

Rap Name (Remix by DJ Twins)

Obie Trice

Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks
Rap; I been in it ever since I was invented
That's 'cause a nigga live it
My records wield digits in history niggaz you be the witness
I got the white boys mad at me
'Cause 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[Chorus]
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 noIt 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 'cause O. Trice got that
Fugaze y'all rap, who gave y'all dat?
New wave of muzak 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[Chorus]Well I'm drunk right now, but still I got a gun
Beef? best-a run

'Cause when I pop, people's flesh get numb
And whoa ya might not make it till ya young
The only one with okay's want to 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
Trice up in ya bows
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! [Chorus]

Songwriters

GRANT, RAYMOND / GRANT, RICHARD / TRICE, OBIE / MURRAY, KEITH OMAR
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>