

Breathe

Tech N9ne

Never let another mothafucka repeat it
Never duckin a mothafucka nigga better delete it
Put the cerebella in killa mo
Forella foe
Can never get with a gorilla no
Killa cerebral feelin biblical ritual
This should get rid of the pain
Here in your pitiful game
This is for palatial pain
Deep in the pit of your brain
Let it rain with the unforgettable aim (Gunshot)
Nigga lookin for a spot to bust
Cause the homie that you killed meant a lot to us
But, instead of lookin for a cock to fuck
Kill a nigga like he was rockin the swastika
You can do what your doin cause your mockin up
Get your ride on nigga it's ya rock or what?
Lots of luck
You really couldn't need it
Hella heated
Mothafucka let the glock erupt
Box him up

I don't want to be the one to get a millimeter in the gut
I want to be the one to hit em with another milla
Caught up in the middle
I'm a little sick and different
And I mean it when I said it
Do you remember that?

Hell motherfuckin ya
You don't want to get in trouble with a nigga like the Tecca Nina
If you looking like an enemy (Bust)
We don't ever stop and take a minute we (Just)
Breathe
Hey son, what the fuck are you duckin from?
Breathe
They come, passed the fight every fuckin one
Breathe
They some, punks bound to sell coke and guns
Breathe
Spray guns, life results with you often times
Breathe

Never let a hatin motherfucker see you sweat
Bleed the chest
Don't need regret
I fund
A caper a Sun-day paper
so I can read the rest
I can dig it
You can dig it
Put a nigga in the grave
If you hate up in a trick a loop a lover nigga made
If you step up to me you would never benefit
Nigga if I started I'mma finish it
Run up on a mothafucka while he's fuckin a chick

Put a bullet in her head while she's suckin the dick
Wasn't a bit
A dividends
Baby it's irrelevant you gotta put ya nigga it's the look of the grit
Bring pain to everyone
In your face with the bang your verysome
It's a mothafuckin shame we carry guns
If you don't your insane
You're very dumb
Tecca Nina's too rough (Too rough)
Too hard (Too hard)
Too tough (Too tough)
You scarred (You scarred)
Cause a nigga know a mothafuckin rhyme when spit
Fuckin around with a killa clown and shit

If you really want to do it nigga
We can step into it
Put us up against some other mothafuckas
And we runnin through it
Fuck a nigga
Buck a nigga
If he thinks he's a gorilla
Man now when I said it you'll remember that (Jeah!)

Hell motherfuckin ya
You don't want to get in trouble with a nigga like the Tecca Nina
If you looking like an enemy (Bust)
We don't ever stop and take a minute we (Just)
Breathe
Hey son, what the fuck are you duckin from?
Breathe
They come, passed the fight every fuckin one
Breathe
They some, punks bound to sell coke and guns
Breathe
Spray guns, life results with you often times

Just sprayed by the Tech N9ne hand gun
Now I'm on the outrun
Flowin up again and hot, cooked well done
Fuckin with a insane crazy warlord
Punks want to trip but they know I'm too mothafuckin hard
Deadly, tickin like a time bomb
Fuckin with me you would think you were in Vietnam
When I explode ain't nothin left but remains
But those who were froze fuckin with a nigga insane
Mentally mind and mad motherfucker mad man
Had to attack, see them punks like quicksand
Droppin and poppin any pump that buck
So bring a body bag if you want to get fucked up
Every diga little bitch made nigga
Start runnin when I'm playin with the trigga
An uzi a 12-gauge it really don't matter
And these suckas die when the shotgun scatter
From block to block, hood to hood, street to street
Boy ya can't fuck with me
So for those who told ya to jump up and talk shit
Admit ya bitch ya little ass got lit

I don't want to be the one to get a millimeter in the gut
I want to be the one to hit em with another milla
Caught up in the middle

I'm a little sick and different
I meant it when I said it
Do you remember that?

Hell motherfuckin ya
You don't want to get in trouble with a nigga like the Tecca Nina
If you looking like an enemy (Bust)
We don't ever stop and take a minute we (Just)
Breathe
Hey son, what the fuck are you duckin from?
Breathe
They come, passed the fight every fuckin one
Breathe
They some, punks bound to sell coke and guns
Breathe
Spray guns, life results with you often times
Breathe
Hey son, what the fuck are you duckin from?
Breathe
They come, passed the fight every fuckin one
Breathe
They some, punks bound to sell coke and guns
Breathe
Spray guns, life results with you often times
Breathe

That's beautiful
Ronanz from Berlin and shit, hardcore cat
Blaze your weed to this
This is dedicated to my homeboy Walter Jefferson
W.J. Weed Kapone nigga
If I ever breathe
If I ever live
Shit no more fuckin man
Believe this blunt I'm blazin
And still listen to your kids
That's real shit nigga
Breathe