

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)
Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Nigga, Midwest Choppers)