

# Oh! (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Obie Trice

Yeah! Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks  
I came in the game, profane no image  
I came in the game with a name I's given  
From a man who ain't give a fuck about his chit-lenI proclaim the name tho, never in vain no  
Watch the change grow  
A young nigga who don' gain from fame  
Cop the Range RoveNow they want my brains on the main road  
But they don't understand what I came for  
I came forth with a million sold  
Who said you can't grow from mildew?  
And mold, getting money like Ross Peroe  
I'm often told, a coffin's the route's I go  
O that's the roads you on, oh no  
I'm down for the rightful tone of fo-fo  
Don't ever try to send a nigga home.  
(No, no)I know you wanna catch me at Sinoko  
Show me that you're loco, put holes in my photo  
Nope! Obie! Hold toast no jokes send slugs through your polo  
Just 'cause though a thug roll solo  
Impose on grown folks, be a cold Negro  
Be low, you grieved up people  
Believe that the boy see no evilOh! I had you yellin' out when I backed the 30-30 rifle  
Oh! To late for niggaz to get religious and start reading they Bible  
Oh! See you can yell like other niggaz repeating the dirty cycle  
Oh! See you should make peace instead of making me become a psycho  
I visualized it  
'O Trice at twenty-five survived it  
Pride but violent  
Invite the violence, fist fighting the fireman  
Be a tyrant, 'til these niggaz nights is silent'O Trice from a trife environment  
He rocks the mic no sight of retiring  
Maybe when the bank accounts like leviathan  
I'm in position to hire other clients  
(Bitch)Mean while I'm a virus like Iverson  
A nigga cross-over, Europeans and Myaran  
And the soldiers retiring  
I ain't buying motherfuckers acting like they denying himWho trying a nigga whose view's  
biased  
I figure your crews tired  
My trigger introduces 'Violence'  
(Dudes through sirens)  
You want to spittle Orange Juice and VitaminsOh! I have you yellin' out when I bag the 30-30

rifle  
Oh! To late for niggaz to get religious and start reading they Bible  
Oh! See you can yell like other niggaz repeating the dirty cycle  
Oh! See you should make peace instead of making me become a psychoA derelict who  
inherited hustle  
My heritage married the street struggle  
Like a couple of great aunt's ago  
(Yeah)  
So this blood streams through my nuts  
Seems like I wasn't in touch  
When the teacher had spoke  
(No!)Now I was just a preacher in O  
Seat on the bleachers and flip coke  
The only reaching that got threw my dome  
Niggaz gamble so they get outta be chrome  
Pulled the winning raffle so  
I scramble with the track and the foamsFuck an act and a clone  
This is actual happenings that's factual, back in my home  
This is rap, but I ain't rapping so you clap in the "Zone"  
Think you're trapped in the act for the sake of performing  
This is your warning, run upon them wrong  
And your tissue was burning a hundred degrees more!  
O trizzy gone  
My nigga bust bring the hook back in for 'em  
(Come On)Oh! I had you yellin' out when I backed a 30-30 rifle  
Oh! To late for niggaz to get religious and start reading they Bible  
Oh! See you can yell like other niggaz who repeating the dirty cycle  
Oh! See you should make peace instead of making me become a psycho

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