

# Tech N9ne, Einstein Tech N9ne

Einstein...TECH N9NE  
Einstein...TECH N9NE

What, 2-thou style  
Midwest Side  
TECH N9NE, the anthem nigga  
Like this, what

If you got scratch nigga  
Get the fuck up  
Throw your hands up  
If you hella fucked up  
Einstein, TECH N9NE  
Two triple zip  
Crack a jaw, whip 'em all  
If they wanna trip  
Ladies with the bar codes  
Meet me after this  
Maybe you can show me  
The meaning of abyss  
Everybody on the wall  
Momma is a bzzz  
Had her at the Budgetel  
Stroking on my dzzz  
This ones for the psychos  
Gang bangers and sluts  
Bumbs holding the pipe  
Those college graduate fucks  
I feel for no foes  
I kill till I close my trap  
I'm ill when I flow  
And you never doze when I rap  
TECH TECH  
Gimme women and much alcohol  
And I'm straight  
Eat drink and be merry  
Yo come tomorrow  
Might be your fate  
Yo look look over there  
It's that nigga with the hair  
TECH and Juan, what a pair  
The rest equals MC squares, what

Hook:  
Who got this mutha fuckin  
House on lock (Who)  
Einstein (Huh what)  
TECH N9NE  
Dwamn  
Who keeps it sizzling  
Who keeps it hot (Who)  
Einstein (Huh what)  
TECH N9NE  
Dwamn  
Kc MO Roll  
Kc MO Roll

Everybody witness  
My soul sickness  
If you dig TECH  
When he's twisted  
Then go get this  
Bringing the house down  
When I rip shit

Like the plates shifted  
Angels come in many shades  
Either drunk or lifted  
The Einstein meaning gifted  
Too slick to get with  
Two years ago  
My shit was broke  
But now I fixed it  
With the quickness  
You missed it  
When I used to roll with  
Misfits and Nitwits  
But now who I do biz with  
Ain't none of yo business  
Blood thirst in the church now  
The earth's the worst  
Clutch your purse  
When we lurk  
Cause we cursed from work  
Trying to  
Party like a mutha fucka  
Broke as a joke  
Don't hire me  
But you arrest me  
When I'm selling my dope  
So who's the Einstein  
In N9NE N9NE  
TECH N9NE  
I'm crime mind  
In my prime  
Rhyme time  
I'm mixing  
One fifty-one  
With Malibu rum  
And pineapple juice  
Among all my angels  
And wicked ones

We be the party people night and day

living crazy is the only way (wha?)  
Einstein  
Get it where I got you when I'm on it  
Einstein  
Rockin like you mother fuckers want it

Hook

What do we say  
To haters off top  
Haters got beef  
They thinking we got  
We gon' get postal  
If it don't stop  
You can get ghost  
Or you can get shot  
Generation X  
Gon party till the death  
Anybody tripping  
Gettin greeted with a stretch  
Taking everything  
And we're leaving nothing left  
Demons gotta die  
Have 'em breathing last breaths  
I feel that

I got will  
And I'm gon bill  
Till I'm killed  
Bell till I bail  
If I fail  
Then I'm gon steal  
What I will  
TECH is a realist  
Running with killas  
You better vill this  
Be the witness  
To the coldest  
When I hold this dick  
They break camp  
When I flow this  
Einstein go the ill route  
Throw up your hands  
If you're villed out  
Or if you're real sauced  
I told ya'll I'm cold  
Dog I flows  
All heat  
I'm representing  
Rogue Dog  
Rogue Dog  
Fifty-seventh street  
What

Hook

Einstein...TECH N9NE (x5)