

# Dudey (Feat. Obie Trice)

## Eminem

They ask me am I ok  
They ask me if I'm happy  
Are they asking me that because of the  
Shit that's been thrown at me  
Or am I just a little snappy  
And they genuinely care  
Doody, most of my life its just  
Been me and you there  
And I continuously stare at pictures of you  
I never got to say I love you as much  
As I wanted to but I do  
Yeah I say it now and you can't hear me  
What the fuck good does that do me now  
But somehow I know you're near me in presence  
Oh I went and drop some presents off to ease it to them  
Two little beautiful boys of  
Yours to try to ease their minds a little  
And dawg you'll never believe this  
But Sharonda actually talks to me now  
Jesus and everyone else is  
Just tryna pick up the pieces  
Man how you touch so many  
Fucking lives and just leave us  
They say grievance has a way of  
Affecting everyone different  
If it's true, how the fuck am I  
Supposed to get over you  
Difficult as it sounds...[Obie Trice Hook]Doody  
I drop a tear in the rhyme  
The day you find it is the day I stop missing Deshaun  
Holton. It was written it was woven  
For a soldier to leave so suddenly got me wide open  
How can God take a soul so dope and  
Turn around and leave us all heart broken?  
Know that you saying keep going  
Be a man no emotion it's your duty till we meet again  
DoodyDoody, that's what we call each other  
I don't know where it  
Came from but it just stuck with us

We was always brothers  
Never thought about each others' skin colours  
Til one day we was walking up the  
Block in the summer  
It was like 90 degrees  
I was catching a sun burn  
Tryna walk under the trees  
Just to give me some comfort  
I'm moaning I just wanna get home  
When I look over and your shirt is off  
I'm like you gonna fry and like  
"No I won't, I'm black stupid  
And black people they got melatonin  
In their skin, we don't burn"  
Meanwhile, my face is glowing and I felt  
Like I'm on fire  
And the entire time you're just laughing at me  
And snapping at me with your shirt, bastard  
And I still have to get you back for that shit  
And by the way them playboy rings  
My mother stole from you  
Well Nate finally got em back  
Shit it must have been at least 16 years ago  
Well I put em in your cask-ahhh  
Moving past it, it  
Still ain't registered yet  
But you can bet your legacy  
They'll never forget  
The motor city motown  
Hip hop vet, hip hop shop, dreads  
It don't stop there  
Yeah, as difficult as it sounds...[Obie Trice Hook]Doody  
I drop a tear in the rhyme  
The day you find it is the day I stop missing Deshaun  
Holton. It was written it was woven  
For a soldier to leave so suddenly got me wide open  
How can God take a soul so dope and  
Turn around and leave us all heart broken?  
Know that you saying keep going  
Be a man no emotion it's your duty till we meet again  
DoodyAnd this may sound a  
Little strange but I'mma tell it  
I found that jacket  
That you left at my wedding  
And I picked it up to smell it

I wrapped it up in plastic  
Until I put it in glass  
And hang it up in the  
Hallway so I can always look at it  
And as for all of me and D12 we feel like fuck rap  
It feels like our General  
Just fucking died in our lap  
We shut off all our pages  
All our cell numbers has changed  
Our two-ways are in the trash  
So some cats will have to find a new way  
And I know that it feels like  
The dreams will die with you today  
But the truth is there  
All still here and you ain't  
Purple Gang, you gotta keep pressing on  
Don't ever give up the dream dawg  
I got love for you all  
And Doody, it's true you  
Bought people together who never  
Woulda been in the same  
Room if it wasn't for you  
You were the peacemaker Doody  
I know sometimes you were moody  
But you hated confrontation  
And truly hated the feuding  
But you were down for yours  
Whenever it came to scrapping  
If it had to happen, it had to happen  
Believe me, I know you're the one who taught me to  
Throw them balls back on Dresden  
From making cars to paintballing  
Getting arrested  
To sitting across from each other  
In cells laughing and jesting  
They tried to hit us for 5 years for that, no question  
I guess them hookers and bums that we shot up  
Didn't show up for court  
So we got off on a technicality, left sweating  
Me, you and what's his face  
I forgot his fucking name  
Shame he even came to your funeral  
He betrayed our team  
And if I see him again  
I'mma punch him in the fucking face

And that's on Hallie Jade, Whitney Lane and Alaina's name

I let the pistol bang once

Just to leak a shot in the air

For you and pour some liquor

Out for you with Obie in the parking lot of 54

Just before we were

Supposed to get in cars

To come and see you once more

Difficult as it sounds...[Obie]Doody

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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