

# Spread Yo Shit

## Obie Trice

Ha This is DJ Seven Duece  
Fresh up out your momma's mouth  
So when she spit's you know how I "come"  
You know what I mean, haha  
We release the "Dogg" hour  
Where we give a shout out to my School Craft Playaz  
Detroit's in the house, live at Roll-in-Wills  
Obie Trice baby, check it out I done did my share of dirt, flipped my share of work  
I'm the nigga that lived and slid through terror turf  
Did it big with clever work-ers who hit the crack  
In the back "bottled" up in that "Gerber" glass  
For what it's worth, I ain't told the half  
I'm just rambling, ya'll dick handlin'  
Tellin' my past you don't know me  
Niggaz the name's Obie, about to expose these motherfuckas When I was down you had a lot to say  
You should mind your business and walk away  
Talkin bout me tryin to find a way  
Spread yo shit 'round town  
I ain't really got time for you  
With all that ignorant shit you do  
Niggaz need money and I do too  
That's why I ain't fucking with you "I wonder would he pass" for passive  
If a massive ass kick's inflected  
It can happen that quick, when spittin' shit  
Rapidly laying down you fag ass click  
From running your lips like a bitch  
All I know is something gotta give  
Niggaz I gotta live, it's not a poragative  
Don't speak on "The Kid"  
Lid your speach or rid you in the streets  
It's so optional, but I will be logical  
Cause when I lodge at you, it's not hospital  
Operating poppin' them hot slugs outta your abdominal  
Now your momma got a funeral attendin'  
Just for mentioning Obie Trice the Henchmen  
All I wanna do is make music and "Bench" man  
Lift my weigth up the same shit that "Jay" said  
Push your hate up, the AK's is spraying  
Motherfuckers ain't Playing(\*AK sound\*) When I was down you had a lot to say

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That's why I ain't fucking with you That's why I don't fuck with you "kats"  
Cause this all wrap with ya'll  
But this is not an act at all  
Run ya'll trap, get clapped and fall  
Spread rumors, recieve malignant tumors  
Don't confuse music with us choosen  
Adhesive patches won't cover the bruise  
Channel "Two Anchors" won't cover the news  
They never give a fuck when it's beef between crews  
All I know is Obie paid his dues  
Made his moves and bitch niggaz hate the truth  
They rather see me laying in that body booth  
"Deep Six" rotten so the rats can chew  
That's why I don't fuck with ya'll  
Run and get ya'lls and thats really sucks for ya'll  
Talk behind backs but never to him dawg  
Wouldn't that irritate your balls When I was down you had a lot to say  
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That's why I ain't fucking with you Fuckers Obie Trice

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