

# Bout Ta Bubble

## Tech N9ne

Dedicated to all the DJ's all over the world, man  
One for the treble, two for the bass  
Come on Techa Nina, let's rock this place Tech's in the place, everybody get mainy  
Punks betta' cuff yo lady, can't nobody tame me  
Blame me for keepin' her runny eyed rainy  
Ladies used to hate me, now they comin' out they panties Girls on the jock, pocket full of socks  
Got a fat knots, somethin' gone squat  
Down, ducka ducka, down, down for the block?  
Tryin' to be hot, but you flop  
When you shot to the top but you not, dwam I ain't never seen so much green  
Than when I seen when my team hit the scene  
It must be a dream, hit the stage, everybody holla  
Gettin' throwed, rippin' shows, 'fo a bigga' dolla? Father, I don't wanna leave nobody to blessed  
'Cuz they greedy in the middle of what I do best  
You finna' see me in the TV with a few guest  
We bout to bubble baby, get ya waterproof vest Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble  
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble Bout ta' bubble baby, bout ta' bubble baby  
Bout ta' bubble baby, we got ya lady  
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it  
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it Yo, get ya ID, passport, state skippin'  
All around the world, busy with the bass hittin'  
We ain't come for bustin' heads, yo we hate trippin'  
When we through rockin' the shows, man we chase kittens J's on my feet, car full of beat  
Trunk full of heat, Caribou in the seat  
Frown, you can make us all clown in the street  
Gimme the beat and we leakin'  
No mercy for the haters that weep On to the next, Minnesota to the Netherlands  
Veterans, caravans, gettin' cheddar man  
'Round the world in a day, off in LA  
Oklahoma, Dallas, Kansas City to the Bay Everybody hyphy, the South really like me  
Ill Bill got it where the East Coast invites me  
Tech's in the air when the mood really strikes me  
Hey, we bout ta' bubble so embedded in your psyche Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble  
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble Bout ta' bubble baby, bout ta' bubble baby  
Bout ta' bubble baby, we got ya lady  
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it  
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it Aye, B boys hit the flo' wit' it  
Off in Jamaica let me see ya heel toe wit' it  
Clown and crump wit it, A-Town stomp wit' it

At the set, jugglettes make they double D's jump to this House on the hill, hella tip drills  
Paul Wall said he'd do me up a red grill  
Busta' Buss circlin' the 5-6 'ville  
Forty water, he told me a lot in this business for real Stormin' in Salt Lake City performin' for Mormons  
Out of they garments before the mornin', I'm charmin'  
Leavin' 'em torn, mess with the bull you get the horns  
Nina gets with a beauty best, it's armin' Misery's behind me, labels tryin' to sign me  
Ain't too many who don't know just who the Tech N9ne be  
If she lookin' for somethin' with a future so shiny  
Kansas City, Missouri is where she gon' find me Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble  
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble Bout ta' bubble, baby, bout ta' bubble, baby  
Bout ta' bubble, baby we got ya lady  
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it  
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble  
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it  
(Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble)  
Bubble

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