

# Adrenaline Rush

Gareth Pearson

Get the fuck up  
Ayo, when I step up in the club everybody hit the fuckin' floor  
Lucky motherfuckers make it to the door  
'Cause when I spit on mic's I spit raw  
Which cause confusion from the bar to the dance floor  
I keep the club owner vexed  
'Cause he gotta pay me when I spit  
Plus replace a lot of shit  
Niggas get to wildin'  
When my words echoes the room like  
(Get your hand out my pockets)  
You sock shit while my topics rockin'  
I'm banned from clubs 'cause of my toxic tonsils  
Loud speakin' like a fuckin sports announcer  
I spit, the block hot 'til you rush the bouncer  
Or rush the motherfucker in your way who's bouncin'  
You know O. Trice get the gats pronouncin'  
Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker  
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers  
Shady Records 'til I sleep, motherfucker  
Obie Trice, nuttin' but street, muthatfucka  
Tear this bitch up until you bleed, motherfucker  
I wouldn't give a fuck who you be, motherfucker  
Punk, pussy, bitch or G, motherfucker  
Adrenaline rush before you leave, motherfucker  
When I speak I blow out your tweeters  
A dog  
Show out with speakers  
Roll out with heaters  
I'm just a animal eatin' the game  
Jump a monkey  
Fuck yeah, Obie's the name  
I roll solo  
Never been a ho, though  
Keep gats vocal  
When cats act loco  
Where you at when I'm movin' the crowd  
You get trampled, mashed on Detroit style  
Up out your seats

Pump out the E's  
Up the beats, the crowd 'Obie, please'  
Where my niggas at, smokn' them trees  
Off the cognac finger fuckin' a skeez

That's how it is when you party with me  
You don't like it?  
You L7 like a square be  
Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker  
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers  
Shady Records 'til I sleep, motherfucker  
Obie Trice, nuttin' but street, muthatfucka  
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Yo, and since I came  
I've rearranged the place with blaze  
Stage dive with Colt Seavers DNA  
I'm so addicted to gettin' niggas lifted  
Drunk off the liquid  
O.Trice, the misfit  
Dousin' the crowd with piss and bile  
We underground, motherfucker fix your frown  
I be the boy with the whiskey toy  
Offa whiskey  
You never been to skeet before  
So, throw up your hands and  
Peep out your man's when  
I come through  
Next quarter Trice intervene use  
And trust, I'm attackin' it  
I cook up the hot shit like Ainsley Harriet  
That's why I'm so miraculous and Obie gets you niggas pumped up  
I'll see you next coliseum, chump  
That's right, it's your Obie Trice fucked up  
Off weed E's and whiskey  
Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker  
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers  
Shady Records 'til I sleep, motherfucker  
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