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
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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,LarryBird, MagicJohnsonand 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)
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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 monthsI'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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