

Obie Berm?Dez

"Gimme The Money"

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[Verse 1: Obie Trice]

You got money
For you to come out, it's best
I pack a gat the size of a rat in south west
When I get low
I get dough
So it's nothin' for you to pass me and get broke
I been like this
Since the lickle youth
Stickin' cats for better major Skittles, too
Now Or Later's, Jolly Rangers and Charlie Juice
What can I say, dog, I had the sweetest tooth
In middle school, ain't shit changed but the vics
Sock a nigga in his lips and take his kicks
Shit
Ain't this a bitch, they don't fit
Fuck it
I sell 'em quick, to get the chips
At high school
Things got hella proper
I stop hittin' cats and start hittin' their lockers
I got purses and wallets for my big pockets
Bitch, shut the fuck up and give me the watches

[Chorus: Obie Trice]

When that nigga get hungry
You, gimme the money
Bitch, gimme the money
You, gimme the money
When I can't get high
You, gimme the money
Bitch, gimme the money
You, gimme the money
When I can't pay the rent
Bitch, gimme the money
You, gimme the money
Bitch, gimme the money
When the shit's gettin' thick
You, gimme the money
Bitch, gimme the money (Nigga)
You, gimme the money (Bitch)

[Verse 2:]

When I'm starvin' and the dough get low
And my daughter
Kobe gotta eat, I be more go in the street
Lookin' for victims, strapped with their heat
You wet the payphone
Your scrap's gone
With me
Tried to run
Popped in the knee
I'm popular for poppin' up on niggas when my pocket's
on
E, pistol point
Person and a purse
"Just don't kill me, I got two children"
I can't front
I might snatch the shit
That you probably don't want
Run at two
My daughter Kobe, she two
And I ain't got a job
So why would you ask me when I'm robbing you, fuck
you
By all means nec'sy
Get outta line while I'm stickin'
The shit right there get's messy
Caliber heavy
Ready to bust, nigga
Run 'em jewels, or your dick's in the dust
(Motherfucker)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm a starvin' artist, my cho, do-do
I stick gats for chains like them cats, they guru
Bitch, gimme the money, pullin' their gat from the back
We gaffle and cap, won't be raffled to strap
We travel in packs, might see us comin' the day
You better tuck in your chain when you see us coming
your way
My pockets are hurtin'
Plus I'm tired of workin'
But nowadays, a J-O-B just ain't workin'
You trade blocks to get hot
Cause if you got
Dog, gimme the glock, you just got got
I drink too much and the weed be talkin'
Dog get jacked by a cat from New Boston
My habit is costin'

Twenty dollars a fix
I own
So what you have gone get me out of this shit
From tents to cables
To gems
I'm Hardcore
Detriot nigga that'll stick Lil' Kim

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice:]
I'm on one

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