Richard

Atticus Finch

[Obie Trice]
Yeah
Trice
Statik Selektah
[Verse 1: Obie Trice]
O back around the corner
Got the crack, put in your orders
We bout to run up out the stores
Its notorious, the way I got big spitting stories
Being mes X-Clan, Vanglorious
Were not your favorite, fuck it
You know the system and you buck it
Have you revisiting how you used to love it
A nigga spew through the music, acoustics, cool kid
Used to pursue excuses, truth is, I was truent in school
So its influence is foolish, that was my views
Im back at it, the rap addict, by any means
We gon get these stacks accurate, no skinny jeans
Say he aint a star, niggas might be right
Im so regular, nigga gotta shit tonight
Take it back Selektah, let em know its Trice
Put your seatbelts on, we gon ride tonight
[Verse 2: Eminem]
And I would like to introduce myse-self
Surprise! Hi, its Ike
Bout to get my Ike on, I come with a life supply
Of wife beaters and my Nikes on
And a white tee over that Iron Mike
Lookin fly tonight, feel like I might die from a spider bite
Come back as Spider-Man, Park my Peter inside a dyke
Bitch actin like she got fuckin higher standards than Meijers, right
Had to pry her fingers off the motherfuckin Breyers ice cream
With the pliers, like AAHHH!
Only a ruthless bastard would do this
Take a toothles bitch with no taste buds to Ruth Chris
Give her toothpicks, stop on the way home
Pick up two Big Bufords
Girl, you got a nice pair, but youre plum stupid!
So when I pull up in that Benz

Dont try to pretend you aint interested
To impress your stupid ass friends
And refuse to get in woman, and get slammed on the ground
And snap like a pool stick against cement
If you suck of dick, pretend its a musical instrument
You get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
I can tell at first glance youre a ho
Cause your pants are so tight
When you dance with O. Trice, your implants explode
So cold to dykes, the chance is snow in San Francisco
Boy Im from Detroit city, you livin in animosity
Thats a fucked up state to be in, such an atrocity
Look where these random thoughts get me
In senseless mind babble, What me? Apologize? labrbrr
Thats just the way the rhyme unravels
And I wouldnt fucking take it back if I time traveled!(Chorus)
Just call me Richard (Richard)
'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...
It's also Richard 'cause I feel that you should pry your fucking mouth out off of it (it)...
I said just call me Richard (Richard)...
'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...
You ain't gotta be no detective to figure out I'm a dick
When i hold my private its the first clue, Sherlock, PRICK!
Just call me Richard...
[Verse 3: Obie Trice]
Thats my motives, jumpin out them Rovers
All white, like I was right up in the Dakotas
Or Minnesota, did I mention soda?
When its mixed with viola, watch my cup runneth over
Cut from a soldier
Them ho niggas disposable toaster
Putting holes in a nigga getting close enough
Being me till the credits roll
Till my condition is beyond what the medics know
They wanna edit O
Like a prosthetic third leg let it go
This is Shady 1.0 Em let em know
I still profit through the process
The prize in my jeans my ballsll never digress
Im a dick that I brag about
I put it in fast and then I drag it out
World, I be your special friend see
Cause these suckas suffer from pseudo penis envy (envy)
So...
(Chorus)

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