

Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher I

Tech N9ne

Smoking weed, true indeed
Sick emcees presented by Tecca Neez!
Check it out

Ain't nobody busting like the nigga with a gun up in the middle of the west
I be the killa with a Tec and I'ma villain with a vest
I gotta fill 'em with effects then I get it out the way
So I can say what I wanna say
Right over the track singing like the father of Nona Gaye
Let's get it on they love it when Tech spit a song way rugged
And check niggas on they grudges then death
Shitted on they buzzes
That was just the intros for the family with sin souls
But the Gandys with the fem flows
Can't stand me like ten toes
I rock it, making my female friends freaking faucets
Putting me up against Hop is thoughtless
Not supposed to press partners, stop it
Can't compete compare crotches, cockless
Taking Tech is too toxic, toss it!
Never will the bosses take losses
Study cautiousness off this shit!
Cause some fans are antagonistic, naggin' bitches
Raggin' like a stabbin' happened
When I'm havin' hits, get vast than sick shit
Like I ain't Vlad and vicious bad and twisted
Keep it jabbing fisted, Trav insisted
So a frown scary when the clown buries
A nigga down to the ground, but the crown carrier
Get the hound up the mound and the round marry
Comin' together and that's how we breaking the sound barrier
I'm three-dimensional, we invincible
You saying I'm over, you never see the principle
My seed is meant to grow rapid, I'm the classical rap shit on acid!
Bastards! (Hurl bars)
Never will niggas be able to gimme the trash and jack it
(World star)
How in the fuck am I ripping and reaching the masses?
Asses, faggots, too many back splashes
Then the wack black chap hatchets
Cause you not that rap classes
They making a mockery of my painted face
But me, I resemble our ancestors
And these niggas talking stuck at a fainted pace
Still not realizing this man blessed ya
I am so clever, my friends adore me they banging Yates
Your rhyme is no measure to him, you bore me, gay flaming fakes
Find him more cheddar, my end's for me stay gaining great
Cause I am forever like Em, 40, Jay, Wayne and Drake
Pure art, I'm the shit and nigga, you're farts
How they gonna challenge the Tecca Nina
When your flow's softer than a Velour scarf
Blowing this track into pieces, I'm leaving you fewer parts
At this moment I am laying as dead as before my 2.0 tour starts
Ain't packed shit yet, this how your tank rap hits best
Tecca Nina ain't plastic, my bank's drastic, you can't match his checks
Thought of gore and the flow, and I'm born to go

Got your horn and dough, taking your chick
Cause a nigga been up in the Forbes list now four in a row
My religion is followed by little kids, college kids, metalheads, hip hop heads, the rips and soo-woos
Your religion is tainted by money grubbing, funny hugging, Chummy loving grown men that like to do youths
So I stick with my technicians, no F's given, yeah
This team is a mixture of a few groups
This for my fans, nigga, fuck everybody else
If you loving this Tech N9ne give me three aoh's and two whoops