

Tech N9ne, Breathe

Never duck another mother fucker
Never duck another mother fucker
Nigga better delete it
put the cerebellum in killa mode
For real a foe can never get
with what a gorilla know
Killa syllable fillin'
yo biblical ritual the shit to get rid
Of yo pain hearing your pitiful game,
this is political pain
Deep in the pit of yo brain let it rain
with a unforgettable aim
Nigga lookin' for a spot to bust
Cause the homie that you killed
meant a lot to us
Buck instead of lookin' for a cock to fuck
Kill a nigga like he was rockin' a swastika
You can do it but you blew it
Cause lockin' up get your ride
on nigga is you rock or what?
Lots of luck,
you're really gonna need it hella heated
Mother fucker let the glock erupt (Box him up)
I don't wanna be the one
to get a milla meter in the gut
I wanna be the one to hit'em
with another milli cut up
In the middle I'm a little sick
And different I meant it
when I said it you remember that?
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)
you don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if your lookin' like a enemy (bust)
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we (Just) breathe

Chorus

"Breathe"
Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?
"Breathe"
They come bets to fight every fuckin'one
"Breathe"
Say some punks around and some funkin' comes
"Breathe"
Spray guns might result in you bussin' some
"Breathe"

Verse 2

Breathe, never let a hatin' mother fucker
see ya sweat
Bleed the chest no need regret
A fun day caper a Sunday paper
So I can read the rest I can dig it you can dig it
Put a nigga in the grave if he hate or penetrate
The loop of love
a nigga made if you step into me
You will never benefit
Nigga if I start it Imma finish it
Run up on a mother fucka
while he fuckin' a chick
Put a bullet in her head while suckin' the dick
Wasn't a bit of evidence baby it's irrelevant
You got it with yo nigga that's the luck of the grit

Bring pain 2 everyone in your face with the bane
You bury some its mother fuckin' shame
we carry guns
If you don't you're insane or very dumb
Teccanina's too rough, too hard, too tough
You scared cause a nigga know
A mother fuckin' round will spit
Fuckin' around with the killa clown and shit.
If you really wanna do it nigga we can step into
Put us up against some mother fuckers
and we runnin' thru it
Fuck a nigga buck a nigga
if he think he's a gorilla
Meant I when I said it you remember that
(hell mother fuckin' yeah)
You don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if you're lookin' like a enemy (bust)
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we breathe

Chorus

Verse 3

Get sprayed by the Tech 9 handgun
Now I'm on the out run
Flowin' the beginning hot cooked will done
Fuckin' wit a crazy insane warlord
Punks wanna trip but they know
I'm too mother fuckin' hard
Deadly ticking like a time bomb
Fuckin' with me you think you were in Vietnam
When I explode it's nothing
Left but remains for those who are froze
For fuckin' wit a nigga insane
Mentally minded mad mother fuckin' mad man
is out to attack
Sinkin' punks like quick sand
droppin' and poppin'
Any punk that bucks up bring a body bag
If you wanna get fucked up
There it is you little bitch made
nigga start runnin'
When I'm playin' with the trigga
of an uzi a twelve gauge
Really don't matter many suckas die
When the shot gun scatter
From block 2 block, hood 2 hood
Street 2 street boy you can't fuck with me
So 4 those who chose 2 jump up and talk shit
Admit ya bitch your little ass got lit
I don't wanna get a milla meter in the gut
I wanna be the one to hit'em
with another milli cut
Up in the middle I'm a little sick and different
I meant it when I said it you remember that?
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)
You don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if your lookin' like a enemy (bust)
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we (Just) breathe

Chorus

Repeat 2 times

