

# Get Off Me

Tech N9ne

I'm just tryna try  
When haters do what they do and steady hidin' the lie  
Laughing while we, ridin' and high  
Cause we know that they ladies will let us slide in their pie  
Yeah, they call us nook nook crooks  
Cause all they hear from the room is Babadook-dook-dook  
Yeah, you think I make rooks book?  
Well my singin' partner 'bout to murder before he do the hook, look

Starting from nothing, I did it  
Y'all mad cause you didn't  
Y'all mad cause y'all ain't in it  
Y'all mad cause I got the master plan, cash got no limit  
I might ride to your block and let this drop when I finish  
Uh, yeah, put that on your head  
People thought we was recording 'cause the dot shot red  
I just do this for my homies 'till the block get fed  
I rap slow so you understand what the fuck I said  
But...  
Ok I'm still on my grind, holding minds down with it  
I'm keepin' my side  
Open ya third eye  
They thinking you're blind  
Strap to the back, with a Mac' in a backpack  
Homies' strapped, and ready to ride  
Feeling like Biggie, I'm Ready To Die

So get off me  
Bitch get off me  
I just don't got no time for all you bitches and your soft way  
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Whoever said Tech Nina ain't the shizzy is a buster deluxe with cheese  
My foot is ready to touch ya and scuff the 3's  
You couldn't move 'em with a Mustard beat plus with Yeez  
Cause you's a sorry mother-sucker, I'll buck ya then puff the trees  
I'm for real  
Do I kill her, certainly so  
Your lady say she don't 'member ever squirting before  
Till she had this player in the middle of the west, a flirtin' negro  
I'll knock her way down the coach from her burkin' ego  
Ya heard it?!  
(I heard it!)  
Let's give it up for the KC King  
But I never wanna get up in the race, we sing  
Hit 'em with a peanut butter, bake these schemes  
Look at the Nina  
I'm comin' at you with a team of cleaners  
Rippin' and packin' the reamers  
Thinkin' he better that he beat the dream up

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Bitches ain't shit and ain't never gon' be shit  
Talk like a asshole, baby girl eat shit  
Chach on this thief shit  
Dog off the leash shit  
Get yo BMF  
Yeah I'm on that leach shit (What)  
Money everywhere, nigga disrespect mine and we gunnin' everywhere  
Pussy's gettin no love mother-fuck a (februar?)  
Cracked my enemy's girl then I fucked her everywhere  
Yeah I'm all up in these streets and you suckas never there  
80's baby and I grew up wish (cluckas?) everywhere  
Fuck that mad doggin got a shot for every stare  
If you wanna see fake take a look up in the mirror

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Clown Town!  
Clown Town!  
[Screaming]