

# Obie Story

## Obie Trice

[Mom] Momma's so proud of you, you did so good on that report card today baby  
I'mma let you pick out whatever you want  
[Obie] Ma, I can get any shoes I want?  
[Mom] That's right, today is your day  
Momma don't have much, but I'll spend it all on you today  
[Obie] Okay, I want these. Ah man, I'mma look fresh when I go to school

Such a beautiful thing, being embraced by a woman that's a queen  
With big dreams for the younger sibling  
O couldn't do no wrong  
According to report cards Obie brought home  
They say good in spelling  
Spelling bee's always excelling  
Which was so overwhelming that Momma took him shopping  
Copped him the new Jay's  
Swear to God homie this was Obie's cool days  
BMX'ing up the block with the tennant living next to him  
Shooting hopes, who got hops?  
Worthy, when he pop a jump shot  
No worries, just a pocket full of sugar or whatnot  
Hit the candy house on the block  
It was pickle in them spot  
Then things turn around when Obie'll lay down  
Hear the sounds of fire rounds surrounded em  
Astounded him, the volume of the blast had me so interested  
Momma falling with cash, she can't get a nigga in this bitch  
They wanna hit the ass, nigga start ditching class  
Dad ain't around, he left a nigga  
Sagging in them Superman drawers that one Saturday  
Is it my fault, shit got dark?  
Mom and I fall apart, relationship taunts, bad talk  
"Can't stand you, looking like ya Daddy with that same walk"  
{Muthafucka you - }  
Now a niggas out in the streets  
Two nickle plated thirty-eights on me  
Can't stay away from beef  
Scrapping with them niggas from the other side  
Sipping Saint Ives rocking old school flannels  
Old school niggas see that I'm an animal

Front me at 16, see how my roll handle  
Now I'm up the O's but wait on the affy  
'cause here come my muthafuckin baby, cool  
Had to slow my role  
Plus my P.O. got a nigga pissing in a bowl  
Hold my temperament 'cause I see such innocence  
When I'm looking in Kobe's pupils  
Despite all the dope I sold I had to change my road  
I just might be able to grow old  
Older brother said, "Yo O  
I'mma quit my job so we can chase our goals  
I'll be manager-a-go, you can rap I suppose"  
That's what we did, I still flipped a little bit  
Saved up my chips and put it into music  
"Well Known Asshole" a underground hit  
Still scrambling, looking like shit  
Baby momma think I'm smoking more then a spliff  
Think a blessing came from the man who invented my gift  
When Eminem said "let me hear you spit"  
Wrote my signature, now Shady Obie represents  
Hit em with the D12 skit  
Can exhale now I see my Mom's ain't pissed  
She hit em with a smile 'cause Obie became focused  
From independent out the trunk like them dope kids  
To platinum plaques, world tours, getting noticed  
An inappropriate soldier became so ferocious  
In this Hip-Hop culture that I long for  
The roller coaster O was on so young  
Took a turn right into his song  
That's right, from after school fights  
To pushing white, to pursuing his career heights  
One mic's, all I need involved with beats  
I'mma be the streets to Jesus, cars on me  
And that'll be the day you applaud and see  
The underdog gets his eventually

Gotta end it though  
I'm all in it, there's no limits  
And it's so splendid  
Real names, no gimmicks  
No image, just a soldier who spoke what he lived  
From the ribs with it, the flows vintage  
Obie gotta do this for real  
Yeah  
Obie Trice

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