

Mo' Ammo

Tech N9ne

I'm in my bass pro camo, lookin' like a Rambo
Military sack strapped with some Roman candles
I 'bout to light it up like it's Independence Day
I do it underground, that's the independent way
I got a dinner date, I'm ten minutes late
With this chick that I met up on the internet
I mean the internet, I mean that fucking app
I mean a meth head, I met her in the fucking trap (huh?)
No, what the fuck is that?
I met her at a show (oh)
I'm like Jeezy, selling tickets like it's fucking snow
Or like I'm Yeezy, selling Yeezys, I'll be God damned
You gotta buy these VIP tickets, understand?
I mean a stream is just a dream unless you are front row
A million views, we lookin' good, but no dough
I'm in the booth whippin' merch like I'm in the kitchen
Strange Music going stupid, it's your new addiction

We got guns, dope, clips for mo' ammo
Rambo like a quarter key inside the door panel
Put your ear to the speaker, get you high
Don't this music feel like you can fly?
Guns, dope, clips for mo' ammo
Rhymin' like a quarter key inside the door panel
Put your ear to the speaker, get you high
Don't this music feel like you can fly?

Lord, you ain't give me my props yet, you late as fuck
I like to think that I'm top five like Jada' does
Speeding past these rappers like they traffic cops with radar guns
And counting so much money that my fingertips got papercuts
You play and talk to me, you sweet as lemonade or punch
Can't you say that captain saved a slut, I met your lady once
We fucked and now it turned to a weekly visit
Got her hooked like I was deep sea fishing
And she means business, she says she love to ride it all night
I really get head and she got suction like Dyson Upright
I seen the sunlight, woke up and play some Maxwell
She open wide and sat still
I fucked her throat and filmed it, now that's what I call a gag reel
Again and again we win, while all you do is catch Is
My father ain't a farmer but his son became a cash cow
Revolvers on as fuck if you a boxer or a blackbelt
Should've packed, yeah
Go back on my double time shit and I bet you I spazz out

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Growedd with killas who rolled with Milla's some soulless niggas who go get
liquor then blow spliffs with ya popo suspicious we sold tricks fixes to hol

d big riches these roguish wishes is so ridiculous
Bogus bitches you Ho's fictitious and Low with glitches the Dough made you notice DIBKIS (I gotta stop)
Flows is gifted I get throwed get twisted then bro gets wicked when I spit I 'm bout to kill em and a soul is lifted (That nigga hot)
My rap assignment give the industry an alignment rapper's ain't goin straight no mo'
Image really need refinement let a nigga help recreate yo flow, and I'm gon' design it to make mo' dough shake mo Ho's hey bro bro, this that N9ne shit! trippin! (why?)
Cause I been drinkin like a camel, (yeah?)
Tried to play me like a piano, (yeah?)
Now I'm about to go Rambo packin' mo' ammo nigga!

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