

Obie Berm?Dez**"Oh!"**

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(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[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 didn't gain
from fame

Copped the Range Ro', now they want my brains on the
main road

They don't understand what I came for

How I came fo', 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

Oh that's the road you on, oh no

I'm down for the rifle, tone the fo fo

Don't ever try to send a nigga home, no no

I know you wanna catch me at Sunoco

Show me that your loco put holes in my photo

NOPE!, HOPE!, hold toast, no jokes, send slugs through
your Polo

Just cause our thug roll solo

And po' zone 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 backed a 3030 Rifle

OHH! Too late for niggaz to get religious and start
readin they Bible

OHH! See you can yell like other niggaz, your pickin a
dirty psycho

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 'Rock's the Mic' no sight of retirin
Maybe when the bank accounts light like a fire thin
I'm in the position to hire other clients then
Meanwhile I'm a virus like Iverson
A n

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