Obie Trice "Pistol Pistol (Remix) [Edited]"

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O' Trice c'mon Yeah, **** got me I'mma get 'em It ain't over

You can catch me in the whip with a 5th of **** juice And I'm poppin' a ****, 'bout to fix this issue You pray that I don't hit, I ain't equipped to miss you You're gonna need an ambulance to stitch your tissue

Or either have a bag on your hip to **** through You seen us on the ave ain't just to get you While my **** is a **** when I lift it hits you 'Cause I don't go nowhere without my ****

Solemnly swear, on my daughters tears
The **** that got 'em in the head to fill it before the
year ends
I hope you inconspicuous my friend
'Cause once the word get back you in a world of sin

**** will hurdle at him for tryna murder what's
Been determined as the first solo African
To go platinum where the accident happened at
But maggots I'm alive with vengeance to get back

My momma blood pressure was affected from that My little girl need her daddy on the phone at a certain time

Exact now **** act wild, when the **** come out Y'all **** ex' out

And I don't wanna hear X Y Z I'm X'ing out your whole entity for tryin' to **** me Filthy mutha **** I'll show you what real be When these **** light up your kidneys

I'm so sincere, you see in a hearse this year
It's not a verse it's a curse from birth
And what's on your person over here, this is Obie
hearin' clear
**** beware we're coming at you with fire**** in air

And your purpose on superfluous, how could I be merciful

When **** me's a mercenary's goal?

**** I got paper I'll have your **** urgently exposed

No emergency's bringin' back your souls

**** shatter your bones for ****
Learn this pattern-in, we catch him at home, he wrong
That's when **** sporadically catch him in the
abdomen
Another dirty mutha**** gone

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