

# Bitch Sickness

## Tech N9ne

TECH N9NE:

(chorus) i will mistake your bitch sickness gets dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick kiss this

dick... x21st verse:

this is the beginning

i only been it for winning

through every inning

till the ending chase g's these pretty women

are just here to make my ride a full course with all the trimmings

women in my water tank and drinkin henn and lemon

its realistic you got ur twisted lifted off the feat i keep 6 clips with my heat like im enlisted, nigga this is far

from the army navy or marines, we forming the gravy newly recruit criminal team,

to make the green, fuck u fakers my eyes dreamy, for that

2000 years we doors like lamborghini or carrera porche, still enforced ones with flava, bitch save the royal

playas dont hate an innervator...TECH N9NE 2nd verse:

u gotta disease nigga, so please ease away from me's nigga, my feas ease be's about that cheese nigga, your PH

balanced for a man but made for the woman lets understand this, niggas backwards ish hop when do the shit

stop nigga like a land lets live and learn, about to playa hate when a nigga get his Gs, flippin hella keys, fuckin

bitches money got the riches when the other mitches working miccy d's, i done seen niggas straight hate me,

mean mug me, wanna slug me, currency thickness due to the bitch sickness, this tecca nina, niggas hate me

thinking that they're grass is greena, they the tortoise and im the huffin hyeena, never dealin witta bitch, nigga

this one goes to the bitch ones hoes this one flows like a quick gun blows when the bitch shit unfoldsTECH

N9NE:

(chorus) i will mistake your bitch sickness gets dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick kiss this

dick... x23RD VERSE:

when the bullets fly squat knee high, like magnum P.I. lace my chucks up vest up this life is messed up they the

fake on a playa hata, low like snake beat a snitch to beat the cakes its straight laugh at your wake, ur outta shape

to take the H u been losing the race couldnt keep the pace butta hates just seeling ur fate, talkin wut u at wut u

gone do, like u the man, bumpin two bazooka tools in a dented trans am you living dreams, like a crack fiend

who say he clean, when we riding beams you steam we drunk off lean, life for riches, gold diggas havin finesse,

put a slug to ur chest with that bitch sickness4th verse:

i hit it high i got it so go get this with the quickness, im anti biotics for that bitch sickness a few (?) i spot it the

scope made them open they mouth to see if mah (?) dick fit bitch nip this shit in the butt split or split twist

above flick the bic light let my lips hit the but aint no trying.... the bud brains on drugs, investigate a over

resperator rain unplugged, since im ballin rhyme they all in mine for this one love, u aint knowing this R&G

prodegy is building flowin dope selling to the paper touch the ceiling...TECH N9NE:

(chorus) i will mistake your bitch sickness gets dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick kiss this

dick... x2TECH N9NE 5TH VERSE:

a menace in this business for this village stack of papers, ghetto chemist get us biggest spittas for this pack of

haters, we roll with fat ?teenay pom? for those who hate we stay bomb we come back poppin like bigwom

fayzon, playa hate on, this midwest side nigga we road dogs on the ride killa with the nutthouze so aint no need for us to hide scrilla, this 9 milla wrecks like the princess leavin hata rappers defensesless, like forest they keep running, tech n9ne, gunning, watch your back for the bitches with the sickness, come and get this pistol grip, hit a nigga with the milli gets, on the level with a nigga with the silliest, mind state, unrealistic, your bitch sickness gets dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick kiss this dick...6TH VERSE:

these niggas copy cat practicing, yo shit is has been, u get choked blade horse roped, open ur throat with a razor blade no prints, die in slow shit change the livin looking hopeless, u turn to codice, just cuz i got the nuts to roll natural, u wanna be phat where the boss at my gucci linkin learn to floss that, its best that, u get ur own dude, and where ur own shoe, do wut boss do, i catch u, its gonna cost u, this small world, get ur own shit, im trying to fit raymond tech n9nes spit for money grip, we makin hits, trip this im from the city where guns aint shit, hundreds think back ur hated fast but now i done it done it...TECH N9NE:

(chorus) i will mistake your bitch sickness gets dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick kiss this dick... Repeat

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