

Shoot Tha Shit

Tech N9ne

Guns, we don't need your funds
to the ones
with hums
If you don't get none, nigga, you dumb
Scavanging for crumbs
See, you wanna live life like a bum
Nigga, fuck is you from?
I come in with the polls
Straight through your nose
Hanging with all my roags
See me, they roag
I can't get in with these clothes
Get stopped at the front door
Go ahead, niggas wanna be hoes
Nigga, don't play my flows
Imma wait outside your club
Liquor and drugs
Tryna get me a little bit of love
From a hoe who go so low to the floor, then go get a little grub
At the bar we chug
house jump
Mushrooms, don't you try them, from the Midwest side
Go high
No matter how hard you try
My enomies they die
So you better forget your pride
If you don't wanna die
Who ever said Tech N9na was lies
Put your hands to the side
Quiet

Shoot the shit
We killers, we sin
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Shoot the shit
We quick to stick your bitch
Shoot the shit
The westside is getting lit
Shoot the shit
Going up at 6
Shoot the shit
Your girl going on my dick

I'm from the place where you surve feends
Got me fucking your girlfriend, let's begin
The homies are insaine
Pop off with no shame
But Bear's not one to play, but they had no name
Juan bring the ice, bout to fuck up the world
Hit your girl maybe twice, come rock my world
Selling beats, make a grand
Play to Got my dick in your hand
Cause you know I'm the man
That's how we do on the Midwest, motherfucker, don't test
Leave you a bloody mess
Should've worn my vest

Life with no stress
Living my dreams
Statis of a baller, now you wanna join the team
You haters got no skill
Never had a deal
Homie, just keep it real
You ain't got no skill
So stop with the games you playing
Take your life, this the king, we hot like flames
Motherfucker!

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Green, Roag Dog green
Hustling in my nature, getting paper by any means
Graduated on tripple beams
If you got the cream
Come at us like feends
Roll the bean on our team
After partys gettin hoes
Who roll with more
Living life, bitches coming out of they clothes
For the camera, they pose
Hoes wanna be stars
Bounce that ass like a ball
Make it do it, hoe
Silants 'm all, Listen to that bullshit, I'd rather listen to us
Knowin that you can't compare
Who said it? Nigga, Bear
Except the facts, but you really don't wanna go there
Have you hollaring like hoes
Friction knows
See you running to your trunk, but I stop you with the 44
Had to let the gat bust, your ass getting fucked
Nigga, we shoot the shit, and your shit is shot up, nigga

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