

# Aw Yeah? (InterVENTion)

## Tech N9ne

Question for the the maker and it's aw yeah?  
This the way it's supposed to be huh? AlrightSippin'  
On a glass of red wine  
Right before bedtime thinkin'  
Everybody down here trippin'  
If you up there  
Upstairs  
This is Nina tellin' you to listen  
The vision I'm givin' everyday  
Life is dumpin' on us like a pigeon  
I get many enemies with this Forbes list  
But I get rid of energy from piss poor pricks  
Can I get to heaven all I get is threatened  
Every time I get more chips  
Gotta grip four fifths  
For the sick forces I gotta fight  
All of the night with cops, Crips  
Bloods with sore fists  
And them Nazi's wanna hem Hadji  
Up it ain't too many men godly  
Hideous so many cities bust in  
Ferguson to Libya, Benghazi  
Human equality never been a level playin' field  
Man it been wobbly  
So many circles of sin rob me  
That's why we go angel to grim Cosby's!  
Yellin' this to my superior  
Degrading of love is inferior  
Upon this earth a lot of people jerked around about 300,000 to Syria  
Are you serious?  
I could never think of burying my children p-p-period  
Nigeria, I'mma yell while I'm walking through this hell cause I'm furious!  
Zuse know what's up, he said you got to pack a toy  
But why you gotta let the bodies dropping at a coffee shop in Aussie (Aussie)  
But around here, loving coco's the bomb  
Meanwhile so many people are taken out by the hands of Boko Haram  
Aw yeah?!They gotta suffer the penalty cause of our education  
Nobody wanna say nothing but I gotta call it abomination  
Pissed off thinkin' what this cost

What these babies blood drippin' for?  
So I say in Latin, listen Lord!  
Audire DOMINE! (Audire DOMINE)  
Only way people are gonna be able to kill off a demon is  
Pick up a gun and be ready to put it between him  
My nigga be screamin'  
Audire DOMINE! (Audire domine)  
No fear the only way  
Every day flatten the beast  
At least Anonymous is hacking for peace  
And yet we gotta bust cause we packing a piece  
Choke not another one of us for the snappin' police  
Who the hell a brother gonna trust when it's always dishonor  
Hate me like Obama  
And I ain't even gotta run and askin' you the question: God what about my  
Mama!

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