

# 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!)

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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

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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