

Obie Trice "We All Someday"

Visit "[We All Someday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus (Lloyd Banks):

Niggas Know what I'm about out here
I don't toot my own horn cause I don't have to
You can run your mouth I don't care
but if you get too close Im gonna clap you
It's too real out here to be scared
A real nigga is gonna do whatever he has to
A man is the last thing you should fear
it ain't considered a crime unless they catch you
We all die one day

(Obie Trice):

Niggas when I step up in the bar, faggots wanna look
like you motherfuckers got Obie Trice shook
Like I'm gonna stand here as a man and
let some queer ass funny looking nigga get the upper
hand
I got issues, got no time, got guns that mourn nigga's
moms
shoot up clubs and destroy nigga's vibes
everybody running for their motherfucking lives
Tough club niggas, we leave early, cock back surely
open up your fade, your grey brain meets motor city
pave
your nervous system still twitch off Jay Z
hoes and animals skirts get murked
don't ever let a nigga tell you slugs don't hurt
don't ever let a nigga tell you play the bar hard
trust in god it cause you're about to catch a bullet scar
I give a fuck where you from who you be with
keep this a secret right by the nuts
a 4-5 that'll light niggas up and this 4-5 high make me
not give a
fuck

Chorus

(Lloyd Banks)

But as long as I'm here I'm gonna grab checks
and make my cash stretch longer than giraffe necks
poverty will make your ass bet on words
touch niggas in jail make them wanna finish their last

sentance'

they say you live by the gun and die by the next nigga
gun

if that's the case then get a bigger one

you don't think I pack the pump cause I'm out the hood

that's a stereotype like everyone that's black and junk

I'm in a white mink, the fabric is done

got rings that like Mike, Bird, Magic and them

out in Dallas in a palace where the marriage is from

living lavash, I'm established, so the carriage will come

I'm in the clouds you won't see me on the train

I travel first class you don't even got a TV on your plane

You should be easy on my name, cause I don't going

back and forth

your boss and your captain's soft

Chorus

(Eminem)

We gonna bring it to anybody who want it

you want it? you gonna get it

man we gon hit em, chew em up and spit em out

too much venom and if you role with 'em

we gonna fuck you up with 'em

I got too much momentum movin in my direction to

lose

my shoes will explode as soon as you go to step in 'em

(BROOM)

you know how we do it when we do how we do it when

we come through

G-Unit, D-1-2 and Obie we all move like assassins

ski masks and gloves consider this as a warning

disaster comes faster than you can react to it, just ask

Muggs

but we are fizzard? Fuck your litte bitch ass up

we are not killers, my vato will have you shot though

drag through the body on fuck, like Kim Osario's

litte sorry hoe ass, go ask B Real

we burn source covers like fuckin Cypress Hill

did in the 90s, when you was in diapers still

shady records you better believe the hype is real

this is no joke, I don't smoke

but I toke enough second hand to make my fuckin B.O.

choke

I'm an OG, you're fuckin with a GI Joe

Bia Bia, mia meo a vida loco

I'm a psycho, Mariah aint got shit on me

when I retire I'll be spittin baby food on people

a tent siege on ranch, huddled up next to her

with Hello Kitty slippers on, humping her legs

you ever had your cap pealed back or your shit pushed

in

I put my blade in you like a fucking pin cushion
slice your ear clear off, Smirnoff and Henn dogg
I'll show you how to kill a fucking man like Sen Dogg
Nobody told you that I'm loco essay?
I lack every sane chemical in my membrane
I'm slim sha...dy and the "\\d\\" is for deez nuts
and you can get each one for free so feast up
I pee in a cup for three months, I'm having an E party
for easter
please come
Sweet done

(50 Cent)

We gonna bring it to anybody who want it
you want it? you gonna get it
your name on it we'll hit em, chew em up and spit em
out
too much venom and if you role with 'em
we gonna fuck you up with 'em
you can do all them push ups to pump up your chest
I got a 12 gauge mossberg to pump up your chest
have you gasping for air after that shell hit your vest
fear me like you fear god cause I bring death
Silver Back guerrilla in the concrete jungle
I'm the strongest around you know how I get down
I watch gansta flicks and root for the badguy
and turn it off before it ends cause the badguy die
if you trying to buy guns I'm the nigga to look to
so what they got bodies on 'em, they still look new
you can raise your voice like you fending to touch
something
when I raise my knife shit I'm fending to cut something
see I walk like Ron O'Neil and talk like Goldie
if the bitch think I love her the bitch don't know me

(haha Sorry Kim haha)

Chorus

(Eminem)

Souls Assasins y'all
What up Muggs?

(DJ Muggs)

What up Em?

(Eminem)

We outta here...

(Grazie a Crash per questo testo)

Visit [Obie Trice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.