

Tech N9ne, Come Gangsta

(Intro: Some guys talking)

The spiked red hair...and the..and the, paint on his face
Whow, hold on man, Tech is losein' it man
He's not as grounded as he used to be
Tech was a devil worshiper
You know you see a black dude with red hair
And a long beard, I mean look he look scary to me too
Yeah that nigga Tech man he sellin' out man
That..that's he's doin' that for the white folks
That white shit he doin' man

(Verse 1: Tech N9ne)

I've been writing for
Nineteen years for sure
Hate rules in these times
Niggaz don't wanna see me shine
Stop me, and then try and tell me (Come gangsta)
And then compare me to Nelly (What ya bang bra)
so this songs gonna tell these,
so called gangster niggas
who the f**k has always been the bigger G.
Hey, I've been bustin'
And fizz knuckin' bitches
It tizz nothin' for years puffin'
I've been clutchin' riches from his muffin'
Heres f**k you niggaz this is toughin' I
(Don't know what the f**k you thinkin' tellin me this shit is hella fake)
Say, since way back in the days rappin'
The blaze happen
I raised raves craves days would blade packin'
And stayed saggin'
Theys wack Nina stays layed backin' I
(laugh at niggaz contantly they never know the money Nina makes)
Hey, this is amazin' how niggaz formulate they hatin'
You f**kin' fornicate your mistakin'
We can never coralate cause you fakin', huh
Who's bringin' in through the bacon, huh
Who's keepin' this shakin', huh
(Donny questions sinister Tech and Tecca nina niggas know the rest.)

Gay, is all you punks and mitch bades this in yo trunk won't get played on the radio
Too gangsta for an old lady bro
Gangsta niggaz don't hate me no
Wanksta niggaz won't face me though
(Talk big shit in books my people tellin' me I really need a vest)
Okay

(Bridge 1: Tech N9ne)

I rep the town harder than any of you niggaz
Where ever I stand my bills the same punk
And you got the nerve to tell me

(Hook: Tech N9ne)

Come gangsta
Throw your rags in the air
And know that nobody there
Will compare to your gangsta
Saggin' pants to the floor
Every womens a bitch or a whore
When your gangsta
Pack ya guns in the club
If they shrug to them thugs mean mug ya come gangsta
Is what they sayin' to me

(Verse 2: Tech N9ne)

I shoulda been done come wit a gun
For the ones who bump they gums who the one
Said a nigga was'nt gonna make another record said I was wack and washed up done
Said a nigga might scare lil' ones
He's a f**kin' nightmare, here he comes
Really red hair and my face painted

They said (Gangsta)

Messy Marv and Corleon is so (Gangsta)

But I really ain't (Gangsta)

I need to come up wit a (Gangsta)

Scratch the scratch and my nigga fat tone is so (Gangsta)

You need a bit of that (Gangsta)

You need to hang wit a (Gangsta)

Mr. Stinky vicalante so (Gangsta)

Brother Lynch is (Gangsta)

The bigga figga is (Gangsta)

57 RDVs are so (Gangsta)

The nigga fifty is (Gangsta)

They say

When you in them streets, creep creep

Cause some gangstas want a head blast

Cause I run with the red rags

And try make the feds flash

Try to swipe my bread stash

(that bullshit I'm gon skip and try to go and get the money grip)

Okay, you niggaz kill me in Nosferatu Vampire bit my shit

Cause you niggaz fill me surprised that I got you right here with my shit

So you gotta be thankfull to who?

By the way homie what's gangsta to you?

(Money, dope and alcohol and plenty bitches all up on your dick)

I got that

How can C-Bo be wrong?

How can Yukmouth be wrong?

How can Lynch be wrong?

How can 2Pac be wrong? Bitch!

(Hook)

(Verse 3: Tech N9ne)

I've been nice to you rapper cats for a long time

I left Kansas City so them other cats can gon shine

But it seems these punks are confussed because I'm my own kind

But I'm back on deck cause Kansas City is who's throne? Mine!

This ain't no punk shit

Nigga this is strenght at it's finest

I made this shit so you all you sins can rewind it

Meaning, you pussys who says this Tech shit ain't hard for real

And try to disregard the real

You mutherf**kers is hard to feel

I get your death threats cause I'm the king bitch

Money, groupies, drugs, alcohol and bling shit

But I stay a head of the game

And you punks is so late

Cause my 1 gangsta track, will demolish your whole tape

I've been with every rapper who's legendary

Underground to mainstream know that Tech is very hard

Cause I bring the heater

Love me cause I'm your leader

Bitches they suck my peter

While I drinkin' Margaritas

Niggaz get layed down

Seven displayed sounds

N9ne the crayzed clown
Lines like sprayed rounds
This is for all you haters who don't pump my shit
If you say this ain't gangsta then you can suck my dick!
I might look like a clown
But you niggaz sound like a motherf**kin' circus
F**k you motherf**kers!

(Outro: Yukmouth)

This nigga is the tightest nigga movin' man
I mean...Tech N9ne will demolish all you niggaz
From the stage show, to rockin' the mic you name it
Thats why I roll wit him he my favorite rapper real talk
Tech N9ne