

# Cry Now

## Obie Trice

Shady, old mix  
Back, second round's on me  
Kuniva, Cashis, Stat Quo, Bobby Creekwater  
Obie Trice, what?\*\*\*\* didn't kill me  
Now a \*\*\*\* gon' get  
Peel my cap back, I'm never at home  
I'm somewhere with my \*\*\*\* restin' on a \*\*\*\* tongueSippin' on Don Perion while she's sippin' up them \*\*\*\*  
Yeah, bet you hate the news holmes  
You probably somewhere sittin' on the stoop huh  
Sippin' on the \*\*\*\* plottin' to \*\*\*\* me later huhWhen will a hater learn I'm too great on a song  
I \*\*\*\* on the corner, send weight to the coroner  
When courage make 'em turn performer  
I transform into Uma Thurman, a dude's virginVerses lettin' superfulious with no purpose \*\*\*\*  
Continue to walk this earth's surface  
I was birthed for hip-hop branch out my services  
Ya try to \*\*\*\* this \*\*\*\* that's comin' from the same turf as yas  
What nerves have yas\*\*\*\* because your hussles ain't worth a \*\*\*\*  
I'm gettin' rich I'm on my way to Hugh Hefner's  
Dig? With a \*\*\*\* you in the trenches tryin' to reach it big  
On another rapper's \*\*\*\* go on represent where you liveKnow you annoyed but don't make the mistake  
I'm state to state in that Honda \*\*\*\*, not an Accord  
I'm in that Honda G4 you will never afford  
And yup it's probably ease when a \*\*\*\* is on boardI know, cry now  
I know, cry now  
I knowI'll be damned if I let a \*\*\*\* lay his hands on me  
I'll lay his \*\*\*\* out and park a grand dam on him  
The city where the weak survive and the strong die  
Where beef collides \*\*\*\* happen and hit the wrong guyI done seen the worst of the worst and what can be worse  
Than a verse about \*\*\*\* dispersed up in your shirt  
The streets is like a curse \*\*\*\* frontin' for a \*\*\*\*  
It's like you beggin' to die like bear huntin' with a switchA part of my heart is gone I could never smile the same  
\*\*\*\* finger is itchy it'll take awhile to tame  
Detroit is hella dirty but the dozen can fix it  
Resist and the biscuit will exceed the distanceAnd bounce off one's home hit and riquoche off a kid's trombone  
Right to where you \*\*\*\* lay  
Obie can tell you that death is just a few inches away  
Y'all shed tears but y'all can get your feel of it todayI know  
I know

I know  
 I know Laugh now cry never my \*\*\*\*\* is a body part  
 Hit him with just enough \*\*\*\*\* to make his body hard  
 Now I feel like we even see Creek is here  
 To shine a light on you \*\*\*\*\* diseasin' Soon as I get my karma right on Lindsay Rose I'm leavin'  
 Load up a \*\*\*\*\* and make it dark on them heroes I'm cheesin'  
 \*\*\*\*\* they got snitches on the clock gotta watch what I'm sayin'  
 Me buy a \*\*\*\*\* a couple rocks and the watch quit playin' Back on my greasy my neezy nobody bread whippin  
 And for them \*\*\*\*\*' spectators I brought the band with me  
 Halftime \*\*\*\*\* and grab pine you will never grab mine \*\*\*\*\*  
 The dollie's was lyin' when he said you was gon' be fine \*\*\*\*\* Cash is Witness art of war in the physical  
 Since raw coke was rushed through my umbilical  
 And no words from cash mouth is fixin'  
 Ready with dope \*\*\*\*\* I'm ever dissin' My aura of war is raw to the core  
 The surface of the street when I walk through the door  
 My purpose is to move up pull tools you perpin'  
 Watch me overthrow the government in my turban Plot up and line up solo mia  
 Prayin' to proof I'm searchin' for Jerry Garcia  
 Talk to my brother gone in the streets of the D  
 I'm talkin' to \*\*\*\*\* and hopin' \*\*\*\*\* waitin' on me Take the first shot then, the second round's on me  
 And when the wars on the other side, me and my brother ride  
 I don't rap for the plaques my contracts signed just for scraps  
 To get you wack \*\*\*\*\* With a gun with a \*\*\*\*\* with a bat  
 Take a \*\*\*\*\* through the lung, get you right what you rappin' \*\*\*\*\*  
 I'm born crazy raised in more fame  
 It's the clappin' down \*\*\*\*\* for entertainment I know, cry now  
 I know, cry now  
 I know, cry now  
 I know Young stack he the \*\*\*\*\* on tuck want war  
 I don't give a \*\*\*\*\* till you kiss and pucker up  
 It'll lift 'em up believe me you'll flow  
 Duracell is your family heart broke Lookin' like an artichoke vegetable  
 Ho's stiff \*\*\*\*\* paralyzed from the neck down  
 My goon stick \*\*\*\*\* turn soldiers to stick figures  
 Hand on \*\*\*\*\* real life born \*\*\*\*\* We roll out like four wheelers, \*\*\*\*\* sent us  
 From backstabbers and gold diggers tipsy off brown liquor  
 Watch me obnoxious broad call me cocky  
 Poppin' long \*\*\*\*\* stabbed it out the box like hockey Especially when a \*\*\*\*\* ride it like jockey  
 From the Benz to the range to the black Joloppy  
 I'm the \*\*\*\*\* the only one who ain't heard is Foxy  
 Formalize a plan no man can stop me ball all, Stat Quo understand  
 Ya copy? I know, cry now  
 I know, cry now  
 I know, cry now  
 I know Shady

It's the re-up

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