

# Loud (Feat. Bizzy, Alan Wayne, Irv Da Phenom)

## Tech N9ne

[Intro]Hello Mr. Yates  
This is Sarah from the Complex ClubHouse  
I'm calling to tell you  
That we've been getting complaints  
From your neighbors about loud music late at night  
If you can keep it low after 10pm it would be appreciated  
Thanks! [Chorus] [Tech N9ne & Irv Da Phenom] (Yeah I play my music loud!)  
I bet you feel me comin' down the block  
With that thunder in the trunk on N9ne  
(You know I play my music loud!)  
Yep I got them neighbors losin' sleep  
From the way I crank it up and let it beat  
(YEAH)  
Turn it up like boom boom boom boom  
Let it beat like bang bang bang bang  
Turn it up like boom boom boom boom  
Let it beat like bang bang bang bang  
Turn it up like boom boom boom boom  
Let it beat like bang bang bang bang  
Turn it up like boom boom boom boom  
Let it Bang, Let it Bang. [Bizzy] Pulled up in a bucket  
Blowin' on a blunt  
Beat hittin like prumpa-pomp-pomp  
I don't crack I crease sound like a big bitch  
In the back tryin' get up out a lil' niggas trunk  
Turn heads for I even hit the block  
Lil' kids runnin' up when they hear the beat knock  
Cranked to the max whenever I pass cops  
Heart Skippa beat whenever the bass drop  
My shit is quaken  
Got my rear-view vibratin'  
Pulled up next my gran-mommy at the red light got her wig shaken  
Hennesey and Purple is what im tastin'  
Gunna do some baby makin'  
Gotta chocolate freak sittin next to me  
Bitch looks like Sanaa Lathan  
And sunday mornin' round eleven  
Roll by interuptin' the reverend  
I'll prolly lose my hearin' by the time im twenty-seven

It's a shame  
But I need that bang  
To vibrate my frame  
FPS my game  
Have ta do a little switch up  
Can I play against strange  
I tell my Biatress to quit yappin'  
Later on we gon get nasty  
And you can do whateva you like to me  
We can do it classy or get trashy  
Matta fact we ain't even gotta go to the crib girl  
We can do it in the back seat  
For now sit back, relax and let this beat massage your ass cheeks[Chorus][Tech N9ne & Irv Da Phenom](Yeah I  
play my music loud!)  
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Let it Bang, Let it Bang.[Alan Wayne]It's Smooth Prada  
Jesus that nigga that came with the heat that you needed  
Along awaited on, hella hated on  
Hungry little nigga bought to eat until the plate is gone  
Got the flamer on  
Bout to step into the danger zone  
Might as well go ahead and call the cops  
Cause them loud ass next door neighbors is home  
Yeah, and we comin' to tear the block up  
Beat it loud, bang it like Blokk  
Them witches jock us  
That's why these niggas mock us  
But they not us and its not just  
Music with me and my partners  
We don't put time in this bitch so how could you stop us  
(Prada)  
What?  
(Gettum)

Can I get up in it wit' a little money  
For the women and the niggas in the city  
That said I would never make it but im here now  
Got it made now, Gettin' hoes now, gettin' laid now  
So brotha lay down, gettin' paid now  
You motha' fuckas shouldn't have nothin' to say now  
Got a middle finger for y'all, scratch that  
Man I ain't even thinkin' uh y'all, pass that  
So pass the cat to the back where im sittin' at  
Put your kitty cat on I laugh and I get it now  
Roll the windows down and let the beats out  
Alan Wayne and Strange you can't beat that now  
That what its all about boy  
Don't be hatin' on a nigga  
Cause a nigga got a little bit a cloud boy  
Shit talks, Shit anyways

So turn my music up, shut your mother fuckin' mouth boy [Chorus] [Tech N9ne & Irv Da Phenom] (Yeah I play  
my music loud!)

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Let it Bang, Let it Bang. [Tech N9ne] Better want me ta live at the end of my block  
Cause when I get to the krilla I don't stop  
Party'n my ladys, I pull up in the Mercedes  
You know that we gunna BANG BIG SOUND  
We kickin' it loud at 3 o'clock at the spot  
Spread the liquor around we doin' shots till we drop  
Every once in a while we get a knock from the cops saying TURN SHIT DOWN  
(Yep)

My neighbors probably wish I resided in hella prison  
Cause' they always tell me and Mac to turn down our television  
And we got it hooked to our stereo you would think the scenario's  
Runnin' the lights when I get on mic  
When the bass kick hit very low  
I can't help it cause I like it loud

I hype the crowd, I party and to spike the clouds  
It might be fowl, the neighbors wanna fight me now  
When the night be growl  
The women excite me wow  
So to be buyin' button cause I'm bustin' his name  
I don't want nobody hearin' us when we vein  
So I turned the music up and lust till he came  
Now I know the neighbors no what my name  
Can't help it cause that's my style  
More beat then the law will allow  
I'm bout ta get me a crib in the country  
No body to hunt me, tellin' me TURN IT DOWN  
I'm gunna live it really black and proud  
Off in the yard naked and well endowed  
Until the cops run up on me and then I crack a smile[Chorus][Tech N9ne & Irv Da Phenom](Yeah I play my  
music loud!)  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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