

The Answer

Tech N9ne

Yeah, I think they got me fucked up
Everybody better hold up
Cause they don't be feeling you like they feelin' me
And I think I'm the answer

I really had to break it down
I really had to keep it simple
I had to run up and down the court watching y'all like the league official
I never had to keep a pistol
If I did shoot, I'd shoot to kill
Talk is talk and that's cheap to me
But nobody really know what I do for real
I am what I always been, white kid with the rapping skill
Maintain that I'm self-sustained
Still CES came as a package deal
Run shit like in track and field
I'll pass baton in decathlon
Search around and go find a verse where I came soft and I was slackin' on
Puff puff and I'll pass it on
My team strong and we here to win
Repping hard for the underground, I'm an emcee and a lyricist
Many men tried to mirror this
They was scheming on me like a pyramid
But they theory is full of bullet holes
Period point blank I shoulda known

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I rap until my tongues tired
I spit it like it's gun fire
Anybody tellin me I'm not the best it gotta be I wear a mask like an umpire
Sayin I should hang it up in music you're a plum liar
A dumb guy or you're a bum sire tellin me I'm inadequate knowing it's not an
yone higher
(UP)
That is where I am bitch
Up in the clouds eating a industry sandwich look it I can spit cutting em up
And is fuck it I'm feelin funny bout fair weather fan shit
Kansas, City King has landed
Anything remotely close to nope when I quote you're choked with a velvet rop
e, Janet
Is he crazy? Sho Lia wicked like Fangoria
Fool is hatin cause he don't understand my communication, Nokia
Tecca N9na spit it so clear like Ho sheer
When I get to rippin this flow here
All the women go ta grabbin their crotch they all screamin OH DEAR!

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Armed and dangerous
Kali baby, y'all can never hang with us

Y'all strange to us
Y'all niggas be gambling or rambling
Count another mil', it's chump change to us
I'm joking
If I'm N9ne I keep that pistol smoking
By design to find your prime time if their eyes open
Sign of the times ain't dependent on the rhymes
Quoted rockabye to smoking on the pipe but doing lines of cocaine
I don't rock that shit
I'ma drop that dime like they committed to crime on divine lines that I've s
poken
So get up if you can get the picture
Only hurt ya if the shoe fits ya
I really can't stay on my time zone
I ain't user friendly word to iPhone
A different creature, every feature I get on is my song

Well I, Well I know you got me fucked up
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, better hold up
See they don't be feeling you like they feeling me
And I know I'm that answer

Too old for this bullshit
Zoned out, turned up
Your gross must pass through fire and that's why
I'm burned up
Hell all in my head, peace (Got a)
Gapin' hole in my heart too (But I)
Won't pray to no savior (Why?)
These days I'm too smart to
I ain't came up for no air yet
I put dough down on a fare bet
Niggas hood rich, I ain't there yet
But I got holes like a clarinet
And I jug lean and I pop pills
And they hate Dean 'cause I got skills
If these pussies don't shoot me, you can bet that the punk cops will
I give two shits about who's with you
Laugh loud when that boom hit you
On the role, like I'm too cripple
Getting twisted like two nipples
My soul's darker than nightride but no night light, I write all day
I get fancy with them blades in, and leave blood stains in the hallway

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Watch out