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 **** tongue
Sippin' 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 huh
When 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 virgin
Verses 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 live
Know 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 board
I know, cry now
I know, cry now
I know, cry now
I know
I'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 guy
I 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 switch
A 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 distance
And 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 today
I 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 Lindsy 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 dolli's was lyin' when he said you was gon' be fine ****
Cashis
Witness art of war in the phyical
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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