

Sickology 101

Tech N9ne

Hey, now everybody sit down and shut the fuck up!

Class is now in session

If you came here to hear that lovey dovey shit, get the fuck out!

If you soft and scared of hardcore shit, get the fuck out!

For those who love raw shit, welcome to Sickology 101

Your instructor for today is, Tech N9ne![Tech N9ne]

This is style I use pitch, to catch and seduce chicks

To signal the true sick, mellow tone is what you spit

Switching the pattern, bust out that quick midwest chatter

Some people hate but it ain't mattering, but the people gather, it's flattering

Switching the pitch, mixing, there's no need to be stiff in this bitch

Spitting full clips on a mission for bliss when I be ripping this shit

Make it exciting, got to be inviting when you're writing your piece

Never be dick riding, if you're going to be biting, you're igniting the beast

This is melodic, melodies, if you got it

Mix it hot as tamales, you singing off-key is garbage

If you can't keep an octave in a pocket, you need to stop it

Have confidence, speak with conviction, don't put 'em asleep when you rock it

This is harmony, Nina's taking you through it

Make it buttery, utterly beautiful, make it fluid

Sickology 101 is in session, I thought you knew it

We murderin motherfuckers in music, that's how we do it![Chorus:]

Get! (On your feet!) Up! (Out your seat!)

Get! (On your feet!) Up! (Out your seat!)

Get! (On your feet!) Up! (Out your seat!)

Such an oddity with it, this is Sickology

Get! (On your feet!) Up! (Out your seat!)

Get! (On your feet!) Up! (Out your seat!)

Get! (On your feet!) Up! (Out your seat!)From our west coast instructor, Crooked I (Crooked I)[Crooked I]

My killer Dayton's can keep me crushing the competition

Coming correct when creating the crazy composition

Cannibal character, Calico carrier, got a crooked copper missing

Cali killers on candid cock emissions

That was constant consonant wordplay

Wordplay rhymes with Thursday and thirsty, if I'm thirst-ay!

I change the pronunciation of words, per se

The English language got to do whatever my verse say

So if you want to learn to rap, this is how (this is how)

Right now I'm putting swag in my style (in my style)

It's a emphasis on the simplest sentences
Then I give 'em charisma with a laugh and a smile (and a smile)
If you want your verses to cost higher
Then your similes got to be hot as a live wire
You need some better metaphors

For example, this song is a war zone and you listeners in the cross fire [Chorus] From our east coast instructor,
Chino XL [Chino XL]

Everybody start locking their windows and doors, Chino might get in
It's like lightning, how I'm striking a trifling rifleman
Bullets flying up and I'm numbing the bum, like it's Vicodin
So much metal in his spine, he could get rich from the recycling! (yeah!)
Chino be curdling blood, don't get burned from the buzz
I speak with conviction, like what Da Brat just heard from the judge
Bludgeon no love, industry hate me yo
I'd rather hear Hannah Montana, than half of you rappers on the radio!
Starting drama with Chino, God forbid
Auction my lyrics on eBay, that's God for bid
Problem is lyric Jesus is more than a man
with a sick delivery, like I drive a coroner van (damn)
I'm demented, spitting wittens as sick as I can
Grenade gripping, fitting to detonate Disneyland
I am teaching Sickology, try to follow how every punch line hits

Like Chris Brown's fist in the face of Rihanna [Chorus] Yes I got to be vicious, this is Sickology For those who
don't know what the fuck's going on
This is Sickology 101, you punk motherfuckers!
Let's kill these niggas

Songwriters

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