This Is Me

Jackalope Junction

In the world of BET, I'm looked at as 'Too Rock 'N' Roll'
In the world of MTV, my name is 'Too Gangsta'
Man, Strange Music, we got this, baby, this year we got this one, baby
Red hair, red everything, it's Tech N9ne, baby, like it or not
Never been a harder rhymer in my region globally
That's holdin' me I'm totally hard and bossed up
Why you think that the majority of the rap musical authority
Sword me and barred and crossed up?
'Cause they don't wanna let the crazy kid in then
Spit his hymns speakin' a grim religion
Of rhyme, forbiddin' my isms are hidden
My mind, to written then spittin' the kid in
The N9ne is playin' you, slayin' you, sprayin' you
Permanently delayin' you, swayin' through, it's the gay in you
That's hatin' who somethin' that hella beyond does
I love Kanye, his shit is bombay but I'm rough
And you can see it in my retina that I won't be lettin' ya
Threaten us, better respect Tech, the messenga
Too dope on 'em for this to be history, listen it's a mystery
While they spittin' and dissin' me
This is me, this is me, I'm a king, I'm a clown
I'm a G, I'm a G, I believe what I want
Got you singin' my song but you're seein' me wrong
So what's the matter with me?
This is the belief, the belief
The religion has arisen from the deep, from the deep
Darkest prison, if you listen, you will see, you will see
If collision's your decision, you will reap what you sow
So forget what you know, this is me
This is Tech, brah, for years I've been the next
To collect a plethora of checks, let's get extra
Is what I set to, Travis let's go select the baddest
Rappers, infect the planet, leave 'em in extra
See I'm a vet, the powers don't really wanna let the best
Come and wreck your sets and test your sector
Instead of rawness like Inspecta Deckta
Eldest rather set they specs on Mason Betha
Slept on my records, if you knew my music's Hannibal Lecter
What the hell you callin' for Masta Flex for?

Don't pester me, I won't sweat, you be on a quest to
Investigate your tech ma, respect the
Shockra, tease in hop to these
Hot degrees, me and Mr. O apostrophe
Never listen to these pop pussies 'cause they suck
I love 50 Cent, he gritty when he vent but I'm rough
And you can see it in my demeanor
The Tech Nina will blast arenas, the grass is greena

Made it ma on top of the world, kiss me, miss me
This is me, can't you see?
This is me, this is me, I'm a king, I'm a clown
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The industry treat me like a ride on the short bus
That's why I'm tellin' the youngstas when you retort, cuss
And make your fort fuss 'cause you went up to Sam Goody
On F Y E with they money and you support us
Strangas, Shadys, psychopaths and Juggalos
Losers, shootas, college women and ghetto hoes
Rock it from precious dough, drop it, just lets it flow
Cop it, don't knock it, you blockers, stop at the record store
This is Aaron Yates, this Aliyah and Reign
This is for Little Donnie, this is for all Akoya's pain
This is for the sickness of Marty Sue
This is for all the love of Sara, Suzie, Aramay and Izeda Lou
This is for Ike and Ricky, Rufus, Rhonda, Barbra and Marla really
This is for B'zle and I know that rest of my family is with me
This is my friends, this is the end, this is a G
This is life, this is wrong, this is right, this is me
This is me, this is me, I'm a king, I'm a clown
I'm a G, I'm a G, I believe what I want
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So forget what you know, this is me
Goodbye

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