

## Obie Trice "Gimme The Money"

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[Verse 1: Obie Trice]

You got money  
For you to come out, it's best  
I pack a gat the size of a rat in south west  
When I get low  
I get dough  
So it's nothin' for you to pass me and get broke  
I been like this  
Since the lickle youth  
Stickin' cats for better major Skittles, too  
Now Or Later's, Jolly Rangers and Charlie Juice  
What can I say, dog, I had the sweetest tooth  
In middle school, ain't shit changed but the vics  
Sock a nigga in his lips and take his kicks  
Shit  
Ain't this a bitch, they don't fit  
Fuck it  
I sell 'em quick, to get the chips  
At high school  
Things got hella proper  
I stop hittin' cats and start hittin' their lockers  
I got purses and wallets for my big pockets  
Bitch, shut the fuck up and give me the watches

[Chorus: Obie Trice]

When that nigga get hungry  
You, gimme the money  
Bitch, gimme the money  
You, gimme the money  
When I can't get high  
You, gimme the money  
Bitch, gimme the money  
You, gimme the money  
When I can't pay the rent  
Bitch, gimme the money  
You, gimme the money  
Bitch, gimme the money  
When the shit's gettin' thick  
You, gimme the money  
Bitch, gimme the money (Nigga)  
You, gimme the money (Bitch)

[Verse 2:]

When I'm starvin' and the dough get low  
And my daughter  
Kobe gotta eat, I be more go in the street  
Lookin' for victims, strapped with their heat  
You wet the payphone  
Your scrap's gone  
With me  
Tried to run  
Popped in the knee  
I'm popular for poppin' up on niggas when my pocket's  
on  
E, pistol point  
Person and a purse  
"Just don't kill me, I got two children"  
I can't front  
I might snatch the shit  
That you probably don't want  
Run at two  
My daughter Kobe, she two  
And I ain't got a job  
So why would you ask me when I'm robbing you, fuck  
you  
By all means nec'sy  
Get outta line while I'm stickin'  
The shit right there get's messy  
Caliber heavy  
Ready to bust, nigga  
Run 'em jewels, or your dick's in the dust  
(Motherfucker)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm a starvin' artist, my cho, do-do  
I stick gats for chains like them cats, they guru  
Bitch, gimme the money, pullin' their gat from the back  
We gaffle and cap, won't be raffled to strap  
We travel in packs, might see us comin' the day  
You better tuck in your chain when you see us coming  
your way  
My pockets are hurtin'  
Plus I'm tired of workin'  
But nowadays, a J-O-B just ain't workin'  
You trade blocks to get hot  
Cause if you got  
Dog, gimme the glock, you just got got  
I drink too much and the weed be talkin'  
Dog get jacked by a cat from New Boston  
My habit is costin'  
Twenty dollars a fix

I own  
So what you have gone get me out of this shit  
From tents to cables  
To gems  
I'm Hardcore  
Detroit nigga that'll stick Lil' Kim

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice:]  
I'm on one

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