

# Give It All

Tech N9ne

I wanna give, give it all  
I said, I said, I said, I said  
I wanna try to kill everything in my way  
Everybody say, hey, ey, ey, ey, ey!

Yep, I'm the one ya heard  
Reppin rojo on Jimmy Kimmel had some disturbed  
But niggas know that we ruff and rugged so mums the word  
Tech N9na face painted look like he come ta purge!  
Real scorpio, shoot this thing like a Torpedo  
Rock the rip, no remorse we go  
Dummy like Mork from Ork, we know  
And I say that with the utmost respect  
I bust low to death, I must bode the check  
It's never enough, no for Tech  
So I get sick with it, I make a bitch dig it  
Even when I wanna speed it up and I quick-spit it  
I get a bit wicked up in a battle  
Tryin to bite a buck, I blabber in his fitted  
Killin' music get me spiff sittin, I can't piss when it become hard  
So I need a chick to hit it when I kick a lyric  
And I'mma murder 'til I'm on the yard (Murder)  
My verbs are like birds that jerk up and merk the weak twerps  
You can't hurt the durka  
First to, insert the work inside of the earth  
I disperse the curse to reverse ya to the worst of ya venomous  
Squirt ya mercer (Ugh)  
Trip not, you see I got the advantage in hip hop  
Cause rappers sound identical so when N9na's shit drop  
I do numbers, I'm the pinnacle so never will it stop  
Y'all can't beat me doin' nothing, except for  
Stalkin' these thoughts I spew and suckin'  
We run this independent game, it ain't no screwin' us  
When we runnin' everything except our mouth while they blue and sufferin'  
This on the Bible, I kill any life with a script from this rhyme  
Music's done divine, this is my rifle  
There aren't any like it cause this one is N9ne, is a gift from his mind

Yo, I Got the call from Tech N9ne  
He needed assistance from the group with the best rhymes  
That spit the heat up off of yo ass and grind  
Fuck all of them flex rhymes  
I get love in every city I sack in cause I rep mine  
Around the world, the girls give me head on tour cause I headline  
I gotta get fed, I'm fed up, my homies is doin' fair time  
I look at that clock and all I see is "Go get that bread" time  
Lost too many soldiers so tears, I gotta shed mine  
Turn on the radio, hear yo shit, and oh, it's bedtime  
I fall asleep, it all is weak, most y'all shouldn't be called MCs  
Bro, ya discography, you ain't sale cause all of ya talk is cheap  
Smoke up all the tree, my whip look like it got a fog machine  
My crib look like a pharmacy, that's prolly why you wanna haul my team

Livin' facetious, what the hell, why the weed lit  
I make change where I see fit  
I don't play like I don't see shit  
Yeah, one hunnit, one hunnit, keep it that way and it's a poem

And stay away from the hate and keep all yo plays right in motion  
Bust it, I'm down after the sun and up before it, better know it  
MVP, most valuable poet, been the coldest, kept it focused  
Cause you miss every goal that you don't shoot for  
And every time you cut a corner, you make two more  
The rich is in my life, so I don't have to have the things  
And listen for the whispers so I don't have to hear the screams  
And I go hard for what I want, so it's just colors when I dream  
And then you realize, it's not as scary as it seems  
Molly's for pussies

Ain't nobody handle me, heated like a candle be  
Kissin' dirt, ya man'll be for tryin' to dismantle me  
Music is my weapon, true, loud enough to deafen you  
Never trip with Tech and crew, be careful who you steppin' to  
I remember when I was young and I got scars through  
Right in back of the paddy-wagons and cop cars too  
Now that I'm flyin' high from a rockstar view  
Security level let Allahu Akbar through