

## Midwest Choppers 2

Tech N9ne

We scoured the globe on a quest to find the most elite  
Most intricate tongues of all time  
California, New York, Denmark, Australia  
Then a cold wind from the Midwest brought the hardest  
Fastest, most accurate tongues ever heard in our lifetime  
These are the Midwest Choppers

I got a message for any one of you muthafuckin niggaz  
That wanna talk 'bout the Mid-Midwest  
We dangerous, Aim to bust any little nigga with a big-big chest  
Anybody that wanna be comin thinkin they hotter  
I'm a type of nigga that'll really kill ya for dollas  
Fuck everybody that want a piece of a killa  
For real, Me and my niggaz will leave you floatin in a river  
So fuck all you haters, You heard what I said  
My flow a little bit over your head  
Act like a pencil, I'll fill you with led  
If you afraid, Then tell me you scared  
Cause imma little bit out of my muthafuckin mind  
The hardest rapper that Tecca N9na could fuckin find  
Who that? Who that? That's me  
Who that? Who that? K-Dean  
When I was comin up in the game everybody was tellin me  
'I really be killin a lot of you niggaz, I'm mean'  
Fuckin with my niggaz D-Loc and Dalima  
They told me, 'I be really gotta be a muderer killin machine'  
I didn't care about nothing but rappin my way to the top  
Fuckin with my nigga Tech, He told me I'm hot  
Anybody got a problem with any one of my niggaz  
I'll pulled out the nine milli up to a pop  
Bring the heat, Bring the noise, Bring the flames  
Anything that you bring, Imma tame  
Puttin dirt on the top of my name  
Pull back and I click-click, bang  
Ask Tech, He'll tell you I'm strange  
If you ever wanna talk about me  
Imma run up, Gun up and leave you with no brain  
Then you'll know my flow is insane

I be on the West Coast, I be on the East Coast  
I be North, South, but I reside on my side, Midwest Chopper  
Even though I'm all up in the Northwest  
All across the U.S.  
Overseas, Midwest Choppers

Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Yeah, Midwest Choppers)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Nigga, Midwest Choppers)

Come, come get some of this  
Midwest murda music, murda music, murda music  
Come, come get some of this  
Midwest murda music, murda music, murda music  
Let me hit 'em  
When I get 'em, Imma split 'em, Imma kill 'em  
I'm the nigga with the lyrical venom finna get up in them

When they give me the instrumental  
I finish 'em, diminish 'em  
I guarantee the murda music is a minimum  
But lately I been givin 'em hell  
They don't really wanna see me, I'm so damn swell  
Call me a monster, Verse Designer, First To bomb ya  
Leathaface pullin up in that hearse beside ya  
Murda, mo murda, mo murda, mo murdered 'em all, kill 'em all  
Krayzie kill 'em all, they fall  
It's a lyrical execution  
We snap faster, We the rap masters  
Squeeze the gat, Blast it, If that's how it gots to be  
So they better get it ready  
Cause I'm heated like an AK-47 spittin bullet deliverence out of me  
Well that's somethin, That's crazy, Jackson  
He's amazin action, Stay in action  
Rap singin at ya, I'm blazin at ya  
I'm kinda like an automatic aimin at ya  
And I don't want a little bit of flame to ashes  
You know you really truly insane to madness  
You're never gonna find other niggaz more scandalous  
Than this Midwest blastin famly

Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Yeah, Midwest Choppers)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Nigga, Midwest Choppers)

I am the definition of murda  
The N9ne is now coming to serve ya  
You're running but you can't go no furtha  
Cause I'm running through you with no sign of inertia

Gimme the mic and I bet that you duck  
It's what you betta do when I'm bussin  
I be flippin, I'm incredible, Never get on my level  
I'm a killa with the pedal to the medal  
You're edible and ya death is so inevitable  
I can take it to ya momma, Ya daddy, The back of a caddy  
You cut up in the sack with a baggy and I wanna  
Take it out and make it patty  
You gotta be patty  
'Cause that'll be bad if you decide to mad, Is you gonna?  
You can listen to me and see I'm the nigga with the ammunition  
I'm givin the livin a vision of death  
Makin 'em sick and depressed  
'Cause I be givin everything  
I'm a rebel and I'm still with the quick and the best  
Makin 'em walk in the business  
I get up in it to rip and diminish ya  
Trip and I finish ya  
Dig it, You really get me livid, I'm bout give it a pivot  
Imma stick it so we can differ to sinister  
I be the chopper that got ya little boppers goin off us  
Better not let me up on the premises  
'Cause I'm a doctor that's out for the shotaz when I brought ya  
Be cautious never talk of this nemesis  
We on top of the hill when it come to the skill  
Other rappers are damn jokers  
They be givin the people comedy  
But the Tecca N9na misery shit is Bram Stoker

Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us)

Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Yeah, Midwest Choppers)  
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us)  
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