

## **Eminem**

### **"Pistol Pistol"**

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(Eminem)  
Obie trice c'mon

(Obie Trice)  
Yeah  
Niggas got me  
Ima get um  
It aint over

(Chorus - Obie Trice)  
U can catch me ina whip witta fifth of pimp juice  
Den I'm poppin a clip about to fix this issue  
U pray that I don't hit I aint equiped to miss u  
U gonna need an ambulance to stich ya tissue  
Or either have a bag on ya hip to shit through  
U seen us on a av aint just to get chu  
But my penis is a mag when I lift it hits you  
'cause I don't go nowhere w/out my pistol pistol

(Verse 1 - Obie Trice)  
I solely swear on my daughters tear  
The nigga that got em in they head  
Will fill it b4 the year ends  
Hope they inconspicuous my friend  
'cause once the word get back  
Ya in a world of sin  
Bullets will hurdle at him for tryin to murder  
For what been determined as the first solo african  
It gold platinum witta an accident happened at  
For maggets I'm alive a vengence to get back  
My momma's blood pressure was affected from that

My lil girl need her daddy on na phone at a certain time  
exact now  
N nigga act wile n when na mac come out u nigga's  
exile  
N I don't wann hear x y z I'm x'in out cha hole entity for  
tryna kill me  
Filthy mutha f\*\*kas I'll show you a real b when deez h t  
b's light up ya kidney's  
I'm so sincere u'll see in a herce dis year it's not a

verse it a curse  
From births n what's on ya person over here dis is obie  
hear em' clear  
Nigga's beware I'm commin at chu with fire arms n air  
And ya purpose so supurfyalice how could I be  
mercycful  
When merkin me's a mercinary's goal  
Nigga I got paper I'll have yo ass urgently exposed no  
emergencies bring back ya soal  
Slugs shatta ya bones for pat pat'n ya in the dome  
learn this patterin  
N catch him at home he rome that when automatics  
spuratically catch him in da abdomen  
N anotha dirty muthaf\*\*ka's gone

(Chorus - Obie Trice)

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(Eminem)

Obie trice c'mon

Second rounds on me  
Robbin, shootin, killin, murda,  
(oh shit run)

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