

# 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 with hoppers 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)