

Follow My Life

Obie Trice

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Eleven, fourteen, seventy-seven a nigga entered
Big lips, popped out placenta
Mom ain't breast feed, had no pop neither
Pop leaves shit but a name, Obie
Elementary homie that's how it started
In garbage, retarded, gainin' that heart
Fuck niggas, claimin' they hard, a nigga come home touched
My motherfuckin' momma bangin' me harder
"Nigga take your ass out their and fight them tomorrow"
That's what she told me, "little punk, blame that on your father"
So I had no choice, nigga pick up a brick
Split a motherfucker's shit for tryin' to fuck with the kid
Get a little older, hair on my dick, now I'm curious
Niggas on the corner getting money, rockin' jewelry
Allowance, nigga that ain't man shit
Cowards, nigga that ain't man shit
I had to prove to myself
How these niggas same age as me calculating this wealth
So I got me a clique of niggas what?
Workin' one sixteenth, like "nigga we can clean up" Follow my life, homie from start 'til now
Only my motherfuckin' momma nigga hold me down
And Lord knows all the shit that I done put her through
I speak through her, straight to you motherfuckers Follow my life, homie from start 'til now
Only my motherfuckin' momma nigga holds me down
And Lord knows all the shit that I done put her through
I speak through her, straight to you motherfuckers Summer '94, I'm gettin' a little dough
Taller than my momma, so I'm listening to her nose
I'm listening to them hoes scream "O!"
And I'm listening to them O's go chop!
P-Funk, Joe and me pumpin' on the block, summertime
I call her auntie, she cop three at a time
Throw a extra bump bringin' cline

I'm so involved with the grind, I'm losin' my mind
Fuck a steady job, I'm tryin'
I steady mob, I'm dyin' in this game, I ain't lyin'
Sellin' so much coke forgettin' it's a crime
Flyin' down I-75, pocket full of dimes
Give a fuck about the radar on me
Bumpin' 'Big Poppa' nigga who tryin' me? Follow my life, homie from start 'til now
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