

Yada, Yada, Yada

Tech N9ne

Huh, my nigga Don Juan, damn..
Been knowin' you for a long time, nigga (heh)
We did a lot of shit together, man
On this music tip, man
Beautiful shit we did, dog
Remember when we went out to L.A. man, with Quincy man
Made all that shit pop, Yukmouth and everybody, Dubb C and everybody
Had a lot of good times, dog, know what I'm sizzlin'?
But that shits about to come to an end, dog
You know? Never have I ever crossed anybody, y'all niggas know me
The sands of time have already started to pour against you, dog
So listen hard, cause I speak real softly, like this:

Just think: What if I could just, just blink your shit away?
Niggas think: Because a nigga bust, I grips and grips of pay
The pain grows in fame and kangos we're changin' strange hoes
Who bang in Range Roves for thangs same shows with lames
The rains goes will stain and insane foes who drain
And hang rows with brains
If you caught it, that means you got it
And if you brought it, that means you should have shot it
Cause I'm about to drop the ray and Nina locked to kill a liter
Proped to meaner nigga I pop the millameter
DeMarco I'm 'bout to spark flow ya bark so hearts with parts
Gonna make ya heart blow (heart blow), blood
And don't be was-in, cuzz-in me buggin' me
Bout dubbz I be musclin these clubs really lovin, me
It hurts my nigga, the hurt my nigga, but hurt my nigga
Is what's inspiring these spurts my nigga
At first my nigga
Used to be my homie, used to be my ace
Yellin' you gon' slap the taste out my mouth
Nigga, I never scare
Savoir faieres everywhere
If you need me believe me it's easy
To put hoes in shock to tizzie
Watch the wizie, these Glocks'll talk fa' shizie

Some say I should worry and watch where I walk
Yada, yada, yada, nigga, that's just talk
I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be
Knock-knock-knock-knock-knock-knock-knock-knockin' at yo' front do'

Industry's faulty, industry's salty (man)
The industry cost me, industry brought me (pain)
The industry taught me, industry caught me (strain)
And you niggas know that the industry's awfully (vain)
I ain't a snake nigga, all I did is make niggas money
With Sonny now its funny, you playa hate niggas
Over some cake the fake of a show me state nigga
In my face will be Don Juan The Great to late nigga
I don't speak a lot I peep a lot I creep a lot
And people who speakin' usually weak and out for peace and no beef a lot
Remember we used to kick it like bros
Now you niggas act like bitches and hoes, with ya licorice souls
Tecca N9ne I got the wickedest flows
No kid in this MO, no misery will ever get wit this Rouge

I'm pissed in this hole
Little for side a crypt in his soul
Instead of a rap I should have twisted his nose
Who kept Short Nitty from killin' you? (Me!)
Who kept Diamond from drillin' you? (Me!)
Whp kept villian niggas from bill dealin' you? (Me!)
So now you can take away me and keep on talkin' crazy
And I'mma let 'em know where you keep your baby and where you stay, D

You can't turn enough muthafackas against me
You can't find a harder rapper that'll convince me
I'm with the Canties, the Ashbees, the White Bears
La Zhunes, the Harris's, and the muthafuckin Timleys
The theories, the buyers, the Kennedy's
You know the families that are known to be bad for humanity
Can he be bad? Can he be tough? Can he be rough?
No cream puffs are considered to be rough enough
Nobody likes you not even ya bitches, I'm a witness
They sick of yo disrespectful way of speakin' explicit
Always talkin' about how big yo dick is
Betta hope Anghellic go multi-platinum to get yo riches, blood
This is the end of men who were once friends and then
One asshole thought he was somethin'
When punks bend over they get fucked! (Get fucked!)
Hand over them Tech tapes or get stuck! (Get stuck!)
You must think I'm soft for talkin' to Icey Rock 'bout the Nina out
I'm trippin' without a doubt
I'm a tell you really is yo friend
Mail Bakarii and maybe you and him can get together and tell like it is again
It's over man, I hope you brought your novacaine
I know the pain, is slowly takin' over brain
So calm that muthafuckin wombat, I don't need no Don Juan tracks to come bomb on rap

That's what I'm speakin' on, dog, that's real shit
Nigga once said to me: "Nigga walk around like his shit don't stink
Gon' cut ya nose off and stick up ya ass so you can smell that shit," man
Ya know what I'm sizzlin'?
Dog, you drew first blood man
That was dog shit
You know what I'm sizzlin'
That ain't no friend
Talkin' 'bout knockin' me out nigga
Ya know what are we
Yo

Dr. Dre here I come
Timbaland here I come
Neptunes here I come
Rick Rock here I come
Alchemist here I come
Sick Jack here I come
Boscoe here I come
Swizz Beats here I come
Trackmasters here I come
Don Juan be done