

Going No Where

Obie Trice

[Hook: Obie Trice]

You heard it, you want it, you got it, it's crazy

You play it, you bump it, you know it, it's crazy

Hate if you wanna, that don't phase me

I ain't going nowhere right now...[Verse 1: Obie Trice]

It's the fo' pound bandit

The coke hand to hand, and he Detroit bred

Goddanmit O Trice's back

And Oh, they so adamant I'm still at it

You should see the grill on a faggot if only looks could kill

But O is so accurate over this matter stagnant

It's never inadequate I swear these haters need to chill

It's SO automatic that he is above average

Jesus of Nazareth's reached his soul and so

He is a talent that has managed to mechanically use a pen and a pad and the alphabet to get ahead

Niggas mad cuz he single handledly getting this bread

Bitches is in his bed, bullet still in his head

I'm back, fully loaded I'm ready to let off lead

Metal is heavy and I'm ready to let it all rip

The return of the vigilante on that big party and bullshit

You dig? The kid's back you biatch[Hook][Verse 2: Obie Trice]

I don't suffer the whispers of these envious niggas

Mad cuz his nuts not in my Denim

Wanna be him so much the send slugs to kill him

And keep it on the hush not to become a victim

Vicious, niggas I rid them

I spit, piss on the statistics on that bullshit

I pull up muzzle yell, send the bezel berg back to here

I'mma thug, I'mma clap him till he fail and he fall

I'mma ball, I'm a beast, I'm the streets

I'm the reason you a broad, I'mma boss, I'm me

Obie bout that change, get rich fast

The Claude Van Damme of the game: Kick ass

Trapped until a nigg get out of 'Caine

And bounce back like whiplashes

And dump my cigar ashes on you asses

It's still Trice and Mathers all that matters

Call that other madness, past us

This is passion[Hook][Verse 3: Obie Trice]

My feet up, I read up
Read up on a MC who fordid, a overachiever
My Visa tease them in that villa overseas in that B1W with mamacita
G'd up, Jesus my cheese keep reaching up
Planted the seed and then it beamed up
The bean stalk being tall
Now I'm balling on these motherfucking peanuts
Huh, the demons wanna deliver me
Wanna deem him less than enemy but O too slippery
But back on you faggots nigga ain't no sympathy
I don't fuck with you actors I do mine differently
Trice made history, now all these fake niggas wanna mention me
Couldn't wait till I break in this with my entity
It don't even interest me, I'mma keep my energy spitting
Obie is in this to win this and that's the ending

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