

# Eminem, Pistol Pistol Remix (Obie Trice)

(Eminem)  
obie trice c'mon

(obie trice)  
yeah  
niggas got me  
ima get um  
it aint over

(chorus- Obie trice)  
U can catch me ina whip witta fifth of pimp juice  
den im poppin a clip about to fix this issue  
u pray that i dont hit i aint equiped to miss u  
u gonna need an ambulance to stich ya tissue  
or either have a bag on ya hip to shit through  
u seen us on a av aint just to get chu  
but my penis is a mag when i lift it hits you  
'cause i dont go nowhere w/out my pistol pistol

(verse 1 - Obie Trice)  
I solemnly swear on my daughters tear  
the nigga that got em in they head  
will fill it b4 the year ends  
hope they inconspicuous my friend  
'cause once the word get back  
ya in a world of sin  
bullets will hurdle at him for tryin to murder  
for what been determined as the first solo african  
it gold platinum witta an accident happened at  
for maggets im alive a vengence to get back  
my momma's blood pressure was affected from that

my lil girl need her daddy on na phone at a certain time exact now  
n nigga act wile n when na mac come out u nigga's exile  
n i dont wann hear x y z im x'in out cha hole entity for tryna kill me  
filthy mutha f\*\*kas ill show you a real b when deez h t b's light up ya kidney's  
im so sincere u'll see in a herce dis year its not a verse it a curse  
from births n whats on ya person over here dis is obie hear em' clear  
nigga's beware im commin at chu with fire arms n air  
and ya purpose so supurfyalice how could i be mercyful  
when merkin me's a mercinary's goal  
nigga i got paper i'll have yo ass urgently exposed no emergencies bring back ya soal  
slugs shatta ya bones for pat pat'n ya in the dome learn this patterin  
n catch him at home he rome that when automatics spuratically catch him in da abdomen  
n anotha dirty muthaf\*\*ka's gone

(chorus- Obie Trice)  
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(Eminem)  
obie trice c'mon

second rounds on me  
robbin, shootin, killin, murda,  
( oh shit run)