

Tech N9ne, Like Yeah

(verse 1)

hey, it's time to get into some sin
you been listenin' to gibberish hits in the interum
them are done, 'cause here me come
so make you stand up, stand tough
hands up, damn ya
if you don't get it get rid off it, trip if you diggin' it*
i guess i got more than my balls and my word
i got broads in a herd, chasin' this and all on my nerve
they the illness, they feel this*
realness, chill bitch
i got this bed it's too crowded for you to come get in it
i spit that tech shiezter off to yall
it's crazy, even michael jackson said "it's off the wall"
i brought the sickness, big checks
live less, midwest
i be the best, don't forget that nobody can get with this
so when you see me in the spot, bow down trick
i eat, drink, sleep, dress, look and sound rich
so jump up, get funky up
crunked up, everyone must
stop with the jealousy with me the haters be riveted

(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L
E to the R uh dot
just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer
it's the gorilla
an if they feel ya*
they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah
mister, mister
quick to get witcha
chick if she get off quick for this*
she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

(verse 2)

i'm back with the heat and yes young fire produced it
with true spit i get lots of relish with strange music
my crew's thick, duece click and guess who's with two chicks
(tech n9ne) in my lou of caribou sick
it's super-doo lips
everybody in the party will lose it
vodka and mountain dew is the new shit
thanks to icy rock and demonica, we honor ya
and get so much money sometimes i feel like im wearing a yamika
you cannot monitor, my money i monetarily astonish ya
so what's with the bad comments and all the drama for
i can produce a picture,
stop with them truce and hitcha
i'm at the top but i can be mobbin' and shootin' witcha
chip on my shoulder now,
mr. nice guy is over wow
to a ritzy and older style*
from ditzy and gomer powell
look at my check swell
chicks with wet tails
ready to rock it in my pocket

got the trojan magnum XL

(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L

E to the R uh dot

just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer

it's the gorilla

an if they feel ya*

they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah

mister, mister

quick to get witcha

chick if she get off quick for this*

she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

(verse 3)

yeah, i think they with me mang,

yeah, yeah, this is for the city mang

the industry still punks

that's why they real slum

but when we indie's drop all our records we will dub

having a good time's a stackin' with travis be laid back

tour' about a hundred and fifty per slap and i made bat

haters of course you dough,

that im makin' a warped amount*

i got ozone, murderdog, double XL and drug accounts

(so whats all the fuss* about) Killer in and remorse out*

fuck on ceramia you heard that from the horse's mouth

it ain't comin' from RBC it ain't comin' from fontana

it's comin' from strange music's dontana in a clown manner

i take it from baritone, record this it's on chedda

honey you in your dreams, you wake up screamin' in falsetta*

MTV clipped me, birthday bash show

i got fans like cat castro, that'll boost my cash flow

MTV completely we sick of it,

won't give a bit

To see in my eyes, and my blood and my ligiments*

you can see that tecca nina don't give a shit

(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L

E to the R uh dot

just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer

it's the gorilla

everyday feel ya

they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah

mister, mister

quick to get witcha

chick if she get off quick

brother, she be like yeah, yeah, yeah