

# Tech N9ne, Yada, Yada, Yada

(Verse 1)

Just think, what if I could just, just blink this shit away.  
Niggas think, because a nigga bust, I got grips and grips of pay.

The pain grows in fame and kangols with change  
And strange hos who bang in range roves for thangs,  
Same shows with lames the rain woes will stain insane  
Foes who drain and hang bros with brains

If you caught it that means you got it, and if you brought it,  
That means you should've shot it cause I'm about ta, drop  
The real ya need a lot to kill a leader, prop the  
nina nigga or pop the milli meter

Demarco I'm bout to spark flow your bark so harsh  
But parts gon make you heart blow, blood  
And don't be wassin' me cuzzin' me buggin me bout dubs  
I'll be mud till these clubs really lovin me

It hurts my nigga to hurt my nigga but hurt  
My nigga is what's inspiring these spurts my nigga  
At first my nigga, used to be my homey, used to  
Be my ace, yellin' you gon slap the taste out my mouth

Nigga I never scare sebwafares everywhere,  
If you need me believe me its easy, to put holes in  
Shakra teasy watch the wezzy he's lots of talk  
4 sheezy

(Chorus)

Some say I should worry and watch where I walk (yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada

Nigga that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock

(Repeat 2x)

(Verse 2)

The industries faulty industry salty (man)  
The industry cost me industry brought me (pain)  
The industry taught me industry caught me (strange)  
And you niggas know that the industries awfully (bane)

I ain't a snake nigga all I did is make niggas  
Money was sunny now it's funny you playa hate  
Niggas, over some cake the fate of a show me state  
Nigga in my face will be Don Juan the great 2 late nigga.

I don't speak a lot I peep a lot I creep a lot  
And people who speak are usually weak and out 4  
Peace and no beef a lot remember we used  
2 kick it like bros now you niggas act  
like bitches and hos

Wit your licorice souls,  
Tecca9 I got the wickedest flows  
No kid in his mold on misery  
Never will get wit this rogue, I'm pissed  
At his whole little fisad of crip that is sold  
Instead of a rap I should've twisted his nose

Who kept short nitty from killin you me, who  
Kept Dyamund from drillin' you me

Who kept villain niggas from vill dealin' you me,  
So now you can take away me and keep on talking  
Crazy and Imma let em know where you  
Keep yo baby and where you stay D.

(Chorus)  
(Repeat 2x)

(3rd Verse)

You can't turn enough mutha fuckers against me  
You can't find a harder rapper that'll convince me  
I'm wit the Canty's the Ashby's the Whitebears  
LeJeunes the Harrises and the mutha fuchkin Timley's

The Theorys the Byers the canadys you know the  
Famillys that are known to be bad 4 humanity  
Can he be bad, can he be tough can he be  
Rough no cream puffs are considered to be rough enough

Nobody likes you not even yo bitches imma  
Witness they sick of yo disrespectful way of speaking  
explicit always talking about how big yo dick is,  
better hope Anghellic, go multi platinum to get your riches

Blood, this is the end of men who were once friends  
And then, one asshole thought he was somethin when  
Punks bend over they get fucked (get fucked) hand over  
Them Tech tapes or get stuck (get stuck)

You must think I'm soft 4 talkin to Icy Roc  
Bout knockin the nina out I'm trippin without  
A doubt, Imma tell you who really is ya friends,  
Vell Barkardi and maybe you and him can get  
Together and tell it like it is again

Its over man, I hope you brought ya navacane  
I know the pain, is slowly taking over brain.  
So calm that mutha fuckin wombat I don't  
Need no Don Juan tracks to come bomb on raps.

(Chorus)  
(Repeat 2x)