

# Fragile

Tech N9ne

You said you'd never ever break... down  
But here I am sweeping... pieces off of the ground  
You said you'd never, ever play... to crowds  
But I've seen you hoping to play songs to them now  
I've spent all night long scared of tomorrow, I broke my alarm  
Everything is almost lost, pick it up slow, before it's gone...

We're fragile  
(Wish I'd have known)  
I never thought I'd be so fragile  
(You're not alone)  
If it didn't break before, it's about to  
(We've been here before)  
I don't ever want to change  
I'm fragile  
I don't ever want...  
I don't ever...

Some of the people appointed to give an opinion  
Never do get it  
I want you to come on and gobble a jimmy and... die  
N9na be givin the remedy and why?  
Critics are really the enemy and I  
Can't stand the way they slam today's gifted  
Effin' incredible, get fanned away with grands to pay  
This jam will lay scripted  
Deaf and impeccable  
Write a rhyme and I put everything in a flow  
I'm the N9ne I'mma look very mean  
When a foe scribe a line but he has never been at a show  
By the times it'll be better, leave it in the sto  
Cause they wrote nothin' but lies, quotes stuck in my eyes  
Amateur writer dissin'  
He's a beginner and hopes for your demise, folks I'mma despise  
Never do try to listen  
It's real - I'm mad  
Clueless when you scribble on your pad  
How you gonna criticize now with a chisel on your nads sizzling your ad  
You don't really get why I'm so pissed? Understand this:  
I'm an artist, and I'm sensitive about my shit, yes I'm

Tell me that I'm famous  
Tell me that my name is  
Big as Venus Jupiter and then Uranus  
Tell me that your anus got your head in it  
I can smell the articles and know you're heinous  
Tell me that you love me, always thinkin' of me  
Unconditional, I'm hoping I'm your favourite  
Grab a fishing pole and throw me with the sharks  
That's the feelin' I get when you're concentratin'  
On this pen, on this pad  
Tell me you're willin' to diss on my craft  
Tell me the feelin' of pickin' apart this track  
Stop...  
Puttin' my heart and my soul in these lines  
Tellin' me platinum and gold all the time  
Lookin' to bury, a deep hole for mine

Drop...

This is more than you, and this is more than you  
And your entire building slanderin' and abusin'  
What I call the realest comin' from a student  
Told myself to use a poem as an UZI  
Empty magazine, I seen a magazine  
You seen my trigger finger, then I started shootin'  
That was nicotine, I'm bout to smoke 'em all  
And journalists involved should've known my music