

Like Yeah

Tech N9ne

Hey
It's time to get into some sin
You been listenin' to giberish hits in the interim
Them are done cause hear me come
To make you stand up, stand tough, hands up, damn ya
If you don't get it get rid of it, trip if you diggin' it
I guess I got more than my balls, and my word
I got broads in a herd chasin' this and all on my nerves
They have the illness
They feel this realness, chill bitch
I got the bed that's too crowded for you to come get in it
I spit that tech sheizter off to y'all
It's crazy even Michael Jackson said it's off the wall
I brought the sickness, big techs, live less, Midwest
I be the best don't forget it nobody can get wit it
So when you see me in the spot, bow down trick
I eat, drink, sleep, dress, look and sound rich
So jump up, they pumped up, crunked up, everyone must
Stop wit the jealousy wit me the hatas be riveted
(K.I.L.L) E to the r uh dot (bang!) just ain't fair, that when I pop up the
spot be like yeah!

Killer killer, it's the gorilla, and if they feel ya, they screamin' like
yeah yeah yeah
like yeah yeah yeah
Mr Mr "quick to get wit'cha"
chick if she get the whip for this
she be like
yeah yeah yeah
like yeah yeah yeah

I'm back with the heat, and yes Young Fire produced it
With true spit, I get lots of relish with strange music
My crews thick dudes click and guess who's with two chicks
In my lou of caribou sift
Super do less
Everybody in the party will lose it
Vodka and Mt. Dew is the new shit
Thanks to Icey Rock and Demonica
We honor Ya
And I got so much money sometimes it feels like I'm wearin' a Yakima
You can not monitor my money I monetarily astonish ya
So what's all the bad comments and all the drama for

I can produce a picture
Stop with the truths that hit ya
I'm at the top but,
I be poppin' and shootin' wit ya

Tip of my shoulder now
Mr. Nice Guy is over wow
To a ritzy and older style
From ditzy and gomer pow
Look at my checks swell
Chicks with wet tails
Ready to Rock it
In my pocket, got the Trojan magnum XL's

(K.I.L.L) E to the r uh dot (bang!) just ain't fair, that when I pop up the spot be like YEAH!

Tech N9ne, Yeah
I think the really mean
Yeah, Yeah this is Kansas City mang
The Industry's still punks
That's why they real slump
But when end these drunk holla records we will dump
Havin' a good time to stackin' it with Travis we laid back
Doin' about a hundred and fifty with slaps and a made back
Hatahs of course you dought, that I'm makin' a warped amount
I got ozone, murdah dogs, double XL and surf accounts
What's all the fuss about?
Killer in and remorse out
Fuck Barcelrama
You heard that from the horse's mouth
It ain't coming from RBC
It ain't coming from Fantana
It's comin' from Strange Music
Dan Tana an a com mana
I say this in Beratone
We come mix it all chedder
Honey you in yo dreams
You ain't gonna go screamin' in falsetto
MTV clipped me birthday bash show
I got fans like Cat Castro that will boost my cash flow
MTV, completely we sick of it
Won't give a bit
To see in my eyes, the blood in my ligaments
You can see that Tech-a-nina don't give a shit
(K.I.L.L) E to the r uh dot (bang!) just ain't fair, that when I pop up the spot be like yeah!