

Breathe

Tech N9ne

Verse 1:

Never duck another mother fucker repeat it
Never duck another mother fucker
Nigga better delete it
put the cerebellum in killa mode
For real a foe can never get
with what a gorilla know
Killa syllable fillin'
yo biblical ritual the shit to get rid
Of yo pain hearing your pitiful game,
this is political pain
Deep in the pit of yo brain let it rain
with a unforgettable aim
Nigga lookin' for a spot to bust
Cause the homie that you killed meant a lot to us
Buck instead I'm lookin for a cock to fuck
Kill a nigga like he was rockin' a swastika
You can do it but you blew it cause lockin' up
get your ride on nigga is you rock or what?
Lots of luck,
you're really gonna need it hella heated
Mother fucker let the glock erupt, Box him up
I don't wanna be the one
to get a milla meter in the gut
I wanna be the one to hit'em with another milli
cut up In the middle I'm a little sick
And different And I meant it
when I said it you remember that?
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)
you don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if your lookin' like a enemy bust
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we just

Chorus:

(BREATHE!)

Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?

(BREATHE!)

They come bets to fight every fuckin'one

(BREATHE!)

Say some punks around and some buckin' guns

(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some

(BREATHE!)

Verse 2:

Never let a hatin' mother fucker

see ya sweat

Bleed the chest no need regret

A fun day caper a Sunday paper

So I can read the rest I can dig it you can dig it

Put a nigga in the grave if he hate or penetrate

The loop of love

a nigga made if you steppin to me

You will never benefit

Nigga if I start it Imma finish it

Run up on a mother fucka

while he fuckin' a chick

Put a bullet in her head while she suckin' the dick

Wasn't a bit of evidence baby it's irrelevant

You got it with yo nigga that's the luck of the grit

Bring pain 2 everyone in your face with the bane

You bury some its mother fuckin' shame

we carry guns

If you don't you're insane or very dumb

Teccanina's too rough (too rough), too hard (too hard), too tough (too tough), you scarred (you scarred)

cause a nigga know

A mother fuckin' round will spit

Fuckin' around with the killa clown and shit.

If you really wanna do it nigga we can step into

Put us up against some mother fuckers

and we runnin' thru it

Fuck a nigga buck a nigga

if he think he's a gorilla

Meant I when I said it you remember that

(hell mother fuckin' yeah)

You don't wanna get in trouble

With a nigga like the Teccanina

if you're lookin' like a enemy, bust

We don't ever stop and take a minute

we jus,

Chorus:

(BREATHE!)

Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?

(BREATHE!)

They come betts to fight every fuckin'one

(BREATHE!)

Say some punks around and some buckin' guns

(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some

(BREATHE!)

Verse 3:

Get sprayed by the Tech 9 handgun

Now I'm on the out run

Flowin' the beginning hot cooked will done

Fuckin' wit a crazy insane warlord

Punks wanna trip but they know

I'm too mother fuckin' hard

Deadly ticking like a time bomb

Fuckin' with me you think you were in Vietnam

When I explode aint nuttin left

but remains for those who are froze

For fuckin' wit a nigga insane

Mentally minded mad mother fuckin' mad man

is out to attack

Sinkin' punks like quick sand

droppin' and poppin'

Any punk that bucks up bring a body bag

If you wanna get fucked up

There it is you little bitch made

nigga start runnin'

When I'm playin' with the trigga

of an uzi a twelve gauge

Really don't matter many suckas die

When the shot gun scatter

From block 2 block, hood 2 hood

Street 2 street boy you can't fuck with me

So 4 those who chose 2 jump up and talk shit

Admit ya bitch your little ass got lit

I don't wanna be the one

to get a milla meter in the gut

I wanna be the one to hit'em with another milli

cut up In the middle I'm a little sick

And different And I meant it

when I said it you remember that?

(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)

You don't wanna get in trouble

With a nigga like the Teccanina

if your lookin' like a enemy bust

We don't ever stop and take a minute

we just breathe

Chorus (2x):

(BREATHE!)

Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?

(BREATHE!)

They come betts to fight every fuckin'one

(BREATHE!)

Say some punks around and some buckin' guns

(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some

(BREATHE!)

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