

Tech N9ne, Einstein Tech N9ne

Einstein...TECH N9NE
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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)