

# This Ring

Tech N9ne

(This ring)

Got me a top notch straight hot fox  
We sought rocks and the ewok slot was caught  
Got dropped two playing hopscotch on the block  
Ought not twat plot yo' for hops knot I brought dots (This ring)  
Help me remain sane, no damn games  
Came from bane to a changed man  
No cane thang refrain from gang bang  
Slang a praying brain reigns family fame, then came pain  
(Say hello to Tech N9ne!)  
Everybody wanna be down with a nigga  
Women get a whiff of the money  
Thinking of taking it from me  
They get up in the club, giving the love  
Throwing the pussy full of liquor and bud  
Booty hopping around up in the mo  
Get to looking around  
Every ho wanna lick a nigga low  
Infatuated with niggas with dough  
Get 'em in the sack and try to make 'em let it go (Tech N9ne)  
Be autographing bitches in front of rapping niggas  
Who think of having figures they get to grabbing triggas  
They can't imagine villains when they come back and get us  
We get to whacking niggas  
I ain't never wanted no parts of this  
I don't never want to break another heart for this  
Why the devil gotta make it, why the Lord  
Wanna make something that'll kill something so marvelous

(This ring)

Brings demeaning demons in (G-strings)  
Songs we sing make 'em fiend semen and (Green things)  
Clinging, dreaming, thinking of being (Mrs. thing)  
With this ring  
But if I wasn't Tech N9ne  
Bitches wouldn't even wanna be with Tech N9ne  
If I did no music then would you respect mine  
This wedding band and music  
Draws a line between life and Tech N9ne

(This ring)

Was supposed to protect a nigga, best for niggas  
Who couldn't stop having sex with bitches  
Bless the mistress, who stress to kiss us  
Even though we spend our checks with strippers  
Obsessed with clitorises (This ring)  
Made a nigga feel macho  
Cry for, lie for, die for, my ho  
Nigga I go face diablo with a hostile gospel  
If I can't have tres or cuatro, little vatos  
Imma let a lot flow what they sell, up in osco, up a nostril  
(That sound like Tech N9ne)  
Nigga where the weed where the  
Muthafukin' blow and the hoes? (Yes, yes!)  
Next to me is ecstasy asking me if I wanna roll (Yes, yes!)  
Bitches never gave a fuck about a fling, makes it exciting  
When a married nigga wanna fuck around

And bitch know he's down for the fling (Yes, yes!)  
I've been tested and a lot of times been invested  
Didn't know this Tech's shit  
Would constantly get a nigga molested  
Been approached by some of the best tricks  
In the game and they came strong but I hanged on  
To this ring and I hope my son don't sing the same song

Quincy J. told me, superstars are good providers  
But two times out of ten when we're on tour family's not beside us  
What can a nigga do when he makes ends  
Add more to the time they spend  
While he make ends, everything else breaking  
And the bond at the house may end  
And your wifey steady yellin' 'bout quality time  
And you think, with all the fame and fortune shit oughta be fine  
But what happens when the divorce papers just gotta be signed  
And you lose half and your children cause you gotta be N9ne  
I wanna relax with them and spend time to the maximum  
But if silence is golden, then me making noise is platinum  
I gotta be Tech and daddy and hubby  
But music, women mixed with family's ug-aly  
I know and you know that hella be  
Hot for a nigga's infidelity, but until then (What)  
God, forgive me for any promises that I broke  
Family, can I be forgiven for all the liquor and weed that I smoke?  
When I succeed, will I cope  
Will I still breathe without both  
This ring (Tech N9ne)  
I don't know but when I go I'm leaving out dope

[Hook]