

Fan Or Foe

Tech N9ne

Back up, wait a minute
Why you looking at me like that?
Do you really wanna trip or you flip in the script?
Do you wanna rap with a nigga
Or bang us a whoop in a rip? I don't even want us to come to bustin' up shots
Nigga, misery can't produce enough cops and a'
Don't know if you whilin' or what?
All you wanna do is freestyle in the cut Fan or foe, I don't really know
Off at the show niggas they know
But I look light, was a good night
And I was looking like a mutha fukka
Wanna jack all me doe Come up to me, my kids would be chillin'
Betta think twice I'm a 5-6 villain
All they wanna talk about, I did it
When I did it Man, I thought I was gonna get a bullet in a minute
You should be careful how you walk upon us
Got a bonus for all the opponents if they want it
I know they wait for Tecca Ninna moments
Till the opponent be poppin' up and hes you don't it We don't if they be trippin' or not
(No)
Probably 'cuz all of them live on the block
When you rapping niggas know what you got
Toughest ever, when you up on the top
Show some respect when you approach me Don't you be mugging me, might have that drug in me
Plug in a nigga for nearly shrugging me
Ain't nothing wrong with people peeping, geeking
Where the man hoe but the grandma so bama, stama
I don't know if you fan or foe We be trippin', we can go
Peeping like he's seeking doe
Want the doe or want to go
I don't know if you fan or foe
I don't know if you fan or foe
I don't know if you fan or foe
Easy, hang and speak and brawl
I don't know if he fan or foe Now easy how they speak with broken teeth
That they did, young flow he can dope be choken
So yo' ass and you be walking off with it broken
Run up poor muthafukas in the open Making them shut up, woofing with that cold shit
Can't that shenanigans, thinking you makes it the manikins

Thinking you silking the lotion
Back up wait a minute why you looking at me like that I'm just a nigga with a little bit of fame
But if you get the trippin' than I'm giving up my game
Never catch me slipping, you can get it out yo brain
Maine fan or foe Fuck a nigga, try to get his hands on my doe
But if you really want come on
Try to get a, you can feed the unpulla
Tuck my hands on your throat Man I'm a low, want a background for sack town
Better watch out from the blao, blao
Black out, black out, black out, black out
(Braa rara raraa ttata aaaa) Stay with my kimers, stepping nockle doodle
Wicking there game on blood goca doodle
Think you gon' catch me slip at a show
No factor slick, oh slack, shock a zoolu Watch me do you with all that fake shit
You fill with hate trade
Hoping wishing you were my replacement
Courage so vicious, you gon' have to face it They try to taste it
'Cuz I laced it like a tennis shoes and I've been a fool
Like Zeepo bitch and X-Raided
But this is a different interview Living a bee a bad idea, if it never go home again
Nigga looking at me like imma chicken dinner
Looking back at niggas like a shot of Hennessey
So I gotta carry the four, I don't really know though 'Cuz they walking past me, giving me the eye
When they past me they be asking
When you new shit coming out
At the picture house They be huddled up and I think
I might pick one out get the nigga bigger than me
For the trigger to see, if he tough enough
Make it what he trying to be but he ain't bad though
Don't know how to approach a vulture
Get to close how I'm post up Can't even live in peace
And when I eat with my peeps In the place
You in my face with your mix-tapes
And if i try to listen to it, we get it to it
And fo' all that fue it then it's time to do it Uh, 'cuz a nigga from out south out the mouth
Your girl be loving me, giving me mouth to mouth
(Yeah)
But it ain't fair that the music gotta do on
What you wanna do, when you ain't there
And if too softly, softy when you see me out
You better get out off me

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