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# **Obie Trice** "Come Down"

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## [Chorus x1]

DonÂ't come down, things will always work out DonÂ't come down, things will always work out DonÂ't come down, things will always work out So when you find yourself in tears

#### [Verse1]

As a child I was fowl

Ma, I couldnÂ't understand them things that came out ya mouth (DaddyÂ's aint shit)

You would fuss, cuss til' your blood pressure was up Then give up, slouch on the couch and drink your liquor (fuck you)

A hard headed nigga I was, quick temper Short attention span, not attendinÂ' class What a dummy, I will run over you honey You confront me and say, "Obie, you no longer have a mommy"

DonÂ't use my phone

DonÂ't even eat my food

Matter of fact donÂ't speak and it was just me and you In a house with that mouse and them traps and that gat WaitinÂ' on the day for you to pull the trigger back

#### [Chorus x1]

### [Verse 2]

Trying to kill me boy ThatÂ's what you wanna do, kill me Ma, youÂ're not feeling me The beat was not that drastic Blasting, Bastard, youÂ're lying (your lying) You took plastic freezer bags with dope inside of 'em

She knew, but she hated that it was true I didnÂ't raise 2 boys, I can do away with you

The locks changed and the nights got colder

I'm slinging boulders, looking like a boulder toker

But fuck it IÂ'm the Obester

I'm down for Mas man

She rabbed out my corner like "I'm not gonna cry" "I will not reap the pain, watching my youngest man" "On the corner slinginÂ' cain" (I'm callin' the cops)

### [Chorus x1]

[Verse 3]
ma, Even though I left the house grown
Seventeen years old
On my own, using these streets as my home
ThereÂ's no need to prolong this beef, dear I love you
Miss Eleanor Trice I place no one above you
You the reason when I hustle, I knew the stack
The reason when I opened up mics I knew the rip
The ethics you installed in this hectic young brother
Rubbed off after all, now look at your boy
When they ask about me now you wont just put your
head down
Straighten up ma, you can smile now proud
EverythingÂ's kosher with the boustrous Obster
Lets get closer, to repress never approach us

[Chorus x2]

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