## We All Die One Day

## **Obie Trice**

Niggas know what I'm about out here I don't toot my own horn 'cause I don't have to You can run your mouth, I don't care But if you get too close, I'm gonna clap you It's too real out here to be scared A real nigga gonna do whatever he has to A man is the last thing you should fear It ain't considered a crime unless they catch you We all die one day (Obie Trice go!) Niggas when I step up in the bar, faggots wanna look Like you motherfuckers got Obie Trice shook Like I'm gonna stand here as a man and Let some queer ass funny looking nigga get the upper hand I got issues, got no time, got guns that mourn niggaz' moms Shoot up clubs and destroy niggaz' vibes Everybody running for their motherfucking lives Tough club niggaz, we leave early, cock back surely Open up your fade, your grey brain meets motor city pave Your nervous system still twitch off Jay Z Ho's in animal skirts get mirked Don't ever let a nigga tell you slugs don't hurt Don't ever let a nigga tell you play the bar hard Trust in "God"? It's 'cause you're about to catch a bullet scar I give a fuck where you from, who you be with Keep this a secret, right by the nuts A 4-5 that'll light niggaz up and this 4-5 high make me not give a fuck Niggas know what I'm about out here I don't toot my own horn 'cause I don't have to You can run your mouth, I don't care But if you get too close, I'm gonna clap you It's too real out here to be scared A real nigga gonna do whatever he has to A man is the last thing you should fear It ain't considered a crime unless they catch you We all die one day (Obie Trice go!) But as long as I'm here, I'm gonna grab checks And make my cash stretch longer than giraffe necks Poverty will make your ass bet on words Touch niggaz in jail make them wanna finish their last set

They say you live by the gun and die by the next nigga gun If that's the case, then get a bigger one You don't think I'm packed to pump cause I'm out of the hood That's a stereotype like everyone that's black can jump I'm in a white mink, the fabric is done Cop rings like MikeJordan, Larry Bird, MagicJohnson and them Out in Dallas in a palace where the Mavericks is from Living lavish, I'm established, so the cabbage'll come I'm the clouds, you don't see me in the train I travel first class, you ain't even got a TV on your plane You should be easy on my name, cause I ain't going back and forth Your boss and your captain's soft (Bitch) Niggas know what I'm about out here I don't toot my own horn 'cause I don't have to You can run your mouth, I don't care But if you get too close, I'm gonna clap you It's too real out here to be scared A real nigga gonna do whatever he has to A man is the last thing you should fear It ain't considered a crime unless they catch you We all die one day (Obie Trice go!) Cause we gonna bring it to anybody who want it

You want it? you gon' get it
Name 'em we gon' hit em, chew em up and spit em out
HRRK-PTT

Too much venom, and if you roll with 'em We gonna fuck you up with 'em I got too much momentum moving in my direction to lose My shoes will explode, soon as you go to step in 'em (BOOM) You know how we do it, when we do, how we do it, when we come through G-Unit, D-1-2 and Obie, we all move like assassins Ski masks and gloves Consider this as a warning Disaster comes faster than you can react to it, just ask Muggs But we are fizast, fuck your little bitch ass up We are not killersmy vato will have you shot though Drag through the barrio and fucked like Kim Osario Little sorry hoe ass, go ask be Real We burn source covers like fuckin Cypress Hill Did in the 90s, when you was in diapers still Shady Records, "you better believe the hype is real" This is no joke, I don't smoke But I toke enough second hand to make my fuckin "P.O." choke I'm an OGyou fuckin with a GI Joe

Bia Bia, mia meo a Vida loco

I'm a psycho, Mariah ain't got shit on me When I retire I'll be spitting baby food on people At San Ysidro Ranch, huddled up next to her With Hello Kitty slippers on, humping her legs You ever had your cap peeled back, or your shit pushed in? I put my blade in you like a fucking pin cushion Slice your ear clear off, Smirnoff and indo I'll show you how to kill a fucking man like Sen Dog Nobody told you that I'm loco, esse? I lack every sane chemical in my membrane I'm Slim Sha "D" in the "Dy" is for "deez nuts"

And you can get each one for free so feast up

I pee in a cup for three months I'm having an E party for Easter, please come sqeeze guns We gonna bring it to anybody who want it

You want it? you gon' get it You name 'em, we gon' hit em, chew 'em up and spit em out Too much venom and if you role with 'em We gonna fuck you up with 'em You can do all them push ups to pump up your chest I got a 12 gauge Mossberg to pump up your chest Have you gasping for air after that shell hit your vest Fear me like you fear God cause I bring death

Silverback gorilla in the concrete jungle I'm the strongest around you know how I get down I watch gangster flicks and root for the bad guy And turn it off before the end cause the bad guy die If you trying to buy guns, I'm the nigga to look to So what they got bodies on 'em, they still look new You can raise your voice like you fiendin' to touch something

When I raise my knife, shit, I'm fiendin' to cut something See I walk like Ron O'Neil and talk like Goldie If the bitch think I love her, then the bitch don't know me (50 Cent Ha-ha, Sorry Kim, ha-ha)

(Eminem oh, sorry oh)

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