

Which One (feat. Godemis & Murs)

Tech N9ne Collabos

Yeah, which one of ya idiots claims that ya know me
Ya don't have a clue so back up lil homie
My headpiece is heated I hang with heretics
We load up and lock and aim where the red is
And bang where your head is, I bet y'all will beat it
Oh Dean, that's my dog, them words y'all will eat 'em
My power circlin' small, I think outta the box
And try different angles to wreck tables or not
My shot's wet as a whistle, I'm on fire fam
Y'all don't even know that's my column in y'all's diagram
Who they want, Godi or Donnie, ya better choose wisely
Greet 'em with ketamine and then that Adderall IV, try me
Checkin' to see if the guy's fearin' ya
They wishin' I would go stick my dick in the criteria
It's all good, doin' the type of shit y'all wish y'all could
Dippin' out with skaters through fuckin' acres in y'all hood

Which (One)

You fuckin' with pick (one)

You label this fic(tion)

You lookin' there is (none) is (none)Which (One)

You fuckin' with pick (one)

You label this fic(tion)

You lookin' there is (none) is (none)The story of my twin and I, Pisces not a Gemini

One of us is underwater, other floatin' in the sky

Highs and the lows of me, violence in the poetry

My evil twin we goin' in, I told him to let go of me (Nigga let go!)

Don't let nobody close to me, drunk when I'm not s'posed to be

I take a sip, start to trip and won't nobody know it's me

One bottle Jameson, take it to the face and then

Now I'm talkin' 'bout the bodies buried in my basement

Spirits talkin' to me, I can hear 'em, I can see 'em too

Lookin' in the mirror and I tell 'em it's just me and you

One of us is goin' out, the one that's always showin' out

I put my fist right through the glass and told that bitch to close his mouth

Hand bleedin' needin' medical attention

I'm feelin' no pain, I'm in a whole 'nother dimension

Next mornin' wake up, don't remember shit

Bandage on my hand and dirty condom on my dick (Ugh)

Which (One)

You fuckin' with pick (one)
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You lookin' there is (none) is (none)Which (One)
You fuckin' with pick (one)
You label this fic(tion)
You lookin' there is (none) is (none)Pick three and guess what you get, me
I'm messed up and sickly
The head is a mystery, quickly twist tea
With a idiotic mix-ly, hit exotic chicks gee
Killin' got it history
I've become a scumbag fuckbuddy needed to wipe after
She got me and my lady's cum rag, that's just one of the things I done bad
Like when I put Dulcolax liquid mixed it within my brother's rum flask
I can make a love potion, give you the ocean
Then you wake up in a pit gettin' instructions on how to rub ya lotion
You think I'm jokin' while listenin' to Drake's "The Motion"
I put syphilis dick down her throat and that's without her havin' a notion
I'm playin' I don't dare summon them other suckers
That tell me to do bad, there done and them under covers
She think the demon's unfair, Hung wants to love her lover
After this verse she's not pickin' ne'er, one of them motherfuckersWhich (One)
You fuckin' with pick (one)
You label this fic(tion)
You lookin' there is (none) is (none)Which (One)
You fuckin' with pick (one)
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You lookin' there is (none) is (none)
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