

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]