

# Bme Up

## Obie Trice

[6 seconds instrumental][Intro:]Uh-uh, uh... uh!h!  
[Chorus:]Nigga, we up; - we don't give a fuck!  
We gon' keep holdin' this shit doooown!  
This nigga raise up, - you can get bucked. [echoes] [shot] - Gangstas a-roouund!  
Got the world in a flux - all on the nuts!  
You can't stop us nooooow! (this where the riders at!)  
Till we posted up somewhere beneath the groouund!  
[Verse 1:]BME! - Trust the truth's in the booth!  
He don't take a hit to let 'em know I'm bulletproof.  
Rest In Peace, Proof! This is no truce!  
This is - hood music brought directly to you.  
Mac-11 in the Chevy with a nigga or two;  
Ready for whatever, we cuckoo, - loose screw.  
Used to bungalows, juicin' up fiends  
Just to ride 'round in the new school.  
Come from - basehead rentals. - Same faces, no dental!  
Claimin' they gon' pay incidentals.  
Give a fiend a break, he see God all in ya!  
Then he run game 'til your change all minimal.  
Pinnin' them predicaments - to live that life;  
I been spendin' Benjamins since the early '90s! (90's!)  
Now BME is where a nigga can find me,  
Still on the grind, nigga still gettin' mine!  
[Chorus]  
[Verse 2:]Niggaz, - I done been around the world and back.  
Ask about Trice! - Ain't shit fuckin' with that!  
BME said: "Get 'em! " Obie did exact,  
Straight from the trap to the muhfuckin' map.  
Young nigga - star, - do this - car;  
Louis, - where a nigga murder a track!  
Hurdle over snares and claps  
So verbal. - Had to dumb it down so your ears adapt!  
Now it's "Money In The Bank", Lil' Scrap's pappy.  
'Preme in the tank, ain't a vehic' could pass me!  
Ask BME how a nigga from 'Craft be,  
Nasty, - K covered up in the back seat.  
Any melee comin' at me, - death day!  
Pastor be speakin' to your "fam-lay"!  
G-shit! - I'm a rap 'til my sun set,

'Cept sun's up. - BME, what?!  
[Chorus][Verse 3:]Nigga, I don't slip; handle 'em. - Rap's Rip Hamilton!  
All in his mansion - gamblin'  
All's I'm tryna do is match 'em. - Rappin'!  
Get a couple chicks, I'm ramblin'. - Stab 'em!  
Take 'em to the crib where it's Magnum, - madness  
Mashin' - ass - as if - you ain't know the half.  
It's BME, that's the muh'fuckin staff!  
Now I represent on they behalf. - Yes! [acapella]  
[Chorus] [beat stops]

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