

D.K.N.Y

Tech N9ne

[Tech N9ne:]

A young lady was talking to me the other day ask me if I heard a new song called Bob (Battery Operated Boyfriend), and when I think about it from as far back as I can think, Almost every woman I can remember had one, but I ain't the kinda nigga that just take that lightly like oh that's nothing, that's normal for a woman to have a dildo, my mind goes to why do they need it, cause we absent, then I ask myself why are we absent, then I think about us Being takin into slavery where learning to read was forbidden, Can't read won't have a proper education, no proper education, can't get a proper job, don't have a proper job, don't have money to live and eat, Gotta eat to live so you do the only other thing you know that'll definitely put food on the table, hustle dope on the streets, Hustle dope, might have to kill another nigga, kill somebody go to the Feds, go to the Feds for ever ever ever, get to sleeping with them boys, do that might contract aids, get out give that to your woman, she give it to the next nigga, you and that nigga start funkkin, one of the niggas kill the other, then it's the same cycle all over again, we absent, dead or in jail, no I ain't that kinda nigga.

I am not the cryin bitch,
I get up out to try and grit,
Put my vocal tape I sell it then I'm a get to buyin shit,
Made it up out the lions pit,
No fuckin the n9ne this is some high n mighty spit I'm rhyming in the year the Mayans writ, destruction,
introductions to new fuck men,
Working for the government,
Snups and lust they trust in,
I was in the golf when us had a post reduction,
But for the soldiers stuffed in dust we gotta turn up the cups then,
And party with they families,
We kickin it to anarchy we granted these insanities the kid would get humanity,
Vanishing is who standing in vanity,
Damn it B L O O D you scammed that T you die under canopy,
I don't trip off with another nigga do
And I don't lip off to another niggas crew if I ain't got a trigger to I'm tryin to live a few, they say do your thing
you different kinda nigga you.

[Chorus:]

Close to my rage,
And far from a jiggaboo,
Do your thing,
You different kinda nigga you,
Over came the shit that they be giving you,
Do your thing you different kinda nigga you,
Close to my rage,
And far from a jiggaboo,
Do your thing,

You different kinda nigga you,
Over came the shit that they be giving you,
Do your thing you different kinda nigga you.
[Krizz Kaliko:]
I'm a different,
B R E E D,
And I live it,
See the people lovin on me,
And I give it,
My hardware including the arteries
I don't be horrible like me if you ain't water soluble,
I use it,
How you gonna change the game if you ain't got game changin music,
And I lose it whenever niggas ain't the same and they plain Jane and april fools it,
I beastly slipped and like my sides is greasy till the industry on the eyes it ain't so easy,
Lookin at me like a leopard,
Now they lovin the keffer,
Lookin like I'll never make it,
Lookin like it own pepper,
While my musics so Sebastian Bach,
When the world ain't thinking like I'm thinking better dummy it up but the cash is stopped,
I gotta smash it a Asher Roth that'll shake the spot,
And there's only so much time in this song, and I gots to say a lot,
Tryin to get paper fore the paper stop I'll make a plot to make my bank account look like Vegas minus the
bacon twat,
It's effortless for me to pepper it with cleverness but they just gimme
A glimpse of the pimps who they be steppin in,
Got em guessing what I'm gonna (do)
Never change my lyrics (to)
Be jeffin with you jigga (boo)
Different kinda nigga (you)
Close to my rage,
And far from a jiggaboo,
Do your thing,
You different kinda nigga you,
Over came the shit that they be giving you,
Do your thing you different kinda nigga you,
Over came the shit that they be giving you,
Do your thing you different kinda nigga YOU!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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