

# Roughnecks

Obie Trice

MoSS Productions  
Obie Trice...  
Ha ha, yeah!

Rap is a necessity, so God don't question me  
about how long I been doin this shit here  
I spark like a flare, and tear through a stank bitch underwear  
when my testosterone's in full gear  
I'm rugged - and when the music bump out  
I call niggaz out, that's how I club it  
Shit, you dug it, yo' punk ass got retarded  
cause the moment my music bump your pussy ass farted  
Ha! That's how hard I hit  
Call it collision effect to make you player haters sick  
Obie Trice truly is ridiculous with lyrics  
I know you wanna drive my style but talk stiddicks  
New millenium nigga, bringin mayhem  
My slave rap is for real, games I never played 'em  
I'll stab him in the abdomen  
And leave him gaspin for air like asthma really attacked him  
I'll leave you paralyzed with no more action, or verb  
I know Obie get on your nerves  
I'm like a nigga tryin to stay at your spot, without a job  
Or a gang of thugs beatin on your head by the mob  
Run that sob[?] but no more heartthrob  
You're stiff like a carcass full of maggots and shit  
layin on the corner  
I leave bodies more rotted than John Jr.'s body at the motherfuckin coroner  
Your face mutilated, legs decapitated  
from foul fuckin your dick, your dick disintegrated  
Burnt niggaz never learned nigga  
It's Obie Trice - now say nice!

My veins pump purple rain  
My pores sweat liquid cocaine  
My eyes are dry, dry, dry..  
My spirit's maaade in proof  
My body craaaaves that juice  
My mind is high, high, high..  
You on the wrong side of these drums

I intensify your high  
Bump me through your systems and watch blood trickle out your eye  
I make you feel like you meltin, or seein the devil, in 3-D  
Only it's Obie on CD  
Mr. Trice unfamiliar?  
But I'm the same nigga that killed ya - go read ya poem  
I hit harder than them Hiroshima type bombs  
Relocate arms - no more wri-ting  
Obie Trice be live for the night  
And any nigga try to take that, threatens my excitement  
And yo, that's when I get violent  
and create with your blood like the red violin  
Yeah, I bet you'll be silent then  
O. Trice rock harder than infinite horny men  
Tipsy off gin, that's when I begin to sin  
Even if I lose no one wins

I'm an ex-convict escaped from hell  
returned, to take the world over as well  
MC's rather me be in the cell  
Rather than seein me up the block hoppin out a drop-top 12

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I come strapped, with a pack of gats  
that'll eliminate you, and that flat you stay at  
Nosy neighbors  
I break out the arsenic arsenal and firebomb your block for acres  
Who would've thought? Me!  
Obie Trice, the destruction of a fake wannabe  
You claim you're hardcore when you're soft as you wanna be  
That type of shit gets you lost unfortunately  
Your mother miss ya, she thinks she ain't shit  
"Oh I ain't raised him right! Oh I'm such a bitch!"  
Shit change, when the bullet meets the brain  
Leave a ugly first impression  
And leave a dirty mess on your girlfriend's dress  
And he wouldn't give a fuck, how loud the bitch screamin  
Call him a demon, I call him a slug  
Not a thug but a slug that'll rip through a thug's mug

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Blaow!  
New millenium shit