

Obie Trice "Hennessey"

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Yeah, nigga, fuck that gin and juice
(Hennessey)
Just pour me a glass of that dark shit
That's right
Ay, pour me some of that too, baby

They wanna knows my role model, it's in a brown bottle
Yo, what's our motherfuckin' motto, nigga? Hennessey
They wanna knows my role model, it's in a brown bottle
You know our motherfuckin' motto
(Hennessey)
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this ol' thug shit, Hennessey

That's what you sippin' on, now what's your name,
nigga?
Big ballin' ass nigga named 'Pac

Now I was born in the gutter facin' life or death
I was a thug ever since my mama gave me breath
These motherfuckers wanna see me die so who am I
To try to warn 'em? I buck and bomb 'em, them niggaz
fry
Hey, remember me? Down that Hennessey

The nigga you don't wanna see, let me proceed
My definition of some thug shit, y'all don't hear me
Now that it's poppin' ain't no love, bitch
I maintain in the game in the gutter's where I still kick it

I'm tryin' to hustle up a meal ticket
I'm still wicked in my ways, a hustler 'til my dyin' days
Ain't nuttin' wrong with gettin' paid so nigga blaze
'Cause we some motherfuckin' fools

Walkin' through the streets wearin' jewels
Breakin' niggaz makin' moves
Even the cops can't stop us, my enemies flip
When they see me drink a fifth of that Hennessey

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You know our motherfuckin' motto
(Hennessey)
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this ol' thug shit, Hennessey

That's what I'm sippin' on, now let me tell 'em who I be
Big ballin' ass nigga named Trice

Now, I was born in Detroit on the side that's West
Troubled child comin' up, I had to ride I guess
Tried to apply myself, them niggaz was ballin'
My mama couldn't tell me shit, the streets was callin'
I was often involved with niggaz breakin' the law

I look back, 'Pac nigga, we was bankin' off raw
P-Funk got it pumpin', he had the connects
Threw the sack to his lil' niggaz workin' the set
And if you got it you gettin' wet, nigga bet on that
Don't come around, hurr, on that floss shit, Detroit
niggaz off shit

Robbin' niggaz in the do'ways that's right
With my four-four that's the sure way
And this your road days, 'All Eyez On Me'
We was loonie I suppose, you could die, homie

O. Trice always rep his block
Pass the Henn and that ice, I'm on a track with 'Pac
nigga

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Yeah, ay 'Pac, 'Pac, nigga Detroit love you, boy
You put it down out here, I mean, y'know
Me and my family, my friends, nigga, we ride for you
always
'2Pacalypse Now' 'til infinity boy, forever
Shady Records, Afeni Shakur, whattup? Yeah
Obie Trice, pour out a lil' liquor, nigga

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