

Ego Trippin (feat. Krizz Kaliko)

Tech N9ne

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1: x2]

Ey, by now everybody breathin' should be into this
With us even have a membership lovin' me when I begin to rip
Betta be some that when I hinder the sinister nemesis
Cuz I'm grim a bit, I am at the end of what I'm finna get
Intricate I'll finish it witta diss fun of his but I get no benefit
I am not a demon cuz I'm always beamin' and on some sinner sh*t
This shall replenish this menace in glimpsed up minutes set on my syndicate
This genesis will spit and diminish shiiiiit(Chorus)
I then took all I can stands, and I can't stands no more
When we bust they clap their hands
Blast, Blast
Clap clap till their hands are sore
And possibly could you be afraid of me (afraid of me)
Be careful who you're fuxkin' with, boy don't let your ego trip I can't stands no more like I was Popeye
Then I got my spinach and now the industry dropped by
When I rock a spot my plot's to be shot high
In a dark sky in hops I... will not die
They really are scared of me they said the T would not fly
And credit was deaded but he kinectly stood up and guap rised
Off the top I will not lie
Bread is my fetish and I rarely get it that's why I'm a dreaded hip hop guy
So stop try, do not pry and me won't have to bring the glock by nigga hot fry
Ya mami witta soft sigh lost why?
Because the jammy did her man like standing on pot pie
And now I keep b*tches that'll make Dennis Hof buy twat
I be so paper that it make the cops spy
and now the haters tryin' to mock my walk to the top
dy-namic and they not, I boss N9NE!!!(Chorus)
I then took all I can stands, and I can't stands no more
When we bust they clap their hands
Clap clap till their hands are sore

And possibly could you be afraid of me (afraid of me)
Be careful who you're fuckin' with, boy don't let your ego trip

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