

# Earthquake

Tech N9ne

You've dropped six feet under six feet  
The area where ordinary people can't sleep  
Tech N9ne, Don Juan, Midwest Siders, baby  
Strange Days got the Tecca Nina goin' crazy

Hear this I'm back from Necropolis, N9ne hip-hop stylist  
Fear this distraught counterfeit rap clowns get rushed out  
Q said it's on me so the contract wouldn't con me  
Ten times harder and twenty shades darker than Jon B  
This round I'm a killer menace, better get down with the milita  
ntest  
Criminalest, villainest, killas feelin' this guerrilla venom he  
lla realin' it  
With the darkness I'mma spark this heartlessness  
With a bark of this marvelous soul consumption  
With dyslexic malfunctions like  
Eugor god rof efil aggin kcuf ruoy werc  
Yeht detautafni htiw tihs ew od  
Sesuj Tsihrhc tog em nillik snomed ot eht tselluf  
I keeps my rella, killa

All my ladies make it (Shake-shake)  
Make it hop it ain't too late to make the (Earthquake)  
Papa work it take your relly make 'em (Pounce-pounce)  
All my peoples on the planet won't y'all (Bounce-bounce, bounce-  
bounce)  
Show my homies (LOVE) all the players (WHAT)  
We just quakin' if you hatin' we don't give a (FUCK)  
To all the ladies (LOVE) all my hookers (WHAT)  
We just quakin' if you hatin' we don't give a (FUCK, WHAT)