

Tech N9ne, Big Bad Wolf

Big Bad Wolf

(Hook)

I've got my Gun on spray, so don't try to (Pop! Pop!)
Run away Hit em with the big bad wolf 86 sick streak inside of me

(1st Verse)

I'm giving em a dilemma
The coming of a killer, the phantom of all niggas who wanna be "Nina" But listen
I kill a bitch in a vision of "Milli-Vanilli";
Motherf**kers who's being murdered by the big bad wolf
Computerism I'll give em a Push
Ripped you and your mocking crew, what you gonna do when I pop at you, glock at you
Fill em with the venom Who the f**k are you talking to?
Betray me? you crazy! The kind of souls say Kevin Spacey
Niggas hate me, cant face me Bitches like Cagney and Lacey, basically You can't ace me
I put that on school is the Lil Tracey, ya better mace me, cause I'ma f**k up a niggas career
If you think you trying to bite me, taste me; listen to me
Like guerilla monsoon I'ma a wolf, so I howl at the motherf**king moon
I can smell a rotten fella, cotton dwella; hella props to the jella, my nigga loom
2 little pigs Niggas who wanted to be the big bad wolf Tecca Nina clone
That's why this little piggy hit the carpet and the other little piggy stayed home
Chrome Huff and I'll puff And I'll blow that f**king mic down and stuff
Hit me with a silver bullet and get it outta me, cause a weak bullet is only a mini-technicality Follow
If you gotta be "Nina" to get a bigger salary motherf**ker
To bust flows like Joe's or like those who make relish and throw midwest blows at foes
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been peeking in my book nigga, look
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been peeking in my book nigga, look
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been peeking in my book nigga, look
You being a bitch as in Brooke, you're nothing but a crook
So you niggas can't f**k with the big bad wolf

(Hook)

I've got my Gun on spray, so don't try to (Pop! Pop!)
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(2nd Verse)

You thought you built yo rhyme Outta some brick
Tech N9ne Blew em away like sticks
Let's find Who got the way tight licks I bet mine You'll get em, cause they like this
The real shit Mama Mia Disagree-A I really better see a. Then be a
Cause when a nigga flowed what he wrote, sorry
That's all folks Ah-Ba-Dee-Ah-Ba-Dee-Ah-Ba-Dee-Ah
You little niggas You can't f**k with the wolf, you a devil with hooves and death books Came to a T
Satan, the lord rebutes ya The power of Christ compels you
To get the "Haff" away from the "Ish";
I'm spitting; you're losing, I'm sorry to tell you
Who the man now? Who the man now?
Motherf**ker You a student, put ya hand down
Trying to growl like a wolf Trying to pop like a Tech N9ne
Little nigga, you can't peck mine
I'ma hairy motherf**ker with whiskers and I flips a hella script from here to Lamaviska
Kiss the fist of a nigga who walks so hard on niggas like you, I'll get a goddamned blister Nigga I'll
Hit me with a silver bullet and get it outta me, cause a weak bullet is only a mini-technicality Follow
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(Hook)

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(Outro)

I've got my gat on ya tongue, so don't try to (Pop! Pop!) Duck and run
Cause I'ma let ya know that wolf in reverse says flow
I gotta big bad flow and I'ma let ya nigga know that I rip it, Cause I believe
Six, six, triple eight, forty-six, ninety-nine three Do ya know
Big Bad Wolf Smash Chrome Dome Long Gone