

Soundtrack

"Obie Trice - Adrenaline Rush"

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Get the fuck out motherfucker...

Verse 1

Hey yo...

When I step up in the bar, everybody hit the fucking floor,

Lucky motherfuckers make it to the door,

Cause when I spit on mics I spit raw,

Which cause confusion from the bar to the dance floor,
I keep the club on the vex,

Cause he gotta pay me when I spit, plus replace a lot of shit,

Niggas get a whiling,

When my words echos the room like, get your hand out my pocket,

You suck shit when my topics rockin,

Im banned from clubs cause my toxic tonsils,

Loud speaker like a fucking sports announcer,

I spit the baa-haa till you rush the bouncer,

I rush the mutherfucker in your way whos bouncing,

You know old christ get their yaks pronouncin...

Chorus

Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker,

Out your seat motherfucker, Im a reach motherfucker,

Shady-records till I sleep motherfuckers

Obi-trice nothin but street motherfucker

Tear this bitch up till you bleed motherfucker

I wouldn't give a fuck who you be motherfucker

Punk, pussy, bitch or g motherfucker

Adrenaline rush before you leave motherfucker

Verse 2

When I speak I blow out your tweeters, yo dog,

Show out in speakers roll out with heaters,

Im just an animal eating the game,

Jumbo monkey, funky and obies the name,

I rose solo, never been a hoe though,

Keep yaks vocal when cats act loco,

Where you at when Im moving the crowd,

You get trampled, mashed on detroit style,
Up out your seats, pump out the es,
Off the beats the crowd overpleased,
Where my niggas at smoking them trees,
Off the cognac, finger fucking the skis,
That's how it is when you party with me,
You don't like it, you l-7 like a square beat...

Chorus

Verse 3

Yo, yo, since I came I rearrange the place with blaze,
Spays dope with coke-fevers dna, Im so addicted,
To gettin niggas lifted, drunk off a liquid,
Obie trice the misfit,
Dousein the crowd with piss and vouls,
We underground motherfucker fix your frowns,
I beat the bore with a wisty tour,
Off a whisky you never been this deep before,
So throw up your hands and peep out your mans
When I come through next quarter trust it in yous,
And trust Im attackin it,
I hook up the hot shit like ay see we havin it,
That's why Im so miraculous,
And hope to get you niggas pumped up,
I see you next time I see him chump,
That's right, you go through obie trice fucked up,
On your knees drop for these...

Chorus

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