

# This ring

## METROCLUS

[1st Verse]

This ring  
Got me a top notch  
Straight hot fox  
We sought rocks  
And the Ewok Slot  
Was caught  
Got dropped two  
Playing hopscotch  
On the block  
Ought not twat plot  
Yo for hops knot  
I brought dots  
This ring  
Help me remain sane  
No dame games  
Came from bane  
To a changed man  
No cane thang  
Refrain from gang bang  
Slang a praying brain  
Reigns family fame  
Then came pain  
Say hello to TechN9NE  
Everybody  
Wanna be down with a nigga  
Women get a whiff of the money  
Thinking of taking it from me  
They get up in the club  
Giving the love  
Throwing the pussy  
Full of liquor and bud  
Booty hopping around up in the MO  
Get to looking around  
Every ho wanna lick a nigga low  
Infatuated  
With niggas with dough  
Get em in the sack

And try to make 'em let it go  
Tech N9NE  
Be autographing bitches  
In front of rapping niggas  
Who think of having figures  
They get to grabbing triggas  
They can't imagine villains  
When they come back and get us  
We get to whacking niggas  
I ain't never  
Wanted no parts of this  
I don't never want to break  
Another heart for this  
Why the devil  
Gotta make it  
Why the Lord  
Wanna make something that'll kill  
Something so marvelous

[Hook]

This ring  
Brings demeaning demons  
In G-strings  
Songs we sing  
Make 'em fiend semen  
And green things  
Clinging  
Dreaming  
Thinking of being  
Mrs. Thing  
With this ring  
But if I wasn't Tech N9NE  
Bitches wouldn't even wanna be  
With Tech N9NE  
If I did no music  
Then would you  
Respect mine  
This wedding band  
And music  
Draws a line between life  
And Tech N9Ne

[2nd Verse]

This ring  
Was supposed to protect a nigga  
Best for niggas  
Who couldn't stop having sex  
With bitches  
Bless the Mrs.  
Who stress to kiss us  
Even though we spend our  
Checks with strippers  
Obsessed with clitorises  
This ring  
Made a nigga feel macho  
Cry for  
Lie for  
Die for  
My ho  
Nigga I go face Diablo  
With a hostile gospel  
If I can't have tres or cuatro  
Little vatos  
Imma let a lot flow  
What they sell  
Up in Osco  
Up a nostril  
That sound like  
Tech N9NE  
Nigga where the weed  
Where the mutha fuckin'  
Blow  
And the hoes  
Next to me  
Is ecstasy  
Asking me if I wanna roll  
Bitches never gave a fuck  
About a fling  
Makes it exciting  
When a married nigga  
Wanna fuck around  
And bitch know he's down  
For the fling  
I've been tested  
And a lot of times  
Been invested  
Didn't know this Tech shit  
Would constantly get a nigga

Molested  
Been approached  
By some of the best tricks  
In the game  
And they came strong  
But I hanged on  
To this ring  
And I hope my son  
Don't sing the same song

[Hook]

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[3rd Verse]

Quincy J. told me  
Superstars are good providers  
But  
Two times out of ten  
When we're on tour  
Family's not beside us  
What  
Can a nigga do  
When he makes ends

Add more to the time they spend  
While he make ends  
Everything else breaking  
And the bond at the house  
May end  
And your wifey steady yelling  
'bout quality time  
And you think  
With all the fame and fortune  
Shit ought to be fine  
But what happens  
When the divorce papers  
Just gotta be signed  
And you lose half  
And your children  
Cause you gotta be N9NE  
I wanna relax with them  
And spend time  
To the maximum  
But if silence is golden  
Then me making noise  
Is Platinum  
I gotta be Tech  
And Daddy  
And Hubby  
But music  
Women mixed with family's ugly  
I know and you know  
That hell will be  
Hot for a nigga's infidelity  
But until then  
God forgive me  
For any promises that I broke  
Family  
Can I be  
Forgiven  
For all the liquor and weed  
That I smoke  
When I succeed will I cope  
Will I still breathe  
Without both  
This ring  
Tech N9NE  
I don't know  
But when I go

I'm leaving out dope

[Hook]

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