

Mitchell Bade (Interlude)

Tech N9ne

Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung?
There's a lot of slinky niggas where I come from
There's another missile catcher just like him
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitchell Bade
What up Mitch? Is it an everyday thang for you to act just like a bitch?
How does it feel, to have a nigga that will kill ya for the foul shit you spit?
Number one snitch, a bitch with a dick I found the remedy for the enemy
What? Bust at the nigga like shootin' at the Kennedy's
'Cause Mitch Bade ain't really no friend of me
To be exact, he's that nigga that talk, but he really can't back
That shit that he talk, so he gotta walk around with a gat
But a nigga like me, I'll knock him out with the force of a hurricane
The penalty for the path if you disrespect the game
Now what goes on inside the mind of a nigga like this?
The nigga pissed as I pumped off four rounds up in the trick he was with
But it ain't my fault you a little ole' bitch without yo click
Nigga run with a quickness get away quick, but you bet not slip
Better of with a Bianca then be stuck with a AK 47 on your lip, right
Even if I'm lifted I can scope em' from a mile away
Niggas fakin' like intisapating they domes day
Camouflagin' but I can see you actin' like a bitch
Which are the symptoms of a nigga named Mitch
Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung?
There's a lot of slinkin' niggas where I come from
There's another missile catcher just like him
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade
If a Mitch is yo mix, you best's ta check this one
And get ret to go for Milli, when the next one come
If a nigga got a foot off in his rectum
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade
Late night I got a page from Bianca
She told me her man was trippen, so swoop her bout a block up
So I um, got prepared, my conscience told me grab the gat
But all I could think about, was hittin that kitty kat from the back
All about that hustle, but tonight I gosta kick it
Deep conversation, but it's her first time letting a nigga hit it
But I'm not alone, it seems this nigga was on the phone
He heard the spot, the topic, whicked whicked, now it's on
As I continue, continue creepin', creepin' it's
apparent
That I'm dealin with a Mitch Bade, I guess that's why he keeps on staring
But I'm well equiped to handle a fleet, so nigga don't think
I'm sleep, we can talk like men or we can get grim
And handle this shit And the streets, don't ever trust no coch

Especially when, a nigga like me is rollin up your block
Bitch Made nigga couldn't see that you was played
So we just changed your name and called you Mitch Bade, Mitch Bade
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Cruisin' down the 'spect with five spliff's roll roll
Passenger seat seat, Sunday the Hoe Stroll
Went to park with major loot, dippen up on bitches
But the jealous Mitch is ready to shoot, peep
But it ain't complete, the day is foul without a big butt and smile
I need a chick that's running wet like Fury of the Nile
Bumped into, stepped into, this chick that's thick and photo genic
In a minute, I'ma get up in it, with a jimmy to avoid that AIDS epedemic
Get it, got it, good in the hood, shit's all good, so I knocked on wood
Got to her crib, drank some crown, laid me down, showed me the goods
Then, knock knock, "Who's that?" she said her man and he might
Be strapped with a gat, put back on my shit, time to show this fool
Just where it's at, ret to get wet, she opened it up enough so I can see
She cracked it a bit, but that nigga pushed her, then came after me
Extended arm, and bodily harm he shoulda caught trigga, chiggas
Bitch bade, Mitch made niggas!
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