

What You Want

Obie Trice

You just a shiesty ass nigga, O!
You never get work from us
Come around here we all just gon' fuck you up
So damn shiesty, matter fact
Nigga what the fuck you want?!
Man we gon' fuck yo' ass up
Yo, yo

Aiyyo I shoot up the block
Tell my nigga P front me a quarter rock
(What up O? Nigga, ain't shit for free!)
But you know me, I'm Obie, down the street your little homie!
(Yeah here man, take it, but remember nigga you owe me)
Yeah whatever, how I look payin him back?
I keep the scratch, to get my mother mouse traps
Chillin with Rich, I might snatch his gat
I'm just playin the game man! (Fuck that, gimme my gun back)
Shit, where I'm at I gets no respect
Done fucked over folks, they wanna break my neck
I can't show my face, always meetin new friends
Cause new friends equals new Timbs, they spend

What you want Obie? Leave me alone!
No you can't use my fuckin cell phone!
What you want Obie? Get off my dick!
No you can't borrow, buy your own shit!
(2x)

"What you want Obie?" Hand-me-downs motherfucker
And don't hand me frowns when I snatch the Timbs sweater
Exit the room before me wouldn't be smart
Cause snatchin your personal belongings is my art
Get caught? Doubt it
I make a nigga believe (I) bought it
And change the subject, that's the object of it
Sell representative of self
Hit the liquor store, make you forget the fifth on my shelf
Cause Obie had yo' mind on some'n else
I figure shit, the fifth's for me!
Fuck the third party
Me and your bitch can drink the whole fifth Bacardi
Fuck her brains out 'til she start payin money
I know it sounds self-centered, I'm self-aware
But to self-scutinize, I don't really care

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"What you want Obie?" Bill Gates to meet
So I can purchase tapes from BMG
I can get his Hancock, and watch what you see
My whole block livin fair like (Prince in Bel-Air)
Instead of broken stairs and boarded up window
Little Jacques deliver rock in his limo
Until then, I'll utilize friends

Catch you slippin, I might be drivin your Benz

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"What you want Obie?"
Yeah, what you want nigga? What you want?
All y'all out there, yeah
Get your own - get your own
These young brothers carryin chromes
Ready to come get they shit, yeah
You shit on the next man, he gon' shit on you back
Knahmean? Sing it to 'em
Shit on him he'll shit you back
Without a doubt, I'm off this track