

E.b.a.h.

Tech N9ne

I'm hella mixed up, yes, I know
A lot of good and bad stuff as I grow
So now that I gotta live life when I'm both all I can say

What's my name? EBAH!
Evil brain, angel heart
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Evil brain, angel heart
Evil brain, angel heart!

Fucking right, I'm a maniac and I'm loving it
Call me anything but my motherfucking government
I can love a bit, no, a big my love'll get
But in my brain I stay insane and I'm always on some other shit!
Really wanna fuck a bitch, E.B. can't get enough of this
See me take what I stuck her with then I gotta run and give it to another ch
ick
Gutter trick, suck a dick! State the texture of a brick
Making them Magnum rubbers split, what a prick, the brother's sick!
Now back to my love, like to go there
Even when it's annoying like long nose hair
I can so share my heart in the cold air
And it's no fair, the size of it is so rare
Bloody murder, muddy word of wretched death rhymes
Take me light and my darkness will take your breath time
Call me Chakra-tease or you can call me Tech N9ne
But since I found my new sinister out of respect I'm

Liberate me, Lord
I'm an angel and on this wicked planet nobody understands my angle is love
I was sent from above, but I've landed in blood
Psycho bandit, I've become a frightful damaging scud
Missile, you Mitchells are misinformed and mixed in the middle of my menace
Murderous, Michael Myers' my mimic
Mom, you made a monster, I'm making minions in minutes
Money motivated mishap Asmodeus monikers mended
Feel like I'm on Molly, heart as big as my body
When a hottie gets naughty, it's racing like a Ferrari
My obese heart swelling when it beats hard, telling me
To freak, not willing, like a beast, I'm yelling
Bloody murder, muddy word of wretched death rhymes
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My heart, smell like, vanilla icing
If slicing my chest open, a light beam of nice things
Of Christ brings bright wings, placement from thy king
Knight, seems right around the corner in my dreams
Horse□ shit, piss and human puke is this smell
To whom ever wondered my level, this is hell
Inside my crown I kill a gangster with feces pig tail
And I'll live 137 years like Ishmael
Yeah.. Nigga, it ain't misspelled
E.B.A.H, there go creepy A. Yates
Using women as a bait, and they face, fishscale!
Just another nut, all the others suck

Sweet as a buttercup and fake as a rubber duck
Evil brain, angel heart, yes, I utter much
And I never cover up, why? (I'm a Klusterfuk)