There They Go

Obie Trice

Obie Trice [Big Herk] Intro-Yeah...!!

Hey Em you ready...

Herk, you got them things nigga... [You know]...

Detroit City...!!!

Chorus-

There they go, them D-Town boys carryin' a Calico whenever there's war you just to know them boys got toys tear down the front door Detroit make noise everywhere that we go

There they go... There they go...

Obie Trice Verse-

You are not convincin', when Detroit blocks stay flocked with henchmen niggaz get popped for instance, infrared dot for distance get knocked by the cops, cop on some pimp shit straight detention, a nigga doin' tension once released he on that music business reviewin' 106 and them cafeteria's only to find that rap's actually serious delirious, sleepless so he went back to crack and vigilance same shit that sent them up to Michigan us is pimpin', a difference for many city i've visited its that Detroit spirit and if we in it, ballin' out to they end you, period use O as a reference to that sentence the message i'm sendin' you you best just pay attention

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Chorus-

Big Herk Verse-

If you don't like how i act, then blow me, i don't really give a shit i represent the real cats who know me man whats up with the scratch you owe me now run my chips before we fall out like Shaq and Kobe

Big Herk on the track with Obie
when you come to the D, it's cut though you better be packin' homie

where niggaz get there shit split for actin' phony
were known for the blocks and the choppers
these niggaz'll rob you and leave you standin' in your socks and your boxers
we got real D's and lots of imposters
i smoke the real trees see i copped from the Rasta's
y'all niggaz ain't impressed me yet
y'all yappin' not rappin', turn that shit off and press eject
see we known for the car shows, runnin' from the narco's
keep them bottles comin' we gon' pop 'um till the bar close

Chorus-

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the D-Town boys carryin' a Calico

Detroit make noise everywhere that we go

Eminem Verse-

A meat cleaver leave a gash in a bitch's ass see her dreams of being an R&B singer, diva, leave her face cutter from the waist ah man what a waste of a pretty face and this place ain't just safe it's just straight gangsta it ain't jus New York or L.A that bangs no more theres Latin Count Kings here Southside folk Eastside them ganzin' nuthin' but gang lands and spray paint cans and when the van rolls up man they ain't glancin' that window rolls down and that Tre-Eight's dancin' and them shooters don't miss homie they hate chancin' straight for the dome and it's vacate fast, and get the fuck outta dodge for that blue Dodge flash him red and blue lights no ambulance you got flattened and this was not supposed to be no Detroit anthem but just so you know if you see them D Boys passin' Big Herk Chorus-

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the D-Town boys carryin' a Calico Detroit make noise everywhere that we go Big Herk Outro-

And we gon' muh'fuckaz...
this the motherfuckin' bad action shit...
don't even dream of fuckin' up in Detroit...
bitch... this where the real killers at...
Detroit motherfucker...

ain't never no difficulties smashin' yo bitch ass niggaz... matter of fact... bring yo bitch ass to Detroit nigga... we got somethin' for yo ass...

{Gunshots fired...}
Heheheheheee....

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