Average Man

Obie Trice

Hey yo I'm focused, it's the locust
Oh trice is holdin the soldiers, the prognosis
Probably why I rose from zero to hope
'Cause I was wide eyed and open nosed on my approach (nigga)
Hold the toast you provoke
Forty-four snub hugs my scrotum when I roll, yes I hold my own
Swifty think you Deebo's clone
I'm aimin', watch I'm switchin' to Damon
And "Next Friday" I can bet you's a changed man
When them things in hand, it's not a game man
I ghost ya, I bring ya much closer to Jehovah
Definition of a soldier, I told ya
I hold the toast when I approach
It's close at all times by my side in the holster
O-ster roast ya, make me blow my composure
Pop it's all over, when the fo' fo' blows and goes a
[Chorus]When I'm up in the club
And these niggaz they want to act tough
'Til they get plugged
Watch them bullets go
Now you touched from a slug
Huggin' the streets like you in love
Your heart race like
The ambulance arrive
They rush you to hospital, flyin' by my ride
Engine like, homie you just died
Your family through cryin', I pulled off a crime
Just as quick as
You could lose your face, in a fool's race
I pulled my tool first nigga, you was in second place

And second place just means you didn't react with haste
And this differentiates life where murder being the case
And since murder was the case, it just means niggaz erase
Another black mother can't eat the food on her plate
'Cause she ain't got the taste of raisin you was a waste
"Such a short span young man" said at your wake
First I'm a man, second I'm five eight, with size and weight
Won't give a nigga the upper hand

'Cause when I pop, I get A's up like Barry Sand
Sit in the can, you never ran like Barry Sand
Obie ain't playin', Obie got a plan
And the plan is not to be layin in earth's land
I will pop before the can and earth's land
You get shot for playin' me less than a man, motherfucker
[Chorus]Niggaz get it twisted, liquor make 'em envision
That gangsterism is disrespecting a nigga's wishes
Which is all that tough talk in front of bitches
Yeah you fifteen deep, the Desert E a give ya stitches
And I can be all the bitches and hoes you want to
But I warn ya the glock could make it hot as California
You be propped on the corner, flesh meetin' the coroner
O's and quarantine, 'cause no holes in me, is no holes in me
Niggaz take advantage 'til I manage to pull that hammer out
They start scattering, I'm no gangster, I'm a average man
But be damned if I let 'em do me savage man
Before that I'm strapped and will challenge him
Cocked back and that gat will damage them
It's not a act, this is fact, this is how I'm programmed
This is me, what I'm about, this who I am motherfucker
[Chorus]

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