Gimmie My Dat Back

Obie Trice

[Chorus]I want my Dat back
I want my Dat back
I need my Dat back
I want my Dat back
Where the hell is my Dat at
I want my Dat back
I need my dat back
I want my Dat back
I need my Dat back
I want my Dat back
I played 13 for that
I want my Dat Back
I need my dat back
I want my Dat Back
I need my dat back
[Verse One]Yo I been listen to you since I was a small crop
I bought your tape and watched your career flop
I post your face up in my room
You had the grim look so when I was mad nigga you was mad too
You blessed me with opportunity to listen
And by droppin an album you made music my mission
I would turn on the TV
All I see is DMC who I truly want to be
And mama bought a karaoke machine
As present, so I can have sessions with the young adolescence
In my room
Fuck a cartoon
I'm to busy trying to get at you
With this music
And as time went on my skills got tighter
An unbelievable writer, unbelievable reciter
Hit the hip hop spots
Closed the ciphers
Obie trice dark like a phantom with flows
And by this time shit you like a platinum with those
[Chorus]I gotta get me a Dat
I need a Dat
What the hell is a dat? (Digital Audiotape)
Get a Dat

I gotta get a Dat
Yo... What's a Dat
[Verse 2]Hey yo you came to my town one day I got the word
The illest emcee in the rap game most preferred
I thought it was a start for me to exploit my style
And maybe you lend a hand out
So I dropped what the fuck I was doin
Grabbed the DAT
Jetted to the weed spot
And blew the whole fuckin sack with my man Joe
Who keep the ten-dollar Dats
He like "you really bout to make it huh o"
I just laughed
Shot up out the spot

Started the engine
Hold the dat tight in my right, while I was steerin
Thinking to myself when the voices started blarrin
HEY YO HEY YO HEY YO
Arrived at the spot
Parking lot packed
Filled with rap-a-lots and bad boy cats
Timbos and backpacks
Hood thing playin with Mecca
Old shirty and scissor hands
I got ta trippin on them niggas when they started rappin
They aggravating the line while u autographin
In fact when I finally reached ya
Them niggas got thrown out a long time ago, nice ta meet ya
Obie Trice nuttin nice
On this mic device
I got a Dat for ya tonight
Clinched in my right
But don't take it if you aint gonna holla, aight
[Hook]Hey yo I gave him the dat, now my foot is in the door
I gave him the dat now I'm bout to go on tour
Yo I gave him the dat my foot is in the door, I'm a bout to go on tour
Yeah Yeah
[Verse 3]Now a year den past and I aint here from yer ass
I den strapped some loot
Ready to jump in the coupe
Head for NEW YORK
And if I see ya I'm a shoot up all over your shit
Since I been wearing troops
And you can't call a nigga back to tell me that my shit is garbage

If I see you in concert I'm a snap
Slap you from the roof like Harley did Jack
I want my fuckin dat back
FUCK THAT
[Chorus]Hey yo I need my Dat back
I payed $13.50 for that
Hey yo I want my Dat Back
Hey yo... Where's My Dat at
I said you said you was gonna holla back
You Know I need my Dat back
I want my Dat back
I played $13.50 for that
And you aint called me back
You know I want my fuckin dat back
Cut it out
Cut it out
Obie Trice
Moss Productions
Napp entertainment
'99 shit
For your mind shit

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