

Boss Doggs

Tech N9ne

Gun in my hand
Hot til I land
Boss Doggs! Boy this I'm tied
Rebellin on the corners of Highland
And if I die in this violence rest me
Gun in my hand, hot til I land, boss doggs!
But if I live past these sirens
Niggas best beware of this tyrant
Cuz I got some true mid-westiders with me
Gun in my hand, hot til I land, boss doggs!

Rogue dog, rogue dog 57th street
Bout a craft from the past that was excused by my peeps
The same gang but a new game, no more cocaine
Rap thang we maintain, hot like propane
Up and here we pumpin that fear, lend me your ear
The tightest shit you'll ever hear, at least this year
All my lyrics is simple and clear, and sincere
Full of that beery, rockin them shows, and fuckin them hoes
Like we suppose we dealin with foes, leave em exposed
That's what you chose for fuckin with Rogues, now you know
We bout to explode, now here we go, all my Rogues
Grab your scratch it's time to scrap, rear it rap
You take a nap and that's a fact, all my hogs
Who got my back, where you at, bring the pain
To damage the brain, who's to blame, it's my gang
We full of them flames I won't explain, it's in your veins

King of the hill, countin my skrill, protecting my grill
Gun on my hip, tryin to conceal, this killa shit
That nigga Bakarii runnin that game, hold me back
I'll break them chains, slap yo face, with this strap
More than a rap nigga we hogs, down the brawl
Take yo bitch, make her scream, for them dogs
Murderers you can't touch my style, too complicated
Camaflouged in the bushes, now I'm waitin
Ready to get off in yo shit, feel my vengeance
Soon as you slip I'll make the hit, no repentance
Tryin to be rich and I can't be broke, I'm so relentless
Ask me if it was potent dope, I'm offended
Should've seen me comin nigga, them killa traits
Couldn't detect this boss's greed, that's yo fate
Under-seed smokin leafs, that killa fog
Can't be tweak, so you sleep, on these doggs

Criminal play, all day, give me relish
You going to war in all ways, max to devilish
Remember when niggas seen me flow, on them corners
Wantin to be like shorty chrome, never done
Hittin em up with 56's, dookie browners
Kickin it with them wicked bitches, all around us
Give me my money with blood on it, cuz I'm wicked
And if the game with love on it, til I'm lifted
Nitty would never be without, my three 80
Given a chance to up and dump, he must be crazy
Ready to roll no matter the fault, if he's seeded
Tell him to meet me at my show, fully fledged

Hearing shots pop pop pop, at my enemy
It's better than seein that nigga drop, yall ain't feelin me
Making my verse my worst then first, are yall with me
Diggin my dirt for what it's worth, it's on me

Crumple this page, welcome mitch bade, hold my genitals
We in a rage, if we don't get paid, nothing but criminals
Put in the gun, nigga let's come, from the shoulders
Here come the fun, watching em run, from these soldeirs
Who be the doggs? Who be the hogs? Niggas on Highland
Doing the broad, doing it for, straight out stylin
Used to be down, look at me now, makin them heaters
Niggas they frown, when they hear the sound, of nine millimeter
Flowin in fog, who do you call? Donny Quest's in
Haters with yall, nigga they all, learn they lesson
Bianca zone, at my home, think I made it
All on my phone, cuz it was on, Gang Related
Seeing my face in magazines, up in the source man
Do we plan on makin that green? Well of course man
Mid-westside, give me the track, and I will attack her
Scoobie do wild, check yo style, and flip it backwards
I'm off on Highland, smoking that bud, drinkin that bud
That Tecca Nina, be up in your fuzz, up in the club
I lost yall, but I'mma return, do you recall?
I'm killin em all, nigga we raw, boss doggs

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