

Violent

Obie Trice

There he go right there, got this nigga. What's up Obie?

Oh shit

Uh, uh, uh nigga. Yeah nigga, shit

Obie Trice

You can catch me in the hood, up to no good
With that Mac like right beside me
I ain't by no niggaz eyeing my figures
Deprive me of my life, try me
I'ma rip up tissue, homie I won't miss you
This'll be the day that ya dying
Nigga I'm violent
Ya hearing the sirens, once that ass silence
For fucking with me, nigga I'm violent
Cause I'm so tired of these wannabe riders trying to touch Obie
Cause nigga I'm violent

Hat match the jacket, jack match the glove
Glove match the Mac that send niggaz above
All black when his faggot ass acts up
When the boys interrupted haters can't wait to duck
Cause when I buck I leave a peep hole in his face
They peep O in the place then they get a bad taste
In they mouth, running his lip, I pull that ouch off my hip
Commence to spit, I'm too grown for this
But they tend to take you back to when you're known for riff raff
That'll be his ass, fucking with this cat

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They say O calm ya nerve, but some niggaz need to be served
Cause it's purpose is unheard of
Blacks done seen too much murder to flirt with death
Guess he feels it ain't nuthin left
That's when the weapon is taking it's last breath
If he think for a second he taking me outta my flesh
Violent when it comes to putting Obie to rest
Natural cause is the only way they say he left
Not from no hater, I got too many guns
So, when it come to that shit, I'm off one nigga

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Incompacitating O, no, I'm so
Observational I recognize you ho's
Nocturnal mufuckas knocking ya mans
Cause I'm sitting on paper bigger than Shaq hands
Plus every chance I get Obie advance
From spitting to getting riches, I'm so enhanced
On bitch ass niggaz trying to slow my plans
Realest shit a nigga ever spoke to fans
Listen, I'm taking kites in the pen
A nigga ever offend again, and that's on my kid

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