

# Like Yeah

## Tech N9ne

(verse 1)

ay, it's time to get into some sin  
you been listenin' to gibberish hits in the interum  
them are done, 'cause here me come  
so make you stand up, stand tough  
hands up, damn ya  
if you don't get it get rid off it, trip if you diggin' it\*  
i guess i got more than my balls and my word  
i got broads in a herd, chasin' this and all on my nerve  
they the illness, they feel this\*  
realness, chill bitch  
i got this bed it's too crowded for you to come get in it  
i spit that tech shiza off to yall  
it's crazy, even michael jackson said "it's off the wall"  
i'm with the sickness, big checks  
live less, midwest  
i be the best, don't forget that nobody can get with this  
so when you see me in the spot, bow down trick  
i eat, drink, sleep, dress, look and sound rich  
so jump up, get pumped up  
crunked up, everyone must  
stop with the jealousy with me the haters be riveted  
(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L

E to the R uh dot

just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer

it's the gorilla

an if they feel ya\*

they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah

mister, mister

quick to get witcha

chick if she get off quick for this\*

she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

(verse 2)

i'm back with the heat and yes young fire produced it  
with true spit i get lots of relish with strange music  
my crew's thick, deuce click and guess who's with two chicks

(tech n9ne) in my lou of caribou sick  
it's super-doo lips  
everybody in the party will lose it  
vodka and mountain dew is the new shit  
thanks to icy rock and demonica, we honor ya  
and get so much money sometimes i feel like im wearing a Yamika  
you cannot monitor, my money i monetarily astonish ya  
so what's with the bad comments and all the drama for  
i can produce a picture,  
stop with them truce and hitcha  
i'm at the top but i can be mobbin' and shootin' witcha  
chip on my shoulder now,  
mr. nice guy is over wow  
to a ritzy and older style\*  
from ditzy and gomer pile  
look at my check swell

chicks with wet tails  
ready to rock it in my pocket  
got the trojan magnum XL  
(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L

E to the R uh dot

just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"  
(chorus)

killer, killer  
it's the gorilla  
an if they feel ya\*  
they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah  
mister, mister  
quick to get witcha  
chick if she get off quick for this\*  
she be like yeah, yeah, yeah  
(verse 3)

Yeah, I think they with me mane,  
yeah, yeah, this is Kanasas City mane.

the industry still punks  
that's why they real slum  
but when we indie's drop all our records we will dub  
having a good time's a stackin' with travis be laid back  
tour' about a hundred and fifty per slap and i made bat  
haters of course you doubt,  
that im makin' a warped amount\*  
i got ozone, murderdog, double XL and source accounts  
(so whats all the fuss\* about) Killer in and remorse out\*

fuck on ceramia you heard that from the horse's mouth  
it ain't comin' from RBC, it ain't comin' from fontana,  
it's comin' from strange music's dontana in a clown manner  
i take it from baritone, record this it's on chedda  
hunting you in your dreams, you wake up screamin' in falsetta\*  
MTV clipped me, birthday bash show  
i got fans like cat castro, that'll boost my cash flow  
MTV completely we sick of it,  
won't give a bit  
Just look in my eyes, and my blood and my ligiments\*  
you can see that tecca nina don't give a shit  
(pre chorus)  
K.I.L.L  
E to the R uh dot  
just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"  
(chorus)  
killer, killer  
it's the gorilla  
and if they feel ya  
they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah  
mister, mister  
quick to get witcha  
chick if she get a whiff of this  
brother, she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>