

# E.B.A.H.

## Tech N9ne

Intro: Tech N9ne

I'm hella mixed up, yes, I know

A lot of good and bad stuff as I grow

So now that I gotta live life when I'm both all I can say Hook: Tech N9ne

What's my name? EBAH!

Evil brain, angel heart

Evil brain, angel heart

Evil brain, angel heart

Evil brain, angel heart! [Verse 1: Tech N9ne]

Fucking right, I'm a maniac and I'm loving it

Call me anything but my motherfucking government

I can love a bit, no, a big my love'll get

But in my brain I stay insane and I'm always on some other shit!

Really wanna fuck a bitch, E.B. can't get enough of this

See me take what I stuck her with then I gotta run and give it to another chick

Gutter trick, suck a dick! State the texture of a brick

Making them Magnum rubbers split, what a prick, the brother's sick!

Now back to my love, like to go there

Even when it's annoying like long nose hair

I can so share my heart in the cold air

And it's no fair, the size of it is so rare

Bloody murder, muddy word of wretched death rhymes

Take me light and my darkness will take your breath time

Call me Chakra-tease or you can call me Tech N9ne

But since I found my new sinister out of respect I'm Hook: Tech N9ne Verse 2: Tech N9ne

Liberate me, Lord

I'm an angel and on this wicked planet nobody understands my angle is love

I was sent from above, but I've landed in blood

Psycho bandit, I've become a frightful damage and scud

Missile you Mitchells are misinformed and mixed in the middle of my menace

Murderous, Michael Myers' my mimic

Mom, you made a monster, I'm making minions in minutes

Money motivated mishap asmodeus monikers mended

Feel like I'm on Molly, heart as big as my body

When a hottie gets naughty, it's racing like a Ferrari

My obese heart swelling when it beats hard, telling me

To freak, not willing, like a beast, I'm yelling

Bloody murder, muddy word of wretched death rhymes

Take me light and my darkness will take your breath time

Call me chakra-tease or you can call me Tech N9ne  
But since I found my new sinister out of respect I'mHook: Tech N9neVerse 3: Tech N9ne  
My heart, smell like, vanilla icing  
If slicing my chest open, a light beam of nice things  
Of Christ brings bright wings, placement from thy king  
Knight, seems right around the corner in my dreams  
Horse shit, piss and human puke is this smell  
To whom ever wondered my level, this is hell  
Inside my crown I kill a gangster with fecies pig tail  
And I'll live 137 years like Ishmael  
Yeah.. Nigga, it ain't misspelled  
E.B.A.H, there go creepy A. Yates  
Using women as a bait, and they face, fishscale!  
Just another nut, all the others suck  
Sweet as a buttercup and fake as a rubber duck  
Evil brain, angel heart, yes, I utter much  
And I never cover up, why? (I'm a Klusterfuk)

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