

# Poisoning the Well

## Tech N9ne

Mmm, I know at first y'all ain't hear me  
But in the end y'all gon' play Poisoning the well  
Y'all gon' hear me, oh yeah  
You owe me finer days  
I only been going through hell  
So drink it up, with no filter I give you my drama  
So if you don't get it, don't get it  
Then ay yo I'll live it, I'll live it  
See I'm only funky as my last cut  
So be my guest and fill your glass up, playa Sincerely  
Man I love this music thing severely  
But it seems some don't wanna feel me clearly  
I'm the L in salmon, they can't hear me  
So I had to work up to not giving a fuck  
But the people thought I was evil  
I was brought up at the steeple but they trust it not  
But turn and tell a killa that he must kick rocks  
When he bust it lots  
And you will get a couple in ya muffin top  
Me popping will be they D-day  
'Cause they can't say the shit he say  
Everyone don't have a tongue like a gun  
They not trying to be running no relay  
Sat in hell for a whole of years  
Bread and tales I got a whole lot of cheers  
Sold out shows, so 'bout those, foes doubt flows but bros oughta hear  
Change in the making  
Deep in the Midwest something insane been a-baking  
They claiming a nation with brain innovation  
Surrounding everyone with strange integration Poisoning the well  
Y'all gon' hear me, oh yeah  
You owe me finer days  
I only been going through hell  
So drink it up, with no filter I give you my drama  
So if you don't get it, don't get it  
Then ay yo I'll live it, I'll live it  
See I'm only funky as my last cut  
So be my guest and fill your glass up, playa Something strange in the agua  
When everybody sound like blah-blah

Put the KOD in the pot and he nod  
But the God no more rides well Tecca Nina saga  
Someway the killa is getting twisted into the mainstream  
Gangrene sick of hits again  
I can flip from the rip come and sip the sin  
That's my dirty water worser than Flint, Michigan  
They don't wanna see my progress  
But you can't stop or tell it that's God blessed  
Over the years I showed 'em with my I guest  
To a handsome mansion and from the projects  
Wayne Minor, insane kinda, in the brain I'm a strange rhymer  
Always gonna change the game grinder  
Poison the well  
You can tell that, this boy's been in Hell  
I'ma joy when inhaled  
I'm the reason why everybody cheesin'  
I got 'em even making noise in the jail  
If everybody had to do what I do  
They'd have flows coming out the wazoo  
And let the god spew  
Alaikumsalam warahmatullahi wabarakatuhPoisoning the well  
Y'all gon' hear me, oh yeah  
You owe me finer days  
I only been going through hell  
So drink it up, with no filter I give you my drama  
So if you don't get it, don't get it  
Then ay yo I'll live it, I'll live it  
See I'm only funky as my last cut  
So be my guest and fill your glass up, playaSomething strange and eerie comes  
And it ain't nearly done

Songwriters

Aaron Yates, Michael Summers, Samuel WatsonPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>