

# Hunger

Tech N9ne

I might just explode, my mind in sick mode and I can't control my..  
(\*Second line of the hook reversed\*)

What you wanna do? What you looking for?  
Wanna start some shit? Boy, here we go  
We can do it, on the double  
'Cause I've been itching, for some trouble  
You gon' get a beat down, 'cause I got a lot of pain  
You don't want me to clown, 'cause I'm feeling insane  
And I ain't gonna stop, I ain't got no brain  
I'mma hit you hard, I don't feel ashamed  
I don't care about shit, but I gotta get dough  
And I might just click, put your ass on the floor  
'Cause you a bitch, you a fraud!  
I don't like you, you a broad!  
I don't got success, I ain't got no luck!  
But I got my stress, so I need your blood!  
I can taste it, on my tongue!  
My life is wasted, my anger's from!  
My (Hunger)

I might just explode, my mind in sick mode and I can't control my (Hunger)  
In my wicked soul all kinds of shit grows and I just expose my (Hunger)

They don't understand me, probably why they fear me  
Mama said to slow down, the drugs is gonna kill me  
In the world all alone, Can somebody hear me?  
Please don't knock me out of my zone  
I ease my mind when I like to steal it  
In the mind of a psycho, middle of the night with a rifle  
Put my right hand on the Bible, I will slice you up like Michael  
Mic shall pass with the knife yo, I go get, this is so crazy  
Homicide the Earth 'til the murder on the rifles  
Finna act out when I black out, Jay-Z  
Gotta feed my hunger, Mr. Ouiji  
Awake me from my slumber, the gates open up and release me  
Drawn like a cartoon, niggas get to running  
When I'm on tectonics tell the hunter to the hunting  
Sharper than the harpoon, running in the short full  
Sitting in the dark room, chewing on a stomach  
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all, quick, jigsaw bitch in Saw type 6  
Digit all up, zip it all up, rip it all up  
And stuff pieces then I feed it to my pigs  
This nigger's really sick, ain't really with the shit  
She know that I'm a demon, sucking semen on my dick  
Smoking on the sticky, got me drifting off a bit  
Burn like ether cause my niggas keep it lit

I might just explode, my mind in sick mode  
And I can't control my hunger  
In my wicked soul all kinds of shit grows  
And I just expose my hunger