

Obie Trice, 8 Miles

Artist: Obie Trice

Album: Cheers (Import)

Song: 8 Miles

(Intro) (*echo*)

Assassins

Muggs

Soul Assassins

(Verse 1)

I'm stranded off School Craft Avenue, I gotta make it to 8
This bitch I'm with, she bein fake
I get out her car without a strand in my pocket
She force a nigga to walk through the land of this hot shit
It's cold as fuck but wait
It's a full moon so it's a little easy to navigate
I'm walkin up Greenfield with no thriller with me
Fresh as fuck, niggaz come and get me
Buses ain't workin, crackheads lurkin
Know them stick up niggaz wanna murk me and
I reach Grand River, cats ridin by with they eyes on a nigga
I cross the light and hear them tires squeal
U-Turn, they came back ill
No talkin, the gun started sparkin
Popo got to chalkin

(Chorus) - 2X - (w/out - "nigga" at the beginning of the second time)

Nigga if I made it to 8 Mile, you wouldn't understand the D
So I'ma reincarnate Obie
Put the same life in a different situation
Show you motherfuckers what a nigga facin

(Verse 2)

So I reach Finkel Ave., I'm mad as fuck now
A nigga shoulda stuck with that bitch
My down coat ain't as fluffy and thick
And crackheads rushin me for bones to hit
I say "I don't got them flavors man, I'm straight"
But raw heads like to hate
I'm tryna make it to the next Ave., Puritan, PA
Them same fiends goin Obie way
I turn down, niggaz followin
I walk faster, niggaz get to joggin
Look again and them 'heads get to hollerin
Stab me in the abdomen, Rambo dagger me
Put me out there, Greenfield massacre
Strip me ass naked, fiends is even reckless
Detroit nigga, crackheads keep weapons
Look at your life precious, it's hectic

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I cross Mack nickels, a nigga straight
That's why I BS on the grind chasin cake
Niggaz ain't shifty tonight, flippin white
So I "Blow" past them like Johnny Depp's life
I reach 7 Mile, it's already trouble
A drunk nigga smashed up a couple
Bodies in half, shit
I ain't gawkin, I'm tryna get my ass on the Ave
8 Mile so close, but what do ya know
The nigga fled the scene who killed those folks
Witness point like I know that coat

Like I'm the one that splattered those people on the pole
Family members runnin up on the O
Police can't detain him, guns start aimin
Ain't shit changin nigga, my brain's hangin
You wouldn't know the D if I met my destination

(Chorus)