

# Tell Me If I'm Trippin'

Tech N9ne

I wanted to find my gun, my lady runs to the bathroom  
Yelling "someone", and when it's done  
I'ma treat it like my daughters and son, we having fun  
'Till intruders came knocking to come kill everyone  
The beat and the kick ringing my bell uncontrollably  
Four in the morning yelling my name so they know it's me  
Scramble and try to find my nigga's gun, I'm supposed to be  
Prepared for the crazy, my lady screaming don't go to see  
Fuck it, I'm going down to the kitchen to get the knife  
Invite 'em all in my crib and then take everybody's life  
Chop 'em all into pieces, pray to God they heat-less  
He in D shit, play with their bodies in the name of Jesus  
One, two, three, god damn it's just the cops  
All the motherfuckers must've scamm' when we hit the block  
I was gonna kill am I wrong to feel  
For my loved safety I'll leave you permanently still  
Trav said he caught them on camera they came to his place  
Two teen girls and the guy yelling "where is Yates"  
Damn some fans would've lost some lives on this day  
Mistaken, I would've been erasing all of the kid's face

Am I my paranoid or scared  
Or is this my nightmare  
Were they ever really there?  
Tell me if I'm tripping  
Am I supposed to sit and wait  
While they storm through the gate  
Psycho just like Norman Bates  
Tell me if I'm tripping

Yeah, it's gonna be the shit, wait 'till you hear this, man.  
You on keyboard, I gotta get this fixed, man, damn...  
Alright, there we go. Alright man, sit over there though

Seven o'clock, I was upstairs  
I was on the keyboard making that tear  
Knock on the front door, C.O. got it  
Niggas came in, I said "Yo, get in the closet"  
Hit 'em with venom and run up in 'em while they rummagin'  
Too many niggas was coming in, I wanna get me one  
Hopin' niggas try me cause I'm finna feel like "fry me"  
Eyes all Chinese, high off reefer  
I'ma get deeper, turn to the Grim Reaper  
Use a heat seeker when I creep with the heater  
Leave a deep gash, bring the heat fast  
Hit 'em with the venom, when I get 'em I'ma keep 'em  
Giving them an enema, even if it's ten of 'em  
Then I'ma, eat 'em like dinner in the cinema  
Then I'ma, shit 'em out, get 'em out  
In about twenty-four seconds I'ma fuck 'em in the ass  
Tuck 'em in the grass, cut 'em up fast  
Buttercup, shut 'em up, I'ma cut mass  
I'ma cut lass, nigga he got it, he gotta fuck 'em up, yeah  
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I don't really wanna play this, guys... This isn't something to mess around  
with  
Come on, it's just a game, nothing to worry about, sit down  
(Hey, man, hand me one of those beers)  
But it's not just a game...  
It is, everything is gonna be fine, hand me a beer too. Come on, let's do it

I can still remember, it was January twenty-third, 1994  
And a group of us was chilling at the table, we was drinking with our finger  
s on the Ouija board  
Tryna summon spirits asking "Ouija, can you hear us?" never thinking what wa  
s in store  
Then the dogs started barking, in the darkness, all of a sudden it was knock  
ing at the front door  
Then we started approaching, cautious as hell as we pulled the door open  
Nervous adrenaline, seeming slow motion, no one was there, we went back to t  
he board hoping  
That we finally made contact, with the deity, apparition on the other side  
Then it started moving out and soon it was spelling out the warning in the m  
orning one of us would die  
We decided to stop it, said our goodbyes, and left the apartment  
On the way home Sarah hit a patch of ice, lost control of her car, hit the d  
itch and lost her life

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Fuck that shit, nigga, hmm, let's party