Adrenaline Rush

8 Mile Soundtrack

Get the fuck up
Ayo, when I step up in the club everybody hit the fuckin' floor
Lucky motherfuckers make it to the door
'Cause when I spit on mic's I spit raw
Which cause confusion from the bar to the dance floor
I keep the club owner vexed
'Cause he gotta pay me when I spit
Plus replace a lot of shit
Niggas get to wildin'
When my words echoes the room like
(Get your hand out my pockets)
You sock shit while my topics rockin'
I'm banned from clubs 'cause of my toxic tonsils
Loud speakin' like a fuckin sports announcer
I spit, the block hot 'til you rush the bouncer
Or rush the motherfucker in your way who's bouncin'
You know O. Trice get the gats pronouncin'
Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers
Shady Records 'til I sleep, motherfucker
Obie Trice, nuttin' but street, muthatfucka
Tear this bitch up until you bleed, motherfucker
I wouldn't give a fuck who you be, motherfucker
Punk, pussy, bitch or G, motherfucker
Adrenaline rush before you leave, motherfucker
When I speak I blow out your tweeters
A dog
Show out with speakers
Roll out with heaters
I'm just a animal eatin' the game
Jump a monkey
Fuck yeah, Obie's the name
I roll solo
Never been a ho, though
Keep gats vocal
When cats act loco
Where you at when I'm movin' the crowd
You get trampled, mashed on Detroit style
Up out your seats

Pump out the E's
Up the beats, the crowd 'Obie, please'
Where my niggas at, smokn' them trees
Off the cognac finger fuckin' a skeez

That's how it is when you party with me
You don't like it?
You L7 like a square be
Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers
Shady Records 'til I sleep, motherfucker
Obie Trice, nuttin' but street, muthatfucka
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Yo, and since I came
I've rearranged the place with blaze
Stage dive with Colt Seavers DNA
I'm so addicted to gettin' niggas lifted
Drunk off the liquid
O.Trice, the misfit
Dousin' the crowd with piss and bile
We underground, motherfucker fix your frown
I be the boy with the whiskey toy
Offa whiskey
You never been to skeet before
So, throw up your hands and
Peep out your man's when
I come through
Next quarter Trice intervene use
And trust, I'm attackin' it
I cook up the hot shit like Ainsley Harriet
That's why I'm so miraculous and Obie gets you niggas pumped up
I'll see you next coliseum, chump
That's right, it's your Obie Trice fucked up
Off weed E's and whiskey
Get live motherfucker when I speak motherfucker
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers
Shady Records 'til I sleep, motherfucker
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