

Tech N9ne, S.I.M.O.N. Says

Verse 1:

Simon says I can make a grip if I unload this clip
And empty off in another, if I want to get payed
Aint no games to be played
Scarface I watch on a daily basis
Smokin laces
Goin different places
Stickin millie in they faces
No cases
Lucky me
Cuzz Simon said im gonna live through the shoot of sellin
Big budda
Blunts big enough for a pharmacital distrubtor
Pimp you tha
Go down on how many words demanded me
And Bakari, Evil Ward, PKW
I ran this
My shit was landed
Playa vision was my decison
Fuckin school cuzz my teachers a fool for followin rules
When I make that run, when I make that sound when I pop that gun
Leaving demons numb
Releasing feecies, piss and cum
Now my futures looking manic, satanic, forces ran it
Dammnit, im ?, straight up panic
And it dont matter none to me cuzz Simon got my head
Im mentaly dead
And i'll pump you full of lead
Just because Simon said

Chorus:

Simon says
Sex, Indiga, Money, Obsession, Neglect
Oh yea
Simon says

Verse 2:

Bitches, Biancas, and Biatchresses is all the same
Simon says he already equipped me with hella game
What did he want from me?
Small deeds
And get nothing, but i'll run up in it, all creeds, planting the seeds
He said I can stick it with no protection
I know flection, with a hoe with no J on my erection
Its not a god call, hittin this fraud wall, im just an oddball
Running back and forth through Todd Hall
All, these bitches, swingin on my inches
Thinkin that they gettin white picket fences, on my expenses
Simon said no worries
Akuna Matata, but my dick is heated like an anchalota
Its gettin hotta
Nobody move, nobody get burned
Bullshit if I more flex, I guess im on it when I get dressed in the latex
I bone it
But I dont cum
Niggas like me end up dead fucked up naked head
Just becasue Simon said

Chorus: 2x

Verse 3:

Sex, Indiga, Money, Obsession, Neglect
Thats waht S.I.M.O.N meens
But I heard this voice say "Hey Tech what about your dreams?"

Fuck that dreamin and do this dirt, said thats how im gonan win
You gotta act liek you want to be livin fat like a samoin
Could it be endless listening to Simon
This time I chose to kick rhymes
Get mines, the big times waitin for me
Was tryin to get signed
Heard my moms got a record deal with Jimmy Jam and Terry Louis
Prospective, now im the straight bomb
BOOM, in the face, im on the paper chase
Simon said he couldnt beleive I resorted to rhymin
Throw your shit togather
No time for relaxin
Time to go back to popin your 9 milli jackin
So what, im stuck, but, im hearing voices saying fuck that nigga named Simon
Get with a nigga named Diamond
And now, a nigga from the MidWest
Is bout to have these biancas hearing me wide spread
FUCK WHAT SIMON SAID!

Chorus 3x