

# Richard (feat. Eminem)

## Obie Trice

Yeah

Trice

Statik Selektah O back around the corner  
Got the crack, put in your orders  
We 'bout to run up out the stores  
It's notorious, the way I got big spitting stories  
Being me's X-Clan, Vanglorious  
We're not your favorite, fuck it  
You know the system and you buck it  
Have you revisiting how you used to love it  
A nigga spew through the music, acoustics, cool kid  
Used to pursue excuses, truth is, I was truent in school  
So its influence is foolish, that was my views  
I'm back at it, the rap addict, by any means  
We gon get these stacks accurate, no skinny jeans  
Say he ain't a star, niggas might be right  
I'm so regular, nigga gotta shit tonight  
Take it back Selektah, let 'em know it's Trice  
Put your seatbelts on, we gon' ride tonight  
And I would like to introduce myse-self  
Surprise! Hi, it's Ike  
'Bout to get my Ike on, I come with a life supply  
Of wife beaters and my Nikes on  
And a white tee over that Iron Mike  
Lookin' fly tonight, feel like I might die from a spider bite  
Come back as Spider-Man, Park my Peter inside a dyke  
Bitch actin' like she got fuckin' higher standards than Meijer's, right  
Had to pry her fingers off the motherfuckin' Breyer's ice cream  
With the pliers, like "AAHHH!"  
Only a ruthless bastard would do this  
Take a toothles bitch with no taste buds to Ruth Chris  
Give her toothpicks, stop on the way home  
Pick up two Big Bufords  
Girl, you got a nice pair, but you're plum stupid!  
So when I pull up in that Benz  
Don't try to pretend you ain't interested  
To impress your stupid ass friends  
And refuse to get in woman, and get slammed on the ground  
And snap like a pool stick against cement  
If you suck of dick, pretend it's a musical instrument  
You get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow  
I can tell at first glance you're a ho

Cause your pants are so tight  
 When you dance with O. Trice, your implants explode  
 So cold to dykes, the chance is snow in San Francisco  
 Boy I'm from Detroit city, you livin' in animosity  
 That's a fucked up state to be in, such an atrocity  
 Look where these random thoughts get me  
 In senseless mind babble, "What me? Apologize? labrbrrr"  
 That's just the way the rhyme unravels  
 And I wouldn't fucking take it back if I time traveled!  
 Just call me Richard (Richard)  
 'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...  
 It's also Richard 'cause I feel that you should pry your fucking mouth out off of it (it)...  
 I said just call me Richard (Richard)...  
 'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...  
 You ain't gotta be no detective to figure out I'm a dick  
 When i hold my private it's the first clue, Sherlock, PRICK!  
 Just call me Richard...That's my motives, jumpin' out them Rovers  
 All white, like I was right up in the Dakotas  
 Or Minnesota, did I mention soda?  
 When it's mixed with viola, watch my cup runneth over  
 Cut from a soldier  
 Them ho niggas disposable toaster  
 Putting holes in a nigga getting close enough  
 Being me till the credits roll  
 Till my condition is beyond what the medics know  
 They wanna edit O  
 Like a prosthetic third leg let it go  
 This is Shady 1.0 Em let 'em know  
 I still profit through the process  
 The prize in my jeans my balls'll never digress  
 I'm a dick that I brag about  
 I put it in fast and then I drag it out  
 World, I be your special friend see  
 Cause these suckas suffer from pseudo penis envy (envy)  
 So...Just call me Richard (Richard)  
 'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...  
 It's also Richard 'cause I feel that you should pry your fucking mouth out off of it (it)...  
 I said just call me Richard (Richard)...  
 'Cause I'm a dick (dick)...  
 You ain't gotta be no detective to figure out im a dick  
 When i hold my private its the first clue, Sherlock, PRICK!  
 Just call me Richard...

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