

Obie Trice "Average Man"

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Hey yo' I'm focused, it's the locust
O. Trice is holdin' the soldiers, the prognosis
Probably why I rose from zero to hope
'Cause I was wide eyed and open nosed on my
approach , nigga

Hold the toast you provoke
44 Snub hugs my scrotum when I roll, yes I hold my
own
Swiftly think you Deebo's clone, I'm aimin'
Watch 'em switchin' to Damon's

And Next Friday I can bet you's a changed man
With them things in hands, it's not a game man
I ghost ya, I bring ya'so much closer to Ja over
Definition of a soldier, I told ya

I hold the toast when I approach
It's close at all times by my side in the holster
O-ster roast ya, make me blow my composure
Pop it's all over, when the fo fo blows and goes

When I'm up in the club and these niggaz they wanna
act tough
'Til they get plugged, watch them bullets go
Now you touched so much slug, huggin' the streets like
you in love
Your heart race like

The ambulance arrive, they rush you to the 'spittal
Flyin' by my ride, engine like
Homie you just died, your family through cryin'
I pulled off a crime just as quick as

Lose your face, in a fool's race
I pulled my tool first nigga, you was in second place
And second place just means you didn't react with
haste
And this differentiates life with murder bein' the case

And since murder was the case, it just means niggas
erased

Another black mother can't eat the food on her plate
'Cause she ain't got the taste of raisin' you was a waste
Such a short span young man, said at your wake

First I'm a man, second I'm five eight, but size and
weight
Won't give a nigga the upper hand
'Cause when I pop, I get a 'sup like Barry Sand
Sit in the can, you never ran like Barry Sand

Obie ain't playin', Obie got a plan
And the plan is not to be layin' in earth's land
I will pop before decayin' in earth's land
You get shot for playin' me less than a man,
motherfucker

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Niggaz get it twisted, liquor make 'em envision
That gangsterism is disrespectin' a niggaz wishes
Which is all the tough talk in front of bitches
Yeah you six feet deep, the Desert Eagle give ya
stitches

And I can bet all the bitches and hoes you wanna
But I warn ya the glock would make it hot as California
You be propped on the corner, flesh meetin' the
coroner
O's and quarantine cause no holes in me, yes there's
no holes in me

Niggaz take advantage 'til I manage to pull that
hammer out
They start scatterin', I'm no gangster, I'm a average
man
But be damned if I let 'em do me savage man
Before that I'm strapped and will challenge him

Cocked back and that gat will damage them
It's not a act, this is fact, this is how I'm programmed
This is me, what I'm about

This who I am motherfucker

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