

# Tech N9ne, Message To The Black Man

[intro: Tech N9ne]

This song is very close and dear to my heart, man  
To be able to say something like this  
It takes a hella motherfucker to say it  
This song is dedicated to all my people  
Its called "Message To The Black Man"  
Check it out

[chorus]

My people you supposed to be  
My poeple ain't cha  
But my people ain't something that I see  
Cuz they not never you at my shows  
We've been all over the globe  
Ya we been makin the doe  
But cha all spending it

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But my people ain't something that I see  
Cuz they not never you up on my records  
If you at my shows  
Y'all dont no I'm about to become boss and  
Take control

[1st verse: Tech N9ne]

It started on the slave shift  
If field niggas would eventually take the day shift  
Would house niggas inside loyalty may shift  
And identify us now we still need a race lift  
Fuck a face lift I ain't changing my identity  
For energy for any thats obsenity  
Now in 2000 and 7 we sippin ain't no remidy  
Jealousy indian murder like you in kinamy  
Guess we ain't nigga we go hard in the paint nigga  
Still when you see me out you ain't the one who faint nigga  
Its the other fans from the other lands  
They listen to me more then my sister and brother man  
I could see if I was a wack mother fucker  
Bitching about the way my people act mother fucker  
But I do spit my people dont be so fuck'n reclusive  
Get off of your lazy ass like you know something about music

[chorus]

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[2nd verse: Tech N9ne]

You cry about the way I paint my face  
It ain't your taste well homie let my state my case  
Im not a devil or damn jester roomers can fester

Never uplift a demon with an image of my ancestor  
African act like you see me when you be traffican  
Laughter when you frown up at me your hatred is baffelin  
You watch american idol my people might paint the tribalin  
Symbolizes not evil but that were still survival  
You niggas be so tuff the moment we roll up  
Your upper lip rolled up you hatin me so wut  
Everyone knows us my city is sold up  
My shows crushed but cha dont show up  
They say its more the money bitches whores  
Its funny this is war my people at his door  
And I'm knocking mean wile we rocking  
Globally and its sad man  
Look like attendants  
Got my people lookin real bad man

[chorus]

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[3rd verse: Tech N9ne]

I wouldnt be bitchin if I didnt want you around me  
The way you write me up as a demon astounds me  
Brother linch, 40 water, federation, dmx  
Buster rhymes, quincy, and x clan found me  
Brother jay homie he whipped me till this day homie  
Who you know is blacker then that  
With a staffer and lack  
My people up in the tragidy and they rap  
Im immaculate maybe they grab it  
If I was blastin a mack  
Attack and my people  
Cuz I'm black and I'm leathel  
With this rap but I'm trapped  
But I'm crack  
Why you be so close minded  
When I'm rhyme it  
Wishing you could find it  
Everybody but you mother fuckers get behind it  
And I'm doper then king nigga  
Message to weed nigga  
Rockin sold out shows is where I'm gonna nigga  
And thats all I sell out its something you should see nigga  
Betcha would come see nigga  
If I told you it was free nigga

[chorus]

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[outro]

Act like you know I'm your very own, motherfuckers  
Ardcore shit, stop buying all that bootleg bullshit, too  
Support your mutherfucking artist  
And big scoob said, when he finds out who's fuckin'  
Bootleg in the summer edition, Rogue Dog shit  
Hes at that motherfucking ass  
And I'm right behind his motherfucking ass, you dig me?  
Tech N9ne, Nigga!