

# I Get It Now

Tech N9ne

Industry does not, feel you  
I'm sick of this shit  
Blind bitches wish  
N9ne's wickedness always

Motherfuckin' killer B  
There's about to become a distillery  
The majority don't really feel a G  
With the paint and a dark soliloquy  
Music, they said killed the fee  
Me, Krizz, and Makzilla free  
So I'm gonna have to keep it real with me  
Fuck them straight with agility  
They callin' me crazy  
Don't wanna play me  
So I make the music that will target they babies  
And open 'em up to wicked shit  
They wanna know how hip is this  
This never been no hipster shit  
So the fakers see me and diss the 'fit  
I ain't cool like the late great Biggie Smalls, the illest  
So I went the route of a killer clown comin' to pillage a village  
Steady tryin' to get 'em all to feel it  
But I learned you can't please everybody  
When my mother was livin' they used to say "your son is scary Maudie"  
I don't give a flyin', dyin'  
Spy inside of al-Qaeda, they lyin'  
When tryin' to diss Tech N9ne  
And when they all shall buy us  
I don't fit the part for main stream cause I'm rougher  
Only time they wanna look like me is Halloween motherfucker  
I realize I'm not inviting

You ain't with it  
Sit it down  
I'm a vicious  
Wicked clown  
And I'm livid when the critics give us frowns  
Trippin' with this nigga's sound  
Yup, I get it now  
Get it, me and you, we are not the same  
We unequal and the people is to blame, get it?  
I get it now  
I guess I got the wrong pants on  
And I don't really make no dance songs, get it?  
I get it now

Y'all can't tell I'm fuckin' myself up more and more on purpose?  
I love scarin' the hell out of y'all, haha

Stick the masks, wrap it off in the casket  
Sound like they wrist broken like put the fuckin' lotion in the basket  
How is he livin' lavish when he rap really fast and he mask it?  
They don't get it when I gas it  
They laugh at it, they mad it ain't ratchet  
They wanna wear clothes just like A\$AP Rocky, like Yeezy and Drake  
That's what they identify with, not with a nigga with the clown paint on his

face  
I get it that I'm wicked  
When I spit it they be comin' to get 'em a ticket  
Talk a lot of shit at the gate and they got to zip it  
When I'm bustin', they open up to somethin' different and dig it  
I get it, I never looked like the average black dude  
Track shoes, gold teeth, and covered in tattoos  
Yak, booze, reeking and chiefing the sack through  
Speakin' about reaching them hardened hat screws  
Jack move  
Yes I've become a big boss  
But I'll never be cool as Rick Ross  
That's okay, N9ne's been rhymin'  
And now he's shining  
Perfect timing

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So what I've come to realize is I will never fit in  
So it's my duty to make sure I stand the fuck out

[Woman Speaking in Reverse:]

"Meht etinu lliw eh esuac' ,meht sthgif reven eh yhw s'taht ,meht ekil gniht  
on s'eH"

If this thing does not kill you  
Grind back to back tracks  
Find racks on racks  
N9ne's stacking that all day