

# Tech N9ne, F.T.I.

Kutt go show how it feels  
to be voided but listen  
First I'll make you miss it,  
like the senate was missin  
Patricia Hearst cause I been in it for a minute  
Put minutes in till it hurt, not for minute will I let  
you diminish my men at work  
And I been hurting trying to fathom the burden  
But grieved not I put in work, inside and out  
I'm deserving a clean shot  
You people nursing every NERD  
you encourage to speak not  
Or you'll get murdered, you ain't heard  
how the industry seized Pac

## Verse 2

Somebody help the fame hurtin  
I won't fall for the bullshit  
So fuck ya'll wit a hard dick  
drop jaws when we barge in ya turn bitch  
In front of hard men most rappers are garbage  
Mitch bade are target how soon de forget that  
Strange is the hardest wit a line up of artists  
Do it regardless  
it's all about where your heart is  
You can start this but Strange gonna finish it  
Menice rhyme spoken  
in every line it presented in

## Chorus

To all you hataz in power we say  
(Fuck the Industry, Fuck the Industry)  
Jack yo placks put'em down on ebay  
(Fuck the Industry, Fuck the Industry)  
And all you boogie ass chumps can't touch us  
The industry is some punk mutha fuckers  
You tell'em FTI when anybody ask ya  
Fuck the industry, they the enemy

## Verse 3

Fuck this industry man  
I'll make it happen boy  
With fat change this rap thing  
Full of hoes and hataz and hat gain  
The CEO don't want no part to this do  
Cuz if you're fuckin up against  
My firm is squakin at you mean carkas is thru  
The A.R. better stay in this car  
cuz I'm parkin it to  
Don't hate Brim cause I'm talking the truth  
My dogs is barking at you  
so you better get your mind right  
Deuce clik representation we in the lime light

## Verse 4

This rage is against the machine  
Turn these pages and flip till they clean  
And what remains is 4 Krizz 2 be seen  
So I say "Fuck the Industry"  
Cause da speech that u preach to do people  
Is so evil so "fuck your ministry"  
How they ever gon' say what we gon' say  
How they ever gon' say what we gon' do  
Here I come 4 the mon and I'm comin with a gun

Now tell me what I will and I won't do  
F - Fear em they blast hoes  
T - Tear 'em a new asshole  
I - Infect their mind wit this lyrical blindness

Chorus

Verse 5

Hey Skatterman I heard you rollin' with Tech  
But I still ain't signed  
cuz I'm a problem for these record execs.  
How can they market  
a young black political target?  
Who done took coca leaves  
beacon soda and enlarged it  
Into crack rocks selling crack rocks for a livin'  
From the black top  
where we jack cops for a livin'  
So fuck the industry and damn the beats  
I ain't just in the street  
I'm Skatterman, I am the streets, Nigga

Verse 6

You got a smile glarin', cause you get it packed  
I got yo gal starin', cause you minute mack  
You go yo mouth swearing that yo hit is plack  
You hatin' file-sharing cause your shit is wack  
Sampled yo CD listened and it was cheesy  
No cable box 4 your TV no label watch for your breezy  
We ride feel the pain  
from inside fuck yo fame cause it died  
Said yo thang was about the game claimed  
Then he banged but you lied  
Bout yo artist but yo artist is the farthest  
From the harest but you market  
This bark at this bunk dirty carpet  
Shit game is out smarted  
Oops somebody farted bout to spark this shit  
Niggas are retarded look what you've started  
Cerami Mark is pissed  
Imma break it down for you clowns  
In the industry chain  
(Fuck perspective Warner Bros., Qwest and JCOR's name)  
Strange, we independent and you suckas  
Are the enemy you fuckin up the industry  
You bustas will remember me

Chorus

Repeat 2 times