

# Obie Trice "Got Hungry"

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MoSS production  
Obie Trice

"Obie-Obie-Obie-Obie-Obie, Obie Trice is now here"  
[2X]

[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]

Obie Trice got hungry, needed money to bank  
Young, didn't think, my life was great  
Eatin from a saucer, ballers got big plates  
Pushin big weight, from state to state (uh)  
While I'm on Section 8 (damn)  
And my corner got about fifty niggaz on the grind  
chasin the cake  
So that route I can't go  
Even though we cordial, I might step on a toe, turn a  
friend to foe  
But the thought still exists  
I'm in my room gettin pissed  
I should have 20 inch rims on a V12 Benz, hangin with  
brand new friends  
All flavor Timbs, hittin nothin but skins  
I gotta do something right now  
Aiyyo this life foul and my job just burns me out  
Plus this titty bar bitch, Hennessy, turns me out  
Stuffin ones in her garter, got my dick harder  
Hard enough to plot on, openin up a spot  
A big birth of rocks throwin up the fuckin block  
Just stop, no, that shit too hot to cop, so watch  
Plus in the hood my name's not top notch  
Niggaz'll snitch or try to get me  
Contemplate an illegal career, hittin shots off the  
Hennessy  
In my room pacin, like I'm facin  
A life term, AIDS and job termination  
I'm in my room pacin, like I'm facin  
A life term, AIDS and job termination  
Termination, termination, terminat-atat-ion

[Chorus - Scratched Samples By DJ Grouch]  
"Mr. Trice"  
"Gotta eat"

"Starvin"  
"Like an animal"  
"Dope, get low"  
"Best eatin"  
"React off instinct, digest weaklings"  
"Let you niggaz know"  
"Got hungry"  
"Takin mine"  
"Gettin dust over here"  
"I'm ready, I'm ready to rock"  
"O-O-Obie Trice, bettin down shop"

[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]

Yo, fuck it I'll go outside and decide what's the deal  
Walkin up the block, kickin rocks with no scrill  
Ain't lovely  
My main man P-Funk in a Double O, truck bubbly, honks  
at me  
What up Black? I wave back, in fact  
If you ever peep his wrist, thaw out to bring yourself  
back  
Attract all bitches in Cadillac on dishes  
While I roll a Prism with the fuckin engine light blinkin  
You know you're stinkin  
When the same gauge light on for months to cause  
another fuckin  
complication  
Life got me on a menstruation like a bitch  
Player hatin all these niggaz flossin like they rich  
I got the itch to dip right behind the bush  
If I catch you slippin, your blood go gush  
Fuck that, fuck that, I'm not a thief  
'Cause armed robbery, murder, cause a whole lot of  
grief  
I'm tired of grindin my teeth thinkin about the dough  
I'm tired of high class bitches tellin me - fuck N-O, N-O,  
N-O, N-O

[Chorus]

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