

Bitch Sickness

Tech N9ne

Don't hate us
Cause our flows makes us mo' papers

(2X)

I will mistake your bitch sickness
Gets dismissed with the quickness
This nipsit get the lipstick, kiss this dick

Since the beginning, I only been in it for winning
Through every inning 'till the ending, chase gs, these pretty women
Are just here to make my ride a full course with all the trimmings
Swimmin' in my water tank and drinkin' Henn' and lemon
It's realistic, you got shit twisted don't get lifted off the feet
I keep 6 clips with my heat like I'm enlisted
Nigga this is far from the army, navy or marines
We forming the gravy new lyrical criminal team
To make the green, fuck you fakers my eyes dreamy
For that 2000 Benz with doors like Lamborghinis
Or Carrera Porsche, still enforce ones with flavor
Bitch save the royal players don't hate an innovator

You got a disease, nigga, so please ease away from me's, nigga
My feas ease be's about that cheese, nigga
Your PH balanced for a man, but made for the woman
Let's understand this: Niggas backwards: "ish-hop!"
When do the shit stop? Nigga, like Atlantis we live and learn
'Bout to playa hate when a nigga get his gs, flippin' hella keys
Fuckin' bitches, money got the riches
When the other mitches work at Micky D's
I done seen, niggas straight hate me, mean mug me, wanna slug me
Currency thickness due to the bitch sickness
This Tecca Nina, niggas hate me thinkin' that they grass is greena
They the tortoise and I'm the huffin' hyena, never dealin' with a bitch
Nigga, this one goes to the bitch one's hoes
This one flows like a quick gun blows when the bitch shit unfolds

(2X)

I will mistake your bitch sickness (Don't hate us)
Gets dismissed with the quickness (Cause our flows makes us)
This nipsit get the lipstick, kiss this dick (Mo' papers)

When the bullets fly squat knee high like Magnum P.I
Lace my chucks up, vest up, this life is messed up
They the fake, known to playa hate, low like snake
Beat a snitch to beat the cakes and straight laugh at your wake
You outta shape since '88, you've been losin' the race
Couldn't keep the pace, but the hate's just sealin' your fate
Talkin' what you at, what you gon' do, like you the man
Bumpin' two bazooka tools in a dented Trans Am
You livin' dreams, like a crack fiend who say he clean
When we ridin' beams you steam, we drunk off ream
Life for riches, gold diggas havin' finesse
Put a slug to your chest with they bitch sickness

I hit they high I got it, so come get this with the quickness
I'm antibiotics for that bitch sickness
A few plotted, I spotted 'em, scope that made them open

They mouth to see if my Glock and dick fit bitch
Nip this shit in the butt, split or split, twist above
Flick the bic, light the bud, let my lips hit the butt
Ain't no tryin' just smokin' Oakland city thug
Leave your head fryin' like your brains on drugs
Investigator on a respirator, rain unplugged
Since I'm ballin' rhyme they all in mine, but it's one love
You ain't knowin', this R&G prodigy is buildin' flowin'
Dope selling to the paper touch the ceilin'
Uh

(2X)

A menace in this business for this village stack of papers
Ghetto chemist get us biggest spitters for this pack of haters
We roll with fat teenay pom, for those who hate we stay bomb
We come back poppin' like bigwom fayzon, player hate on
This Midwest side nigga, we rogue dogs on the ride, killer
With the Nnutthowze so ain't no need for us to hide scroller
This nine milla wrecks like the princess, leavin' hater rappers defenseless
Like Forrest they keep running, Tech N9ne: gunning
Watch your back for the bitches with the sickness, come and get this
Pistol grip, hit a nigga with the milli gets
On the level with a nigga with the silliest mind state
Unrealistic, your bitch sickness gets dismissed
With the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick, kiss this dick

These niggas copy cat practicin', yo shit is has been
You get choked, blade horse roped, open your throat
With a razor blade, no prints, die slow shit
Chance of livin' lookin' hopeless, you turn to codice
Just cause I got the nuts to roll natural you wanna be phat
Where the boss at? My Gucci linkin' learn to floss that
It's best that you get your own dude and wear your own shoe
Do what the boss do, I catch you, it's gonna cost you
This small world, get your own shit, I'm tryin' to fit
Rame and Tech N9ne spit for money grip, we makin' hits
Trip this: I'm from the city where guns ain't shit
Hundreds, think back, you hated fast, but now I've done it, done it

(2X)

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