

## Obie Trice "Kill Me a Mutha"

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I told you, don't fuck with me, stupid fuck, look at you  
now

Yeah, ha ha, have you noticed like  
When niggas go to the club, it's always  
It's one knucklehead nigga always mean mugging and  
shit  
Heh, he wanna, he wanna have contact with me  
Have contact with men, all these bitches in here  
Faggot ass, this for them hard head niggas man

Now I don't wanna come across as a boss some type of  
mafia  
But these are my thoughts, they awful, I won't argue  
with ya  
But see, I got a cause a clause, that I live by  
Keep the heater close because I don't want to die

You see I'm from Detroit where they dump 'em off in  
coffins  
And often there's assorted men where bullets holes  
departed him  
And I don't want no parts of them, crazy complications  
So I keep the heater cocked up in case of confrontation  
And I would just be fakin' if I said I wouldn't erase him  
If he blatantly, tried to take away God's creation

(I'll kill me a muthafucka)  
Running up on me, may he, rest in peace once  
released  
(I'll kill me a muthafucka)  
Yeah, look at ya now, for running ya mouth, ya  
stretched on the ground  
(I'll kill me a muthafucka)  
Ain't no way you can stop it on that hot shit, we can get  
it popping  
(I'll kill me a muthafucka)  
I told you, don't fuck with me, stupid fuck, running ya  
mouth

Now I'm riding through the city in a Range with no tints  
Just to show these muthafuckas, yes, I am a resident

I ain't stack up my pennies just to move out the city  
So if you got a problem with me you should know where  
to get me

Niggas kills me, portraying that thug  
My nigga, you's a crack baby, go smoke on some  
drugs  
Before that hot piece of slug make you where you ain't  
budging  
Don't even nudge him, it's over for cousin, he caught a  
dozen  
Just for fucking with the wrong animal  
Animated no more, off to hell, yes, I

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When I'm down in ATL  
Stat Quo keep my fo'fo' so shawty know Obie for real  
When I'm chilling in L.A.  
Dre keep my AK, so I'm like an esse when banging that  
steel  
When I'm out in NYC  
50 hold artillery for me watch me shut down son and  
dunny

Listen, o-bizzle, hold the tek-nizzle  
Holding ya neck if you, disrespect bizzle  
Sizzle up tissue, missiles will not miss you  
Maybe ya momma, when that pistol uplifts you

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