

## Drag On F/ Styles

### "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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