

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