

# There They Go

## Obie Trice, Big Herc, Eminem & Trick Trick

Yeah, ay, Em, you ready?

Herc, you got them thangs, nigga?

You know

Detroit City There they go, them D-town boys carry the Calico

Whenever there's war, you gotsta know

Them boys got toys tear down the front door

Detroit make noise everywhere that we go There they go, there they go You are not convincing

When Detroit blocks stay flocked with henchmen

Niggaz get popped for instance, infrared dot for distance

Get knocked by the cops, cop on some pen shit

Straight detention, a nigga doing tension

Once released he on that music business

When viewing 106 and them cafeterias

Only to find that rap's actually serious Deliriously resort back to crack and vigilance

Same shit that sent 'em upper Michigan

Us is pimping, a difference from any city I visited

It's that Detroit spirit and if we in it Balling out till the ending, period

Use O as a reference to that sentence

The message I'm sending you

Best just pay attention There they go, them D-town boys carry the Calico

Whenever there's war, you gotsta know

Them boys got toys tear down the front door

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 Herc on a track with Obie when you come to the D

It's cut-throat, better be packing homie

And niggaz get they shit split for acting phonie

We're known for the glocks and the choppas These niggaz'll rob you

Leave you standing 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 rastas Y'all niggaz ain't impress me yet

Y'all yapping, not rapping, turn that shit off and press eject

See we known for the car shows, running from the narcos

Keep them bottles coming, we gon pop em till the bar close There they go, them D-town boys carry the Calico

Whenever there's war, you gotsta know

Them boys got toys tear down the front door

Detroit make noise everywhere that we go There they go, there they go, there they go

There they go, there they go, there they go  
Them D-town boys carry the Calico  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
Meat cleaver, leave a gas in a bitch's ass  
See her dreams of being an R and B singer diva  
Leave her face, cut her 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 just New York or L.A. that pains no more  
There's Latin Coun' Kings here  
Southside, four, East Side and Ganssen  
Nuthin' but ganglands and spray paint cans  
And when that van rolls up, man they ain't glancing  
That window rolls down and that tre-eight's dancing  
And them shooters don't miss, homie they hate chancing  
Straight for the dome and it's vacate fast and  
Get the fuck outta Dodge 'fore that blue Dodge flashing  
Red and blue lights, no ambulance, you got flattened  
And this was not supposed to be no Detroit anthem  
But just so ya know, if ya see them D-Boys passing  
There they go, them D-town boys carry the Calico  
Whenever there's war, you gotsta know  
Them boys got toys tear down the front door  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
There they go, there they go, there they go  
There they go, there they go, there they go  
Them D-town boys carry the Calico  
Detroit make noise everywhere that we go  
Here we go motherfuckers  
This the motherfuckin' back acha Trick  
Don't even dream of fucking up in Detroit, bitch  
This is where the real killers at Detroit motherfucker  
Ain't never no difficulty smashing no bitch ass niggaz  
Matter of fact, bring your bitch ass to Detroit nigga  
We got something for your ass  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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