

## BME Up

Obie Trice

Nigga we up, we don't give a fuck  
We gon' keep holdin this shit down  
Nigga raise up, you can get bucked  
{blam} Gangstas around  
Got the world in a flux, all on the nuts  
You can't stop us now  
This where the riders at  
'Til we posted up somewhere beneath the ground

BME, trust the truth's in the booth  
He don't take a hit to let 'em know I'm bullet-proof  
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  
Now BME is where a nigga can find me  
Still on the grind nigga still gettin mine

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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 muh'fuckin 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'ma rap 'til my sun set  
'cept sun's up; BME what?

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Nigga I don't slip, handle 'em, rap's Rip Hamilton  
All in his mansion, gamblin  
Alls I'm tryin to 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

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