

Obie Trice "We Ride For Shady"

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We run this shit, fo-five on the hip
Been ridin' for Shady
Cashis 'n' O, Shady Records
The dream team

Sittin' in the back of the, all gray Accura
Gun to the passenger, for acting tough
Scatter wheel in the passin', harder than assassin
Plus I'm on the draw-down, quick as fuck

Last move 'fore I give all street shit up
Put a nigga in the ground, face down, feet up
This nigga here tried to cuff me for my re-up
When I went to his crib he called police up

Now you on your way to being pimp paplega
For sending messages through bitches like, 'You gon'
see us'
Shady, Cash, king of the dope-fiends, plus
Can move a square mile by blocks 'til I'm creamed up

Take the bullet out of Obie head, put it in my pistol and
use it
As ammunition on the niggas that hit, fam
I got to war on the regular, man
'Cause I'm part of the dream team, you a regular man

Force rap, I don't see no competitors, and
You see things like me, when my metal run hand
I'm a state case boy with a federal plan
And huntin' them beats, beatin' the shit out skinheads

I'm the spirit of a G, bringin' lyrics to the street
I'm Cashis, a real dope boy on the beat
Slumped in the seat, tucked, clutchin' the heat
Basically, you niggas can't fuck with me

We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
'Bout to ride for Shady
Y'all niggas ain't hard, y'all niggas ain't real
Y'all niggas ain't crazy

Bring it on if you want, you don't know the homicides
That I've done lately
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
'Bout to ride for Shady

Yeah, Trice is back on the Alchy track
With Cashis, capitalizing on this mic, in fact
We fuckin' with the captain of rap, my nigga with the
Nike cap
Keep the cottonoid in quite exact

So I'm luring you cats into the second class act
Where maturing's the number uno asset, as yet
Who's the pastor, driver, O. Trice
The flow to die for and death blow survive

I echo through your external vibe
With internal experiences I've acquired
I'm probably the most honest hip-hopper alive
A victim, depicting images from my own eyes

Never livin' through holmes, why
Homie got his own set of stand-up cahoonas, stand-up
guy
It's Cashis, O. Tri', rappers we blow by
This is as accurate as the masses will have it, no lie
nigga

We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Been ridin' for Shady
Y'all niggas ain't dope y'all niggas ain't skilled
Y'all niggas ain't crazy

Bring it on if you want, you don't know the homicides
That I've got lately
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Been ridin' for Shady

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