

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

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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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