

Obie Trice

"Mile Soundtrack - Obie Trice - Adrenaline Rush"

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Get the fuck
Get the, get the
Get the fuck out motherfucker

Hey yo, when I step up in the bar, everybody hit the
fucking floor
Lucky motherfuckers make it to the door
'Cause when I spit on mic's I spit raw
Which cause confusion from the bar to the dance floor

I keep the club on the vex
'Cause he gotta pay me when I spit, plus replace a lot
of shit
Niggas get a whiling, when my words echo's the room
like
Get your hand out my pocket

You suck shit when my topics rockin'
I'm banned from clubs 'cause my toxic tonsils
Loud speaker like a fucking sports announcer
I spit the blaa-haa till you rush the bouncer
I rush the motherfucker in your way who's bouncing
You know old Christ get their yak's pronouncin'

Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker
Out your seat motherfucker, I'm a reach motherfuckers
Shady-records till I sleep motherfucker
Obie Trice nothin' but street motherfucker

Tear this bitch up till you bleed motherfucker
I wouldn't give a fuck who you be motherfucker
Punk, pussy, bitch or G motherfucker
Adrenaline rush before you leave motherfucker

When I speak I blow out your tweeters, yo dog
Show out in speakers roll out with heaters
I'm just an animal eating the game
Jumbo monkey, funky and Obie's the name

I rose solo, never been a hoe though
Keep yak's vocal when cats act loco
Where you at when I'm moving the crowd

You get trampled, mashed on Detroit style

Up out your seats, pump out the E's
Off the beat's the crowd over pleased
Where my nigga's at smoking them tree's
Off the cognac, finger fucking the ski's
That's how it is when you party with me
You don't like it, you L-7 like a square beat

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Yo, yo, yo, since I came I rearrange the place with blaze
Spays dope with coke-fevers DNA, I'm so addicted
To gettin' nigga's lifted, drunk off a liquid
Obie Trice the misfit

Douse' in the crowd with piss and vout's
We underground motherfucker fix your frowns
I beat the bore with a wisty tour
Off a whisky you never been this deep before

So throw up your hands and peep out your man's
When I come through next quarter Trice it in you's
And trust I'm attackin' it
I cook up that hot shit like Ainsley Harriet

That's why I'm so miraculous
And hope to get you niggas pumped up
I see you next time I see him chump
That's right, you go through Obie Trice fucked up
On your knees drop for these

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