

# Crybaby

Tech N9ne

I was born in 71' in Kansas City, MO  
My momma was a heavenly one, so the fam was pretty slow  
When it came to rap and R&B and plenty more  
Check it, if it wasn't on gospel, apostle  
Or written in the Bible, then it go  
So when they tell the baby don't do something then I end up doing it anyway  
Like, don't listen to rap, it's the evil music of today  
But, I really fell in love with the sound that was coming out form the East Coast  
So we got it and twisted it up a bit, now the industry's having a heatstroke  
Some say that rap is dead, but when I get the white, black, and red  
And jump on the tour bus, do fifty eight shows, then I'm back with a big black sack of bread  
Can't believe that that was said, cause I'm here with a stack of fed  
And I got it from rap/hip-hop or whatever and I did not have to beg  
So, here I stand, the mic in hand with my rap attire  
And I like my fans spending grands cause we got the fire  
I merchandise like 5 G's every half an hour  
And you cry like a baby so your mic must be your pacifier

When I read the magazine, them rapper's sounding like  
Wah wah wah (Crybaby)  
When I see them on the TV, them rapper's sounding like  
Wah wah wah (Whatcha crying bout?)

If it's negative, I don't wanna hear it  
Eliminating player haters with their evil spirits

I hear 'em talkin', they mad at Smurf and Souljah Boy  
They hating big in the magazine, and don't even know the boys  
I know the ploy, washed up rappers wanna attack people  
Run up to the car, pull out the mac lethal  
Man that's a problem with the black people now  
What ya need to know is that, in the world there's a lot of dough to stack  
And the ones that wanna hold us back ain't been outside they cul-de-sac  
Every nigga I know is strapped, rip shows that'll blow ya back  
But notice that, I can put it right down to where the shoulders at  
Hating on the south? Why? Trippin' off them chips they got  
You don't like that it's screwed and chopped  
But you wanna get off in they pot  
Wanna be MC you talk a lot, up in the spot and you hot  
'Cause they eighty fours be poking out  
What the hell is you cryin' bout?  
Everybody wanna be killa but not for reala  
Bout the method of making money you gotta get the milla  
By doin' it like I do it do the work and believe in it  
When you do it to the fullest ain't no problem achieving it  
When I was broke, homie I went for mills  
Got on the mic with the intent to kill  
Stronger than ever, and you a gimp for real  
I drink Caribou Lou, and you drink Enfamil, chump

You should be clapping when folk make it up outta the ghetto  
Or trailer park, it don't matter even if he black or if he guerro  
But, you don't know how to be male  
Instead of a Timberland, you probably in a stiletto  
Better yet in a baby shoe, jealous or maybe you

Sick of me cause I'm making dinero  
And you don't wanna get clapped at  
You want a standing ovation? I thought not!  
You say you better than rappers on radio, man that's false chop  
Try to run up on me, 'cause a benzo will never be in your car slot  
Try to step up on the scene, my infra-red beam's right at your soft spot  
If you was on TV and balling you wouldn't groan and trip  
He'd keep hatred, envy, and bloodshed on his lip  
Tech got long cream with chrome things on his whip  
?? with a chrome thing on his hip  
But just know your hip will not stop the hop  
'Cause when you look at the big picture, my block pops a lot daily  
So keep on thinking my clock stops the shots  
And I can quickly bury you in your Osh Kosh B'Gosh, baby