

# There They Go (Feat. Big Herc & Eminem)

## Obie Trice

Yeah!  
Aye em you ready?  
Herk, you got them thangs nigga?  
You know  
Detroit city There they go  
Those d-town boys, carry the calico  
Whenever there's war, you gots to know  
Them boys got toys, tear down the front do'  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
There they go, there they go You are not convincin'  
When detroit blocks stay flocked with henchman  
Niggas get popped for instance  
Infrared dot for distance  
Get knocked by the cops, cop on some pension  
Straight detention, a nigga doin' tension  
Once released, he on that music business  
Been viewin' 106 in them cafeterias  
Only to find that raps actually serious  
Deliriously so its back to crack and vigilance  
Same shit to send them up in michigan  
Us is pimpin', a difference from any city I've visited  
Its that detroit spirit and if we in it  
Ballin' out to the end, period  
Use o' as the reference to that sentence  
The message I'm sendin', you best just pay attention There they go  
Those d-town boys, carry the calico  
Whenever there's war, you gots to know  
Them boys got toys, tear down the front do'  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
There they go, there they go 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 what's up with that scratch you owe me  
Now run my chips before we fall out like shaq and kobe  
Big herk on a track with obie  
When you come to the d, its cut throat, better be packin' homie  
And niggas get they shit split for actin' phony  
We're known for the glocks and the choppers  
These niggas will rob you, leave you standin' in ya socks and ya boxers  
We got real g's and lots of imposters

I smoke the real trees, see I cop from the rosters  
Y'all niggas ain't impress me yet  
Y'all yappin', not rappin', turn that shit off and press eject  
See we known for the car shows, runnin' from the narcos  
Keep them bottles comin', we gon' pop 'em till the bar close  
There they go  
Those d-town boys, carry the calico  
Whenever there's war, you gots to know  
Them boys got toys, tear down the front do'  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
There they go, there they go  
Meat cleaver, leave a gash in a bitch's ass  
She had dreams of being an r&b singer  
Diva, leave her face cut up from the waist  
Of me, what a waste of a pretty face  
And this place ain't just safe, it's just straight gangster  
It ain't just New York or LA that bangs no more  
There's Latin crown kings here, Southside folk  
Eastside them gangs and nothin' but gang lands and  
Spray paint cans and when that van rolls up, man they ain't glancin'  
That window rolls down and that trey .8's dancin'  
And them shooters don't miss homie, man they hate chancin'  
It's straight for the dome and it's vacate fast and  
Get the fuck outta Dodge 'fore that blue Dodge flashin'  
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-boyz passin'  
There they go  
Those d-town boys, carry the calico  
Whenever there's war, you gots to know  
Them boys got toys, tear down the front do'  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
There they go, there they go

Songwriters

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