

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