

In Front of the Buildings

Messy Marv

I'm just sayin' though nigga, I fuck with Detroit niggas, nigga
Detroit niggas get money nigga
This nigga Obie Trice all at the radio station nigga in my city nigga
Hollin' that gay shit nigga! You know I'm talkin' bout nigga?
This gangsta where I'm at nigga, Fillmoe! nigga!
You understand me boy?
Yeah' I'd advice you get lil like Wayne when you come to this thang

I advice you get lil like Wayne, when we huggin' that corner knockin' that t
hang
Deuce is huggin' the lane, I'm from the land where the gangstas roam
Where my niggas is locked down for life and ain't never come home (Silo!)
See we get scrillions, in front of the buildun's with somethin' that'll pop
a million
Bullets penetrate and shatter your bone, until one enter just shatter your d
ome, motherfucka

Okay, what you wanna do (What?) My money dirty (What!)
Fuck some twenty-two's, bitch I'm tryna ride thirties
I keep the set crunked, of tha shit punked
Ride around knockin' and it ain't from the trunk
I'm clappin' Calico's, I got hella clothes
Scalen, Sean John, Akademiks and Girbauds
In this bitch leanin', makin' wrists gleamin'
I'm on that other level, but you might not know the meanin' (You don't know?
)
Mama I'm grown now, on my own now
Ya lil son done came up 'n' sellin' zones now
Ya boy keep a wetter, a pocket full of cheddar
A Gucci skully my nigga, matchin' the Gucci sweater
You see my blades choppin' this nigga balla blockin'
Ride through the land of funk, where snitch is not an option (Fillmoe)
You get your shit cracked, you get that bitch smacked
When I pull of young niggas be like, he did that?

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Okay, I tried to go to school (What?) But it wasn't for me (What?)
I killed some punk I'm tryna count money
We ride in front of housin' nigga baloonin' high ([?])
Out grittin' at Denali playin' X-Box
I'm just sayin' though, shit I could make it schnow
Cuz holla at me if you ain't gettin' what you payin' fo'
I keep a bad bopper, that show a gangsta love
We call 'em boppers 'cause they all through the strip club
Me and my niggas real, you and guys fakin'
What you know about the side show (Skrtrt) Gassin' 'n' brakin' (Skrtrt) out in
East Oakland (Skrtrt)
What about them low bottoms, it's real gangstas from San Francisco
You know about em? Nigga, the bay grittin' shit is like the South

Niggas on the corner, with gold all up in they mouth
Gangstas without the gator's, playin' with AK's
We can talk shit now and smoked you later

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I was like daamn homie? You on shady records you the man homie!
Nigga you know I'm lyin'!
The city. Who gon' save ya nigga? Eminem?
Obie y'all need real gangsta niggas fuckin' with him (Huh?)
The east familiar to me, when I touch I see gutter
Project buildin's, [?] and C-Gutta (Free C-Gutta)
I'm ridin' through Harlem, hoppin' out budda'
I put my dick in your sister 'n' slap your little brother
Representin' the eighties in my throwback rides
Yellow diamonds, Jesus, no throwback Ice (Wooh)
You a lil ass nigga named Obie Trice
I'll make a line with your signin' bonus and snort that twice
The streets will tell you right off, you ain't that nice
Interscope's tax write-off you ain't their type (Uh uh)
Plus the hoods in L.A. be like Obie ain't hot
The bloods nigga [?] in Compton, and the Crips in Watts

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