

Misery

Tech N9ne

Aye fam,
Man, you need to stop being so nice and modest
To these jugga head ass niggas out here
They ruunin around like they don't Strange is the lions den
Nigga we the muthafuckin kingz of the jungle
I'm in the resturant chillin with this new piece of bootany the other night
You know a nigga gonna give me a cd
Talkin about,
Mackzilla, tell Tech he better come to the studio
And fuck with us, or else
I said, don't you punk brother ass niggas know
This is Monopoly, don't nobody pass go and collect 200 dollars
Unless we say so

This merciless
This is musical massacre
Mammoth, imagine my motive, mane
No murkin us
Mimicin muthafuckaz may mock
But on my momma millimeter
My miscous mo murda make millions mack mommies and mosh
This is pain, This unforgettable thang
Is my talent untamable?
Tech is the tyranny
Bang on you niggas who never have respect for who ever
Pullin you pussies apart, My competitor's plain
In the dark when they sleep
On my incredible heat
Fuck you, I'm fed up
My fist for faggots and freaks
Go tell your industry peeps that fuck peace released
B is for blood
We bangin and blastin at beef
This is ignorant
Get a whiff of his lyrics
So rigorous, niggerous, carnivorous delivery
Come with me, it'll be bitches and thizzery
Fuck with me
And believe that we niggas will put you out of your misery

If you ever disrespect
I'll put you out of your misery
Put you, I'll put you, I'll put you, Put you out of your misery
If you run up on my set
I'll put you out of your misery
Put you, I'll put you, I'll put you, Put you out of your misery
I'm a muthafuckin vet
I'll put you out of your misery
Put you, I'll put you, I'll put you, Put you out of your misery
'Bout to make me cock (cock) back (back) aim (aim)
My mission is to pop (pop) that (that) brain (brain)

My split is psycho like Michael's knife
I admire your Freddy Kruger then dream your life
My brain is too deep, I can think alive
And kill death itself in one of freestyle lines
Lyrically, rappers aren't better than me

Cause I'm hard in this rap game
You lighter then a feather to me
So come with it
It's the devil in me that'll blast at your afterlife
Until your ass is restin in peace
Muthafucka, you don't want it with a gangsta
16 shots and have my little brother shank ya
Thank ya, No thank ya
Boy rearrange ya hands with ya head
Heads up and I'll bang ya
I hear you barkin but you ain't bit shit
My shot's dig through
They call 'em hollow tips
It's a killa season and you ain't killed shit
Misery Loves Kompany, now a complimaent bitch

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This is misery, misery artillery for the killin spree
Hit the block, see the enemy, Kill 'em off like a Kennedy
Ecstasy, Hennessy and a lemon squeeze
You niggas finna be put on obituaries and white tees, that's misery
Rome to Italy, ridin on chrome literally
Yuk Godzilla, King Kong ain't got shit on me
Riddle me, riddle me, Which rapper gone snitch on me
When I shoot up his Bentley and put him out of his misery
They asked about the beef with Game and The Unit
Squashed my beef with The Game and do my thang with The Unit
Bo signed to Cashville
I'm makin it rain in Houston, Rap-A-Lot for life
You'll find you body slain in Houston, bitch
I'm on the block with that Praline
Until the cop's jumpin out the van like the A-Team, I slang cream
The West Coast Don and Kansas City King
You ain't know? Tecca Nina, General in The Regime

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