

Sinister Tech

Tech N9ne

You're the one nigga
Who's a dumb nigga
And a bum nigga
You're a slum nigga
Better run nigga
When I come nigga
With a gun nigga
You're a bitch
Buck you
Never trust you
Never loved you
Never was you
Imma touch you
Imma bust you
Imma crush you
Mother fuck you

That's my nigga Aaron Yates
Style lee lee killa Norman Bates
Holla at me like I'm ollie gates
Imma put the milli to your face
The nerve of ya yellin you're a murderer
But ain't nobody ever heard of a
Killa killa doing damage off up in suburbia
Sinister rhyme minister
TECH N9NE be the menace (yes, yes)
Diminish ya finish with the dementia
I'm the grimmest
I done told y'all I was comin'
Better start runnin'
Or bust like a cannon
Cause Imma leave hella destruction
Mental breakdown and famine
I would advise you
Not to slide through
Cause I will oblige you
With a rhyme flow
That will demise you
How can I bow down
To a broke rapper with a foul sound?
How can I flow rounds
With an MC that can't chow down?
Where would you be
If you didn't copy off me lil' boy?
This type of shit that I enjoy
I sum you up with
Bitch flows, punk foes
Sluts hoes, case closed

If you ain't got shit to fuck with this
Take that dead shit on
And if you're bitch in the club with ass on me
I'm gonna take that home.
By the sinister TECH N9NE
By the sinister, by the sinister
By the sinister, TECH N9NE
Vill-on y'all know me by the

Hmm, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm
Hmm, Hmm, Hmm, HMMMMM.
Everybody say KC's in the house what

Bounce, rock, skate or fight, shoot, hate
We so chilly they call us abominable
Everybody know we phenomenal
Get ya' money, get ya' women
If you're getting nothing
Your living is comical
Simon bar sinister
Climbing star finisher
Swine and lard vinegar
Rhyming hard blimisher
Realistic Heathenistic
Killer with a vengeance
Breathing this shit
Your whole facad's punkish,
I'll make you kneel before Zod
Biblical hits, flippable kickable spits
Niggas with critical lyricals
Never no mythical shit
Step into the evil fickle abyss
Wiggle in pittifulness
Swivel this and get pistol whipped
It's been along ride
Tecca Nina just won't die ei ei ei eiya
Better feel it when I drill it (trick)
Real is when I kill it (Mitch)
Hit it hit it
Never ever tell a millimeter killer
Quit it, Bitch!

Off the hook, stalking in clubs
Tossing em' walkin' in blood
Barking that rogue dog shit
Dirty devils better hold yaw lips
Nina ripping, ill beast flows
Yeah we know it will reach gold
Platinum, feel these flows
Comin' off of kill creek road
Say my name five times
TECH, TECH, TECH, TECH N9NE
I will appear in your mirror
through your chest ripping out your spine
Hungry like an Ethiopian
Living off the blood in your veins
Alias Donny Kevorkian
Never were you ready for the pain
What do ya get
When you cross TECH
With a hard ass track?
Innovative, twisted
Psycho, thugged out
What do ya get
With Rock, Will, Phlaque and Dynamack?
Nitwits, misfits, sick shit, Nnuttt Howze
What do ya get
When you cross tech with a fine bitch in the club?
KY, bou lou, motel, sextime.
What do you call a rappin' ass
Rogue dog villain pretty mother fucker?
Donny Quest, Azmo, Sinister TECH N9NE

TECH N9NE's in the house