

## Obie Trice

### "What You Wan"

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[Intro]

You just a shiesty ass nigga, O!  
You never get work from us  
Come around here we all just gon' fuck you up  
So damn shiesty, matter fact  
Nigga what the fuck you want?!  
Man we gon' fuck yo' ass up  
Yo, yo

[Obie Trice]

Aiyyo I shoot up the block  
Tell my nigga P front me a quarter rock  
(What up O? Nigga, ain't shit for free!)  
But you know me, I'm Obie, down the street your little  
homie!  
(Yeah here man, take it, but remember nigga you owe  
me)  
Yeah whatever, how I look payin him back?  
I keep the scratch, to get my mother mouse traps  
Chillin with Rich, I might snatch his gat  
I'm just playin the game man! (Fuck that, gimme my  
gun back)  
Shit, where I'm at I gets no respect  
Done fucked over folks, they wanna break my neck  
I can't show my face, always meetin new friends  
Cause new friends equals new Timbs, they spend

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

What you want Obie? Leave me alone!  
No you can't use my fuckin cell phone!  
What you want Obie? Get off my dick!  
No you can't borrow, buy your own shit!

[Obie Trice]

"What you want Obie?" Hand-me-downs motherfucker  
And don't hand me frowns when I snatch the Timbs  
sweater  
Exit the room before me wouldn't be smart  
Cause snatchin your personal belongings is my art  
Get caught? Doubt it  
I make a nigga believe +I+ bought it

And change the subject, that's the object of it  
Sell representative of self  
Hit the liquor store, make you forget the fifth on my  
shelf  
Cause Obie had yo' mind on some'n else  
I figure shit, the fifth's for me!  
Fuck the third party  
Me and your bitch can drink the whole fifth Bacardi  
Fuck her brains out 'til she start payin money  
I know it sounds self-centered, I'm self-aware  
But to self-scutinize, I don't really care

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

"What you want Obie?" Bill Gates to meet  
So I can purchase tapes from BMG  
I can get his Hancock, and watch what you see  
My whole block livin fair like +Prince in Bel-Air+  
Instead of broken stairs and boarded up window  
Little Jacques deliver rock in his limo  
Until then, I'll utilize friends  
Catch you slippin, I might be drivin your Benz

[Chorus]

[Outro]

"What you want Obie?"  
Yeah, what you want nigga? What you want?  
All y'all out there, yeah  
Get your own - get your own  
These young brothers carryin chromes  
Ready to come get they shit, yeah  
You shit on the next man, he gon' shit on you back  
Knahmean? Sing it to 'em  
Shit on him he'll shit you back  
Without a doubt, I'm off this track

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