

# Sriracha

Tech N9ne

(Jesus)  
Yeah, yeah, hell yeah  
Yeah, yeah, hell yeah  
Yeah, yeah, hell yeah  
Yeah, yeah, hell  
Froze over, when you thought you could hold Yoda  
With flows older than the first sold cold soda  
Grow more for my bros those rojo soldiers  
Them cincos are at it again, blow doja  
I am like Iron Mike, back in the day  
My rhyming's iron height, defiant flight  
Try and bite, like a razor in a candy apple  
A taser in a jammy, tackled  
By a neighbor with the family shackles  
Laboring a man he's gaffled  
I get angry, I sip bombs (chea!) on your rich lawn  
I was brought up Muslim and Christian  
I been studying Chrislam (chea!)  
That's not a thing so I place this John  
In your chicks palm  
Give her something beautiful to kiss on  
Till I spit one to her lip balm (chea!)  
I've been rhyming since Reagan in politics  
Polished it then got a big wallet where all of my dollars sit  
To the wall is split, then I gotta sick the casa, your god exists  
Cause a lot of chicks holler "Mr. Chopper you're hot as shit"  
They say I'm the best at what I do  
After me it's 5, 4, 3, and 2  
Sometime I think they all gum bumpin'  
So I tell them all to put that on somethin'  
Sriracha, I put that on everything  
Sriracha, I put that on everything  
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Sriracha, I put that on everything  
Yeah, I guess I'm supposed to come with that fast flow  
Woo! I guess I'm supposed to come with that gas flow  
But no, I'ma just spit it, I'ma get it good  
Wish you would tell me what I should do  
I don't know, hit the door  
Uh, yeah, feel like I been here before  
Maybe I have but I can't f\*\*k with it  
Hit 'em with a semiautomatic, watch 'em duck with it  
Speaking on lyrical ability  
Everyone in my vicinity blowing they mind like Kennedy  
I got no love for the enemy, somebody tell me the remedy  
I'm like what's good, been fine  
Tell me what's on your mind, rewind this shit  
My message is beyond this shit  
I put that on everything, I'm just being honest, shit  
So what's up, hold up  
Tech I'm sorry for the hold up but I been on the road  
Should have had this verse to your ass a long time ago  
When I put that on everything, I ain't had a minute to myself  
But I been living like I ain't finna see tomorrow  
I ain't focused on no wealth  
I been living good, I been feeling fine  
Pass the sriracha, I put that shit on all of mine

Busting like Columbine combined with a terrorist's mind  
That's been confined in four walls for some time  
They say I'm the best at what I do  
After me it's 5, 4, 3, and 2  
Sometime I think they all gum bumpin'  
So I tell them all to put that on somethin'  
Sriracha, I put that on everything  
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Sriracha, I put that on everything  
Sriracha, I put that on everything  
Sriracha, the flavor popper  
We gotcha, even haters jock us  
These choppers invade the knockers then blocker  
Disintegrating every chakra eager to off ya  
You can bet that we doin' it proper  
When I put the bullets in a fully with a hoodie  
Ain't nobody gonna stop us  
Ain't nobody gonna stop us, nobody gon' top us  
We leave 'em with no option, leave 'em with no conscience  
Leave 'em with no oxygen, leave 'em with no problem  
And even though I could see what they watchin'  
TV with a DVD, I can repeat  
When I see these street shockin'  
Easy, if it need be then I just eat beats  
And I'm Eazy-E, Compton  
I eat meat like I'm EBT shopping  
Credit Card Max, bend the bars back  
f\*\*k your hoe, get brain and all that  
Run in your house and bring your whore back  
Sever your face and dead the doormat  
Who got the keys to the rented Corvette  
Can't catch me, I'm the man in all black  
I been a nice chap since Catman on crack  
f\*\*k that, I been nice way before that  
Can't ignore that, you can try though  
But you gon' end up next to Dido  
I'm that pen that wrote the Bible  
I'm on your skin like vitiligo  
Sing for the moment, I hit the high note  
Someone please let Elton John know  
Tell the lieutenant I'm Hect Camacho  
With a Catholic priest and the Pentecostal  
Why you niggas wiggidy wiggidy wack, gettidy get in the back  
With a umbilical patch, jump in the middle of the track  
None of y'all niggas can act so y'all niggas are packed  
Come and get it again, f\*\*kin' a bitch in the whip  
Give me your moment to fall, I'm gonna fit in the car  
I can do better than yours, I can be ready to brawl  
I can be shattered and all, nobody want to be hard  
Better be ready for war, tell me who ready for more  
Joyner  
They say I'm the best at what I do  
After me it's 5, 4, 3, and 2  
Sometime I think they all gum bumpin'  
So I tell them all to put that on somethin'  
Sriracha, I put that on everything  
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Correct these lyrics

Luke Bryan - Fast

Kelsea Ballerini - Yeah Boy

Alessia Cara - How Far I'll Go

Kyle - Ispy

Harry Styles - Sign Of The Tim...