

## Casket Music

Tech N9ne

Casket music  
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Yeah, uhuh  
It's killer city, anyone'd run up  
You from around here, I ain't gotta tell you to duck  
Beware a little unity is really never enough  
People in the community don't band together enough  
We're all aware that it sucks, the hood resembles a pig-sty  
Even your baby mama tripping, kid got a twister  
And look at the list why  
Niggas are not feeling me  
Tryna live free and take zero accountability (Hold on)  
Ya lie to kick it you're probably wicked as Hillary  
And she who does not feel me is just not real to me, dick tease  
The nicest on the mic, tell the bitch please  
Would you be kind enough to shut the fuck up and twist trees?  
I'm on a high, might be flyer than Chris Breeze  
And I would never try to strike a chick with my fist, geez  
I wise enough to know just that a chick leave  
And use the time find and grind the methods to getting cheese

I got a couple buddies that'll cross on ya border  
Turn you into slaves for the new world order  
Snake and bats flying up inside close quarters  
You can't keep it clean and dig the muddy waters  
So step back youngin, this is grown folk talking  
This isn't for the radio, this single won't be popping  
This is true critics live for you to bash through it  
Killer MC shit bitch, casket music

Yeah, I crush a rhyme and when busting my flow is customised  
And plagiarise when I'm writing it so it's justified  
And say goodnight if I ever switch into double time  
They're sleepy, dusting their eyes, listening to lullabies  
Rubbing their eyes while I'm running, wish I could shut an eye  
So don't sit back and unwind, this isn't the summer time  
It's duck and cover, if ever I pull your number time  
It's it for generates, serve a sucker for supper time  
My state of mind is transcending in space and time  
You played aside so I am talking your place in line  
Day and the life on the long winded, I stay alive  
Only the strong survive in this game, I made it mine  
Bitch when I'm winning they're bitter, really what matters most  
I learned the twist of these catacombs while I sat alone  
My DNA incompatible with an average Joe  
I catapult and I'm flying into the battle zone  
Rep for the roster, partner pushing for proper pay  
Choppers align while I'm oscillating like Doctor Strange  
They cock a name, lose never but never drop a name  
We are not the same, same differences how we operate (Yeah)

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Astonishing, I can still hear my mama sing, upon a dream  
Then Obama brings some no no things from the drama king  
I want a fling but with mama singing its wronger thing  
So I'ma keep fondling this honor queen from the conjuring  
Dude's crazy, he's who's baby  
Maude Sue lady through Hades fools made me lose faith  
We goose fugazis  
Who played me like ukulele, too shady, who's roots gravy  
Out your noodle, you pussy punk, you's a poodle  
I push your peanut to Pluto, and then pack your parents in a Peugeot  
Better yet in a Yugo, yes y'all a eulogy shoe know  
After killing like Hujo  
I'm catching a wave nouveau  
Eh-Eh  
To the rents and area, this belong to  
Eh-Eh  
Drink away my pain and then piss it on you  
Give the song new meaning, eat it up, beat it up  
If it's wrong you bringing, fuck you!  
Here's new N9na to rock to

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