

# Tech N9ne, He Wanna Be Paid

(Intro)

Tech N9ne in this bitch (Tech N9ne, Tech N9ne)  
Bout to make em dance once again baby (once again baby)  
But this time, I'ma talk about one of my friends baby  
(yeah) yo it's been long overdue baby (that's right)  
Long Overdue (how we do it)  
But you asked for it  
So now I gotta give it to you, (give it to you)  
Get Paid

(Verse 1)

Let me tell you a little story about this nigga I know  
From the M and the O  
A chemical nigga who says I got criminal flows  
I'ma set the record straight for a second  
Everybody knows this nigga is hot-headed  
And due for a mic checkin.  
You drew first blood in '94  
Trickin with my baby momma  
You know the one you called a ho  
I'ma let you know  
That if you take it back to the past  
When I was squeezing hella ass and playin hookie  
You can ask my bro, He will let you know  
Back then I shared my pussy.  
You was using music as a form of pursuing  
Pussy sneakin in her bed and beggin for a screwin  
Who the fuck is you foolin?  
I can still make her make you put yo muthafuckin mic down  
Straight interrupt yo show  
And serve yo ass in her nightgown  
Right now  
Fuck the rappin, we can fight now  
Tight style, Sell for miles  
Change the name Vell to Vall  
Call him Dame or Gal  
Cause the way he came was foul  
Nigga that's bitch shit  
Tech N9ne you dissed it  
But they missed it  
Told me that you sold 200,000 with pride  
But you lied, I don't mean to hurt yo feelings inside  
But you sold 5,000 Nationwide  
You a clown man  
You niggaz think I jokin, go check the SoundScan  
All I wanna know is.

(Chorus)

Why this nigga steadily savin his flows for me?  
(He wanna get paid)  
And why this nigga basin his whole life on challenging me?  
(He wanna get paid)  
Fuckin with 56 Villain get you shot up  
Midwest side will chase em down with a choppa  
Motherfucker thinking Teccanina gonna chop up  
Something wrong with his medullah oblongota.

(Verse 2)

Yo  
This nigga struggling to be the better man  
Why fuck around with a tech milla meter  
When you know the nigga is a clever brand  
Naw, I ain't never ever seen the niggaz video  
Cause It never ran

And you got the audacity to say Tech N9ne ain't a veteran?  
Nigga, I wrote my first rhyme in '85 right  
'86, '87, '88, name me Tech N9ne right  
'89, '90, I was rippin hella shows, don't you even try cat  
'90 through '99 equals 15 years and I done rapped with some of the best  
Motherfucker can you buy that?  
We recognize you wanna be the best rapper in Kansas City  
That's small time  
That's why yo shit will never be in the hands of many  
My shit is clean and packs a punch pal  
And yeah you right, yo shit's a sloppy hurl and drunk style  
This nigga is failin in the biz  
Bets step behind this  
Don't know where his mind is  
That's why the Nina's bout to tell it like it is  
Tech Tech N9ne is  
Kansas City's Finest  
All I wanna know is.

(Chorus)

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Something wrong with his medullah oblongota.  
Yo, the fact is we both ain't makin no real money  
And I'm blastin a nigga which makes the situation real funny  
I'm beginning to see real deals, real scrill and real honeys  
And you don't wanna get with a nigga that's sick makes you a real dummy  
He said I worship satan and he worship god that's why we can't work  
Nigga that's a cop out, bout to make yo eyes pop out when I whip my cock out  
And say I seen you comin out of Roc house  
This is the third round knockout  
When you die and all ya piss, cum, and feces drop out  
Tellin motherfuckers we bit (Let's Get Fucked Up)  
From yo just locally hit (Bounce, Bounce, Bounce, Bounce)  
Knowin the shit that we spit (Make bitches wanna fuck)  
And make niggaz get on they grit (And yo shit don't)  
We officially bumped heads at the Lou Ou  
Niggaz are through now  
Who growled at the Holy Temple Bandits Crew style  
Niggaz are too foul  
Sole and Tech, and you can bet you'll never see em wet  
You sound like Chuck Rock, with a little bit of DMX  
Now I'ma end this by sayin Regime Life and 56 Vil  
Said Tech rappin on his shit payin for him and his kids meals  
I feel bad for the nigga, so I'ma let it out  
A gift from me to you, Ex-Cousin, Retalliate and go get breaded out...

(Chorus)

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(Outro)

NIGGA

A gift from me to you, this what you wanted, retaliate and go get yo bread  
(blows kiss)