

Peter Frampton

"Oh!"

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[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]

Yeah, Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks
I came in the game, profane no image
I came in the game with a name
I was given from a mayn who ain't give a fuck about his
child-ren
I proclaim the name though, never in vain no
Watch the change grow
A young nigga who done gained from fame, copped
the Range Ro'
Now they want my brains on the main road
But they don't understand what I came for
How I came forth with a million sold
Who say you can't grow from mildew and mold
Gettin money like Ross Perot
I'm often told, a coffin's the routes I go
O, that's the road you on, oh no
I'm down for the rightful tone of fo' fo'
Don't ever try to send a nigga home, no no
I know you wanna catch me at Sunoco
Show me that you're loco, put holes in my photo
NOPE!, HOPE!, hold toast, no jokes, send slugs through
your Polo
Just cause our thug roll solo
Impose on grown folk, be a cold negro
Be-low, your grieved up people
Be-lieve that the boy see no evil

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes]

OHH! I had you yellin out when I bag the 30/30 Rifle
OHH! Too late for niggaz to get religious and start
readin they Bible
OHH! See you get down like other niggaz repeatin the
dirty cycle
OHH! See you should make peace instead of makin me
become a psycho

[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]

I visualized it, O. Trice at 25 survived it
Bright but violent, invite the violence
Fist fight a fireman, be a tyrant

'Til these niggaz nights is silent
O. Trice from a trife environment
He 'Roc's the Mic' no sight of retirin
Maybe when the bank account's like Leviathan then
I'm in position to hire other clients then
Meanwhile I'm a virus like Iverson
A nigga crossover, Europeans admirin
And the soldier's retirin, I ain't buyin
Motherfuckers actin like you denyin them
Who tryin a nigga, who use buyers
I figure your crew tired, my trigger introduces
VIOLENCE
Dudes through sirens, you in hospital, orange juice and
vitamins

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Obie Trice]

A derelict who inherited hustle
My heritage married the street struggle
Like a couple of a great unk's ago (yeah)
So this blood streams through my nuts
Seems like I wasn't in touch
When the teacher's ass spoke (nope)
Naw I was just a preacher in oath
Sit on the bleachers and flip coke
The only reachin got through my dome
Niggaz yaffle so the gat'll be chrome
Pulled the winnin raffle so I scramble with a track and
the foams (woo)
Fuck a act and a clone, this is actual happening's that's
factual back in my home
This is rap, but I ain't rappin so you clap in the zone
Think you're trapped in the act, for the sake of
performin (nigga)
This is your warnin, run up on the wrong
And your tissue is burning a hundred degrees warm
(*Blaap*)
O. Treezy's gone, my nigga Bust bring the hook back
here for 'em
C'mon

[Chorus]

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