

Spread Yo Shit (Feat. Kon Artis Of D12)

Obie Trice

I done did my share of dirt, flipped my share at work
A nigga done lived and slid through terror turf
Did it big with clever workers who hid the crack
In the back bottled up in that Gerber glass
For what it's worth, I ain't told to have
I'm just rambling, y'all dick handling
Telling my past and you don't know me
Niggas, the name's Obie, I'm bout to expose these motherfuckas
When I was down you had a lot to say
You should mind your business and walk away
Talk about me trying to find a way
To spread yo shit 'round town
I ain't really got time for you
With all that ignorant shit you do
Niggas need money and I do too
That's why I ain't fucking with you
I wonder would he pass for a pacifist
If a massive ass kick's inflicted
It can happen that quick, when spitting shit
Rapidly laying down your fag ass click
From running your lips like a bitch
All I know is something it gotta give
Niggas I gotta live, it's not a pejorative
Don't speak on The Kid
Lid your speech or rid ya in the streets
It's so optional, but I will be logical
'Cause when I lodge at you, it's not hospital
Operating poppin' them hot slugs outta your abdominal
Now your momma got a funeral attending
Just for mentioning Obie Trice the Henchmen
All I wanna do is make music and "bench" man
"Get my weight up" the same shit that Jay said
If you hate up, the AK's is sprayin'
Motherfuckers ain't playin'!
When I was down you had a lot to say
You should mind your business and walk away
Talk about me trying to find a way
To spread yo shit 'round town
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With all that ignorant shit you do
Niggas need money and I do too
That's why I ain't fucking with you
That's why I don't fuck with you cats

'Cause this all wrap with y'all
But this is not an act at all
Run ya trap, get clapped and fall
Spread rumors receive malignant tumors
Don't confuse music with us choosin'
Adhesive patches won't cover the bruise
Channel Two anchors won't cover the news
They never give a fuck when it's beef between crews
All I know is Obie paid his dues
Made his moves and bitch niggas hate the truth
They rather see me laid in that body booth
Deep six, rotten so the rats undefined can chew
That's why I don't fuck with y'all
Your runnin' your jaws and that really sucks for y'all
Talk behind backs but never to him dawg
Wouldn't that irritate your boss? When I was down you had a lot to say
You should mind your business and walk away
Talk about me trying to find a way
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Songwriters

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