

Tech N9ne, Riot Maker/Enjoy

(Tech N9ne)

This song is dedicated to Brian B'z'l Dennis
and all of the 57th Street Rogue Dog Villians
Real Riot Makers.

This one right here's for the Riot Makers!
The moshers! The stompers! The jail breakers!
We gon start this shit off right!
We got KCMO in the house tonight!
We gon start this shit off right! (Off right!)
We got Tecca Nina in the house tonight! (Come on!)

This is the moment for riders and thugs
Strippers in body bags, empassin violence and drugs
Poverty, a bunch of minorities die in the clubs
They say my music's makin 'em lose it, I write it in blood
This is my music for all my people missin my music
Keep listenin to it, and like I said, get a pistol and use it
Satan shot my homie Maintain with a missile and blew it
for the industry, 'cause he was one of the truest..

I don't know why they keep pumpin it's somethin
Maybe in the music they wanna be bumpin
it's crunk and it's hella haterific
Throw your set up in the air is all the DJs really wanna play
when October is lookin bloody and Satanistic
Killas from everywhere listen to me when I be bustin shit
then turbulence, don't get nervous when I wreck arenas
Concert promoters in Honolulu don't wanna see me
'cause they say that Somoans will riot on Tecca Nina 'cause I'm a..

RIOT MAKER! That's if you don't know... I'm a..
RIOT MAKER! They mosh at my shows... I'm a..
RIOT MAKER! And I come out bustin... I'm a..
RIOT MAKER! RIOT MAKER! I don't give a damn about nuthin!
I'm a sly drinker... I'm a skyscraper..
Riot maker

Hop in a mosh pit fa sho!
You push, you shove, you get elbowed!

Back on 'cause this for Fat Tone and Mac Dre
all of the soldiers who got gone on that day
All my people's thats sittin in prison
this is for you so wont you listen to the shit that I'm spittin?
F**k the law and the government they'll hymn yo ass up
They'll do everything in their power to get a fast buck
No right or wrongs, just killer bees out for your honeycomb
But you'll find out, when you bind out, you can be free if your money long
Ever been to one of my shows? Yeah, it might be crazy
In Ohio, that shit got a little too hyphy, baby
Stage diving and crowd surfing couldn't hold back
But they dropped her, now she's unconscious with her skull cracked
Now when this happened, it wasn't even during my set
They wanted me to give a sign to post up the hospital debt
When Travis told me we got papers, I thought he was playin..
This bitch is suin Tecca Nina for a hundred grand! 'cause I'm a..

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I'm a sly drinker... I'm a skyscraper..
Riot maker

Stand back if you frightened!
Yeah! Get back 'cause we fightin!

I'm a skyscraper..
That's why everybody in my path is tryna get a little piece of my paper
Man I swear, the Nina will never love them, plug them
when I'm rollin with Skatterman and Snug Brim!

(Skatterman)
It's Skatterman, cat, Strange Music's black sheep. (Why?)
'cause I'm still countin money off the back streets
Every city, every show, I got to pack heat
This ain't no f**king rap song, check my rap sheet
I'm one of a kind, turn one into nine
Blow your head off your shoulders, dog, it's nothin but time
And I never raise my voice. You a bum, why should I holler on you?
With a whisper I can drop a couple dollars on you
Sss..sss... sick them rottweilers on you
Killers bustin out the windows of Impalas on you
A made man in the streets, I made grams
Wrote lyrics about my life, dropped an album, and made fans
Now I'm chillin on tour with the redhead wonder
Do 57 shows in a three month summer
Any deuce bitch ass nigga f**kin with Tech
gonna be found in some park with his nuts in his neck

(Snug Brim)
Like you ain't know, we put it down like this
Snug Brim, Kansas City, Missouri, uzi, groupies, doobies, and fins
Suzy Qs ain't no excuse for the sin
So watch your tongue, if you movin we come to shootin up at you and your bitch
You just assume you tried the shoes, they ain't fit
You never knew that I lose you off in the section with your dude in the ditch
Whether it's reppin dog, or movin them bricks
I keep it gutta little homie, look my records, see I'm doin it big
As you can tell I ain't no regular nigga... I'm filled with star qualities
I hang out with bitches that's naked... and watch the bra swallow me
It's always solo, you can't fake it.. so don't try ta follow me
You still can't get back up on your feet... You right back where you ought to be
I see you failin 'cause Strange Music got it locked boy
Invest yo stock boy, Kansas City hot boy
It's really f**k a hata, some some weed, get ya papa
You can see me now or later, muthaf**kin Riot Maker. 'cause I'm a

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We will... shut this muthaf**ka down
We will... tear up your muthaf**kin town!

Since 1985... Six, six, triple eight, forty six, ninety nine, three..
Welcome... to Everready..
Enjoy