

Obie Trice "Love Me"

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Ya'll don't see me in the hood
It's cuz I'm doing this man

Nigga's I'm still grindin (yeah)
I'm still hearin those sirens
I'm still gettin chased by those lights
Only the light's mine and my mic's on
And my time is none because I'm writin more
And I ain't here to meet a soul in this business
I'm here to eat, speak untill these hoes feel this {fo
sho}
And I can't let yall derail me man
I got young coby, homie, you gotta let go of Obie
Cause Obie be back (ain't goin no where man) we got
them cracks Goin on
And that yak going on
Soon as a nigga touch down back from tourin
It's whateva put that on the chedda man
But in the meantime
It's Jimmy ivene time (fo sho)
Chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out,(fo sho)
This is it my nigga this what we boast about
Now I'm here so shut your motherfuckin mouth
And show me love bitch

I just wanna love
For the rest of my life, {I dont love you bitch}
I wanna hold you in the mornin {Ha}
Hold you thru the night, {Hahaha}

I just wanna love you
For the rest of my life {We wanna love alcohol, we
wanna love guns}
I wanna hold you in the mornin, {we wanna love
money}
Hold you thru the night, {Ha, we dont wanna love
bitches though}

There's a certain mistique when I speak
That you notice that it's sorta unique
Cause you know it's me, my poetry's deep
And I'm still matic the way I flow to this beat

You can't sit still
It's like tryin to smoke crack and go to sleep
I'm strap, just knowin any minute I could snap
I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush
rapped
I bully these rappers so bad lyrically
It ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry
It ain't even money, you can't pay me enough
For you to play me
It's cock amamie, you just aint zanie enough to rock
with Shady
My noodle is cock adoodle, my clocks koo koo
I got screws loose, yeahhh, the whole kitten kaboodel
I'm just brutal, its no rumor, I'm numoro uno
Assume it
There's no humor in it, no more you know
I'm rollin with a swollen bowlin ball in my bag
You need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass
Em Saying
You better love me, bitch

I just wanna love, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning
Hold you through the night

(And all the bitches say)

I just wanna love, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning
Hold you through the night

My buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name
If it ain't about the flow
It's about the stones and the chain
If I was you, I'd love me too
I roll like a boss, 9-11 pause same colour as cranberry
sauce
I ain't gonna front, I thought R Kelly was da bomb
Then we find out he fuckin round with bow wow bitch
Nigga's eatin popcorn, right, rewinding the tape
Now shorty momma in the precinct hollar'in "RAPE!"
I'm convinced man something really wrong with these
hoe's
I thought little Kim was hot til she started fuckin wit her
nose {God Damn}
Use to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet, (Obie Trice)
Then the bitch put out a CD that did'nt have no beat, (uh
ha)
That boy De angelo he determined not to fail
That nigga whipped butt ass for his record to sell
My back shot to help Ashanti hit them high notes

And Big Ben taught Charlie b moore to deep throat

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