

# Richard

## Hotline Miami 2: Wrong Number Soundtrack

[Obie Trice]

Yeah

Trice

Statik Selektah

[Verse 1: Obie Trice]

O back around the corner

Got the crack, put in your orders

We bout to run up out the stores

Its notorious, the way I got big spitting stories

Being mes X-Clan, Vanglorious

Were not your favorite, fuck it

You know the system and you buck it

Have you revisiting how you used to love it

A nigga spew through the music, acoustics, cool kid

Used to pursue excuses, truth is, I was truent in school

So its influence is foolish, that was my views

Im back at it, the rap addict, by any means

We gon get these stacks accurate, no skinny jeans

Say he aint a star, niggas might be right

Im so regular, nigga gotta shit tonight

Take it back Selektah, let em know its Trice

Put your seatbelts on, we gon ride tonight

[Verse 2: Eminem]

And I would like to introduce myse-self

Surprise! Hi, its Ike

Bout to get my Ike on, I come with a life supply

Of wife beaters and my Nikes on

And a white tee over that Iron Mike

Lookin fly tonight, feel like I might die from a spider bite

Come back as Spider-Man, Park my Peter inside a dyke

Bitch actin like she got fuckin higher standards than Meijers, right

Had to pry her fingers off the motherfuckin Breyers ice cream

With the pliers, like AAHHH!

Only a ruthless bastard would do this

Take a toothles bitch with no taste buds to Ruth Chris

Give her toothpicks, stop on the way home

Pick up two Big Bufords

Girl, you got a nice pair, but youre plum stupid!

So when I pull up in that Benz

Dont try to pretend you aint interested  
To impress your stupid ass friends  
And refuse to get in woman, and get slammed on the ground  
And snap like a pool stick against cement  
If you suck of dick, pretend its a musical instrument  
You get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow  
I can tell at first glance youre a ho  
Cause your pants are so tight  
When you dance with O. Trice, your implants explode  
So cold to dykes, the chance is snow in San Francisco  
Boy Im from Detroit city, you livin in animosity  
Thats a fucked up state to be in, such an atrocity  
Look where these random thoughts get me  
In senseless mind babble, What me? Apologize? labrbrr  
Thats just the way the rhyme unravels  
And I wouldnt fucking take it back if I time traveled!(Chorus)  
Just call me Richard (Richard)  
'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...  
It's also Richard 'cause I feel that you should pry your fucking mouth out off of it (it)...  
I said just call me Richard (Richard)...  
'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...  
You ain't gotta be no detective to figure out I'm a dick  
When i hold my private its the first clue, Sherlock, PRICK!  
Just call me Richard...  
[Verse 3: Obie Trice]  
Thats my motives, jumpin out them Rovers  
All white, like I was right up in the Dakotas  
Or Minnesota, did I mention soda?  
When its mixed with viola, watch my cup runneth over  
Cut from a soldier  
Them ho niggas disposable toaster  
Putting holes in a nigga getting close enough  
Being me till the credits roll  
Till my condition is beyond what the medics know  
They wanna edit O  
Like a prosthetic third leg let it go  
This is Shady 1.0 Em let em know  
I still profit through the process  
The prize in my jeans my ballsll never digress  
Im a dick that I brag about  
I put it in fast and then I drag it out  
World, I be your special friend see  
Cause these suckas suffer from pseudo penis envy (envy)  
So...  
(Chorus)

Just call me Richard (Richard)  
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