Got Hungry

Obie Trice

MoSS production
Obie Trice
"Obie-Obie-Obie-Obie-Obie, Obie Trice is now here" [2X]
[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]Obie Trice got hungry, needed money to bank
Young, didn't think, my life was great
Eatin from a saucer, ballers got big plates
Pushin big weight, from state to state (uh)
While I'm on Section 8 (damn)
And my corner got about fifty niggaz on the grind chasin the cake
So that route I can't go
Even though we cordial, I might step on a toe, turn a friend to foe
But the thought still exists
I'm in my room gettin pissed
I should have 20 inch rims on a V12 Benz, hangin with brand new friends
All flavor Timbs, hittin nothin but skins
I gotta do something right now
Aiyyo this life foul and my job just burns me out
Plus this titty bar bitch, Hennessy, turns me out
Stuffin ones in her garter, got my dick harder
Hard enough to plot on, openin up a spot
A big birth of rocks throwin up the fuckin block
Just stop, no, that shit too hot to cop, so watch
Plus in the hood my name's not top notch
Niggaz'll snitch or try to get me
Contemplate an illegal career, hittin shots off the Hennessy
In my room pacin, like I'm facin
A life term, AIDS and job termination
I'm in my room pacin, like I'm facin
A life term, AIDS and job termination
Termination, termination, terminat-atat-ion
[Chorus - Scratched Samples By DJ Grouch]
"Mr. Trice"
"Gotta eat"
"Starvin"
"Like an animal"
"Dope, get low"
"Best eatin"
"React off instinct, digest weaklings"
"Let you niggaz know"

"Got hungry"
"Takin mine"
"Gettin dust over here"
"I'm ready, I'm ready to rock"
"O-O-Obie Trice, bettin down shop"
[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]Yo, fuck it I'll go outside and decide what's the deal
Walkin up the block, kickin rocks with no scrill
Ain't lovely
My main man P-Funk in a Double O, truck bubbly, honks at me
What up Black? I wave back, in fact
If you ever peep his wrist, thaw out to bring yourself back
Attract all bitches in Cadillac on dishes
While I roll a Prism with the fuckin engine light blinkin
You know you're stinkin
When the same gauge light on for months to cause another fuckin complication
Life got me on a menstruation like a bitch
Player hatin all these niggaz flossin like they rich
I got the itch to dip right behind the bush
If I catch you slippin, your blood go gush
Fuck that, fuck that, I'm not a thief
'Cause armed robbery, murder, cause a whole lot of grief
I'm tired of grindin my teeth thinkin about the dough
I'm tired of high class bitches tellin me - fuck N-O, N-O, N-O, N-O
[Chorus]

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