This Ring

Tech N9ne

[1st Verse]

This ring
Got me a top notch
Straight hot fox
We sought rocks
And the Ewok Slot
Was caught
Got dropped two
Playing hopscotch
On the block
Ought not twat plot
Yo for hops knot
I brought dots
This ring
Help me remain sane
No dame games
Came from bane
To a changed man
No cane thang
Refrain from gang bang
Slang a praying brain
Reigns family fame
Then came pain
Say hello to TechN9NE
Everybody
Wanna be down with a nigga
Women get a whiff of the money
Thinking of taking it from me
They get up in the club
Giving the love
Throwing the pussy
Full of liquor and bud
Booty hopping around up in the MO
Get to looking around
Every ho wanna lick a nigga low
Infatuated
With niggas with dough
Get em in the sack

And try to make 'em let it go
Tech N9NE
Be autographing bitches
In front of rapping niggas
Who think of having figures
They get to grabbing triggas
They can't imagine villains
When they come back and get us
We get to whacking niggas
I ain't never
Wanted no parts of this
I don't never want to break
Another heart for this
Why the devil
Gotta make it
Why the Lord
Wanna make something that'll kill
Something so marvelous

[Hook]

This ring
Brings demeaning demons
In G-strings
Songs we sing
Make 'em fiend semen
And green things
Clinging
Dreaming
Thinking of being
Mrs. Thing
With this ring
But if I wasn't Tech N9NE
Bitches wouldn't even wanna be
With Tech N9NE
If I did no music
Then would you
Respect mine
This wedding band
And music
Draws a line between life
And Tech N9Ne

[2nd Verse]

This ring
Was supposed to protect a nigga
Best for niggas
Who couldn't stop having sex
With bitches
Bless the Mrs.
Who stress to kiss us
Even though we spend our
Checks with strippers
Obsessed with clitorises
This ring
Made a nigga feel macho
Cry for
Lie for
Die for
My ho
Nigga I go face Diablo
With a hostile gospel
If I can't have tres or cuatro
Little vatos
Imma let a lot flow
What they sell
Up in Osco
Up a nostril
That sound like
Tech N9NE
Nigga where the weed
Where the mutha fuckin'
Blow
And the hoes
Next to me
Is ecstacy
Asking me if I wanna roll
Bitches never gave a fuck
About a fling
Makes it exciting
When a married nigga
Wanna fuck around
And bitch know he's down
For the fling
I've been tested
And a lot of times
Been invested
Didn't know this Tech shit
Would constantly get a nigga

Molested
Been approached
By some of the best tricks
In the game
And they came strong
But I hanged on
To this ring
And I hope my son
Don't sing the same song

[Hook]

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[3rd Verse]

Quincy J. told me
Superstars are good providers
But
Two times out of ten
When we're on tour
Family's not beside us
What
Can a nigga do
When he makes ends

Add more to the time they spend
While he make ends
Everything else breaking
And the bond at the house
May end
And your wifey steady yelling
'bout quality time
And you think
With all the fame and fortune
Shit ought to be fine
But what happens
When the divorce papers
Just gotta be signed
And you lose half
And your children
Cause you gotta be N9NE
I wanna relax with them
And spend time
To the maximum
But if silence is golden
Then me making noise
Is Platinum
I gotta be Tech
And Daddy
And Hubby
But music
Women mixed with family's ugly
I know and you know
That hell will be
Hot for a nigga's infidelity
But until then
God forgive me
For any promises that I broke
Family
Can I be
Forgiven
For all the liquor and weed
That I smoke
When I succeed will I cope
Will I still breathe
Without both
This ring
Tech N9NE
I don't know
But when I go

I'm leaving out dope

[Hook]

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