

# Tech N9ne, Why You Ain't Call Me

(Tech N9ne)

To whom it may concern...

(Chorus)

Why you ain't call me?

You know I'm the hardest, you know that my art is applauded

Why you ain't call me?

I'm not broken-hearted, but I couldv'e been old when I started

Why you ain't call me?

You know I'm the hardest, you know that my art is applauded

Why you ain't call me?

You sleep on my music and that's a damn shame 'cause I slam my bang

(Verse 1)

I've been inside every hip-hop circle you could imagine

Gangster or Pop, even backpackers know that I'm real good at rappin'

I was strugglin' back in the day when my hood was lackin'

yo so I'm 'bout to talk about what shoulda, woulda and coulda happened

If music was about inovatin' and penetratin' generations by generatin' musical intergration

It wouldn't be about limitation and demonstration

imitation within a blatant looks just disentigratin'

It ain't about the music, it's just about the fame

If you ain't popular homie, then you just out the game

If video and radio don't frequently announce your name

They don't know your music even though you blow most out the frame

But a closed mouth don't get fed when it stays shut

Lay cuts with Tecca Nina 'cause he can straight bust

Say what? You ain't heard of me gettin' paid bucks?

Torrent y'all see me rippin' the stage up

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

I've been on tour with Hov, 'bout 27 shows

Why he ain't have me on a record only heaven knows

Maybe he missed us, missin' the big picture

that this is a fixture, aw yeah, he got Twista!

Well Twista's my homie and we both from the Midwest

and I guess Hov ain't lookin' for another speedy rapper kid yet

Me collaboratin' with them was all in me dreams

Matter fact the only one of 'em called me was Beens

He told me he played you The Industry Is Punks

and you loved it so you know Tech is what the industry would want

I started down at the bottom, got with TOG and then it payed

but I wouldv'e loved to been on the third verse of Renegade

They must think I'm a stick of dynamite with no stem

That's probably why I got D12 but no Em!

But I burst flame and I bet that y'all know my first name

'cause I'm the hardest this side of Earth mane

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

This ain't no hate-mail, this a love letter

I love you niggas' music and I hope is does better

I just wish you woulda hit a brother that love cheddar

but I'm ballin' now and I'm better than I was EVER

Space age flows like Jesse and Primrose

Tin-fold, I used to open-up, now I end shows

Grim road, when you one of the best with slim dough

and you ain't got Dre, Storch, Pharrell and no Timbo

I've met almost half of the DTP

but the couple times I spoke to Luda, don't think he see me

Had never met I-20 but he spoke at BET

Shawwna love me, Field Mob and Chingy decently speak me  
So I'ma re-inaurate the game, it's all fame  
and you don't get no play if you an emcee with a small name  
If I wanna get on TV I guess I gotta call Pain  
and Nelly, my great-grandmother's name is Maud Haynes

(Hook)

Maybe I'm trippin', full of delusion  
Maybe it come from all the drugs I was usin'  
Maybe I am the best thing that you ever saw  
Maybe I'm wrong and you don't know me at all  
I guess I'm blinded, I got reminded  
that none of you just will ever know who the N9ne is  
and you never heard of the homie from the Show-me  
PUNK THAT! I know you niggas know me

(Chorus x2)