a gun, with a shank, with a bat

Take a slug through the lung, get it right, what you
wack nigga

I'm born crazed deranged and more famous

than clappin down bangers meant, for entertainment,
geah

[Chorus]

[Stat Quo]

Young Stat keep the gat on tuck

Want war, I don't give a fuck

Shot 'til you kiss, pucker up

It'll lift him up, believe me you'll float

The result is your family heartbroke (YEA!)

Lookin like an artichoke vegetable, hold stiff

Nigga paralyzed from the neck down, my goons stick
niggaz

Turn soldiers to stick figures, hand on triggers

Real life, born killers, we roll out like four-wheelers

God shill us, from back-stabbers and goldiggers

Tipsy off brown liquor, watch me

Obnoxious, broads call me cocky

Poppy long dick Stat beat up the box like hockey

Especially when a bitch ride dick like jockeys

From the Benz, to the Range, to the black jalopy

I'm the shit, the only one who ain't heard is Foxy

Formalize the plan, no man can stop me

Boss hog, Stat Quo understand, you COPY?
You COPY?

[Chorus]

{*sound of radio changing stations*}

[Tony Yayo] Shady, Shady!
{"A-A-A-A-A-A-Alchemist"}
[Eminem] It's "The Re-Up!" {*echoes*}

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