

Everywhere I Go (Feat. 50 Cent)

Obie Trice

Yeah

Ride wit me

Come ride wit Trice, man

I brought my man wit me

Curtis Interscope Jack (ha ha)

Mr. Mathers, my nigga Fif' (Yeah)

Holla at 'em[Chorus]

Everywhere I go, I mean, like everywhere I be

It seems like everybody knows, how I get down, and why be, homie

Everywhere I go, I mean, like everywhere I be

It seems like everybody knows, how I get down, and why be, homie They say Obie Trice gone, look at em

Back then I was Mike Jones, who would even look at 'em?

Now I recite songs with icons, see I come from convicts and crumbs

My nigga, listen, it's transition shows his ambitions

Nuttin' less then the man getting off his ass and vanishing

Into the world of ass kissing, witness him with Ashton Kutcher

Now they ask for pictures, autographs, signatures

Went from rags to riches to getting ass from bitches

It's hard to grasp the situation at hand

When you used to have to ask for digits

Now they pass em to you like easy fast for tickets

Classic isn't it? Coming from a past with a casket

Dips from beneath the grass, so you're cremated to ashes

Nigga, created from the crap, this is past fictitious

Fif, tell em how we was when we last wen' visit[Chorus] And now the spotlight's on Trice

But back when the spot life was Trice

I always kept beside a spot for a mic, despite

Wrongs and rights, I would write after I slung white

To homes on the pipe, I had a notion I would be bi-costal

But being across the ocean is la vida loca

And vada loco, I'm in Janayo

Konecheewa in Tokyo, it's sushi with eel

I got a taste for that pompies chopping up in Brazil

Drinking the finest wines in France on the hill

Now how real is he to come from where we get killed

To having all his dreams fulfilled, look out

I got fantasies of being in Italy where the women be

Offering me the cooch-o, eating on arsobuco

Awesome, I know, so often, we just reach the coffin

And never get to see what the world's offering[Chorus]Yeah
Things change man
You know, get a chance to travel
See the world and you start to look at things a lil differentYou ain't bullshitting
Cause I ain't never thought I'd see it out the hood
Heh, look at a nigga now

Songwriters

Jackson, Curtis James / Mathers, Marshall B / Resto, Luis Edgardo / Trice, ObiePublished by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>