

# 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  
Jettin 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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