

# Yates (feat. Marcus Yates)

## Tech N9ne

Ever since my cradle date, or my prenatal state  
I was blessed with the gift to disable hate  
With fatal takes on the mic is makin' my halo break  
And smash every lady workin' at Strange, call them my label-mates  
I throw the squad up, them I'ma pour ya broad up  
Genital, so plentiful, ya chemical's low but shot up  
Wishin' they'd slow the god up  
But I ain't trippin' when I rip I'm twitchin'  
They think that I be sniffing on Snow Tha Product  
Bitch I might be, this a nice key, to get ya hyphy  
Dick ya wifey, this for Ike  
Slice of sin or source if ya see somethin' slither slightly  
Step inside the surface of Strange, sir, simply sight-see  
Spit the flow, get the dough, then I hit the ho  
Mister irresistible twisted is this kiss the toes  
I'ma kick ya nose if one of ya pricks oppose  
I'm all he hates, cause I became a landmark like Ollie Gates  
Maudie's great, tall estate, y'all debate, nigga, call me Yates  
It's no challenge, It's no challenge at all  
When you up the ball against the low average  
The low average, killin' 'em, toetag 'em  
I'ma let you be great though  
But it ain't no stoppin' a Yates  
Lately I've been like fuck rap  
What? Did he say "fuck rap"?  
Oh no no, I'mma write in bold and plus caps  
**FUCK RAP**  
Cuz all these tough cats really don't have no nut sack  
Trust that 'nuff scratch does back much wackness  
Flush that shit  
Down with the gowns with the sounds for the clowns  
And not in a good way  
You can drown underground with the pounds  
When they gust that shit  
Oh so, low we stojo, hoes and dough negro we flow though  
Let the soul glow, mojo, nigga  
Pillowcase, over the head of the industry  
Illustrate, with my mouth and murders my ministry  
Seal the fate of my enemy, feel the weight of my energy  
I heal the hate. Facilitate. Disc jockey's will scrilla make  
Then play your records until you break radio

Ain't nothing but real estate  
It's still a fake deal of mates who ain't real awake  
But the mill is great, ain't no iller ape that can kill a Yates  
It's no challenge, It's no challenge at all  
When you up the ball against the low average  
The low average, killin' 'em, toetag 'em  
I'ma let you be great though  
But it ain't no stoppin' a Yates

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