Rap Name (remix)

Obie Trice

Obie Trice, real name, no gimmicks
Rap, I been in it ever since I was invented
That's 'cuz a nigga live it
My records wield digits in history
Niggaz you be the witness
I got the white boys mad at me
'Cuz 'em signed another black boy like he nigga happy
Caucasians, Marshall knows talent
Obie Trice a riot that's why he's hired
I hit ya raves, balloons and E's
And bang all your European Pamela Lee's
Fuckin' aye or how we say it round my way
Fo sho, Trice gon' blow, then I'm off to them shows
I'm off across the globe, until my accounts all swoll
For young Kobe, big things, act like ya know me
Not a soul can hold me, I'm here
That's why I ain't got no
(Rap name)
The name's
(Obie Trice)
(They see me on the streets they be like, yo, he nice)
So I came to the game
(Real name, no gimmicks)
Rap my living that's why I ain't got no
(Rap name)
The name's
(Obie Trice)
(They see me on the streets they be like, yo, he nice)
So I came to the game
(Real name, no gimmicks)
Rap my living that's why I ain't got no
It didn't take much, one hot single
(Bam)
Smiles and handshakes my man
The industry greeted me with open arms
With no type of flak 'cuz O. Trice got that
Fugaze y'all rap, who gave y'all dat?
New wave of muzack that your all lovin'
Got your broads on my balls huggin'

Even my next-of-kin's famous
(Obie's your cousin?)
Please believe it, I'm as down to Earth as Chris Rock
Gettin' hit by trucks, starin' at twat
A big cannon in ya G-spot
Me not arrogant girl, me keep them freaks hot
Whether or not you believe my status
I'm prepared to be the baddest on the rap that's happenin'
Put the mitten back on the map with Mathers and win this
That's why I ain't got no
(Rap name)

The name's
(Obie Trice)
(They see me on the streets they be like, yo, he nice)
So I came to the game
(Real name, no gimmicks)
Rap my living that's why I ain't got no
(Rap name)
The name's
(Obie Trice)
(They see me on the streets they be like, yo, he nice)
So I came to the game
(Real name, no gimmicks)
Rap my living that's why I ain't got no
Well, I'm drunk right now but still I got a gun
Beef? Best-a run
(Cocked and two shots)
'Cuz when I pop, people's flesh get numb
And whoa, ya might not make it till ya young
The only one with okay's wanna blaze
Meet my little friends on racks in my den
Pull 'em out, that's when the action begins
And ya block, remind you of 'Mad Max' the film
Deserted, that's word to vacant homes
2002 Trice up in ya headphones
(If it's ya system)
Trice up in ya bows
(If it's ya women)
Then Trice up in ya hoes
I suppose that I am kinda cocky, when it's dealin'
With raps, chicks, and cats out to sock me
I handle it like Rocky, Jake Sneed
Rakim, Eric B., O's a G
That's why I ain't got no

(Rap name)
The name's
(Obie Trice)
(They see me on the streets they be like, yo, he nice)
So I came to the game
(Real name, no gimmicks)
Rap my living that's why I ain't got no
(Rap name)
The name's
(Obie Trice)
(They see me on the streets they be like, yo, he nice)
So I came to the game
(Real name, no gimmicks)
Rap my living that's why I ain't got no
Rap name, rap name, Obie Trice
You can get stomped by Obie

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