

Tech N9ne, Constantly Dirty

Verse 1

Ain't nobody ever gave me a thang in my lifetime
So I'm on my own standin' strong
Holdin' chrome, disrespect my villains
Get'em gone, early mone, on the cone
Getting' my hussle on
I stays dirty, chippin, choppin', flippin birdies
I'm pushin' 30, vision clear I'm neva blurry
Plot and plan strategic mission I'm on my toes
I stays wit fam my mans and shake these fuckin' foes
Lord knows, all the different situation trials and tribulation,
Aggravations that a nigga's facing
I get complacent, that's my ass I'm a memory
They spillin' liquor on the curb when they mention me
But ain't no fear in me, get it how you live
That's if you hearin' me, then dug down and dig.
Lace yo boots, man prepare for this struggle
Stay in them trenches hella dirty, grit and hussle.

Chorus

Ain't nobody ever gave me nothing
I'm on my own, I was down and dirty when I was young
But now I'm grown and I continue to struggle you heard me
Me and my niggas in the coarse and we constantly dirty
(Repeat 2x)

Verse 2

Nigga, I gotta pocket full g's I'm constantly
Serving my Nina knock'em to they knees I'm constantly dirty
Supervillian check my powers I get the early worm
Chop withoppers loose the kopper's with just a single turn
True to life through the mic they got me telling stories
With the fame and the lights I feed my territory
Gutter living with precision them busters know they phoney
Flipp my profit keep on rockin' it for my dead homies
They wanna follow my shadow and waddle in mudd
It's the infallible cannibal with the dirty gloves
Absolute with this power they call me realistic
Savage with cabbage still coming up off that Vill living
Giving my life to the night on the dirty
All my might when it's right then we strike on'em early
Twisted life living dirty, super savage I'm out to get that bread
Gutter living that's my habit until they rest my head

Chorus

(Repeat 2x)

Verse 3

Which one of ya'll can I holla at when it's time for me to pay rent
And who you think gone lone me money once my last is spent
I got a even shorter list of people to call on when I'm in a pinch
So I might just walk around with my jaws clinched like the Grench
I'm headed for trouble cause I can't sit here and struggle
How can I bubble if I don't get out and hustle?
I'm in the wind put the spud on the muzzle
Put on my hood and grab my gloves and my shovel
Tie up my boots because the mud gets thick
Then hit a lick so quick they think I love this shit
Real life gutter living nigga coming straight from the brain
Some handle the stress others break from the pain
It's been fifteen of the damdest and ain't nothing changed but the weather
Times are still getting harder and niggas can't stick together
All thru my teens, twenty's seven when I'm thirty
Txx Will a be gritty, grimey, constantly dirty

Chorus
(Repeat 2x)

Verse 4

Ain't nobody gave me nothin' but God
He gave me talent these civilians
Perpetrating a fraud, that point is valid
Got niggas sayin' they made me
The only thing that was maybe was music
Cause nobody ever properly paid me
Don't get it twisted that little money was appreciated
It got me out there again glad that's alleviated
But the nigga that say I didn't have a following before Mitchell Bade
Hit the streets must be inebriated
Soon as Mitch hit it hit because we some talented
Mutha fuckers but they still talk shit
Keep that shit low black, that shit be getting' back
2 a nigga that will fight 4 you at the drop of a hat
I tried to tell'em let me do this here
They talkin' like they don't want Nina getting' thru this year
I'm still strugglin' hard, how can niggas disregard I'm 30
Watch what you say when you speak to little birdies
I'm constantly dirty

Chorus
(Repeat 4x)