

Midwest Choppers

Tech N9ne

Welcome to misery punk, we deep rooted in this
You know what I'm sayin'
KCMO, KCK, you know what I'm sayin'
That's how we do it, Tech N9ne in this place
Trying to produce a record, say what
Welcome to misery where the killers pop it up
When I say pop it up I mean deal it at the turn of the gun
We can do it if anybody want it, where the rapper niggas
They clappin' up and now they tell everyone
Misery loves company so we done with thee
Enemy when it be energy sendin' me the route
My negativity trippin' wit me, you runnin' for your life
'Cause you ran your mouth, mouth
We can sing or we can bang
It ain't no game we untamed
Whether it's fame or we can aim
Release your brains, it ain't no thing
(Midwest Choppers)
You heard what I'm sayin'
We livin' in pain and it's a shame
That you came and got drained
And listen man, stay in your lane
(Midwest Choppers)
We can sing or we can bang
It ain't no game we untamed
Whether it's fame or we can aim
Release your brains, it ain't no thing
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You heard what I'm sayin'
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And listen man stay in your lane
(Midwest Choppers)
Find the witness to murderers monologue of a minute
Come out of a sinister formidable place
I can let you know the in's and the out's and I can spit it wicked
Twisted and you can see by the look of my face
Give me the mic and I'ma mangle it, tangle it
Definitely the people see that I got the hang of it

Pig you gotta try to make a mockery of a city who
Pock 'em and block 'em why can't you get it, we dangerous
Came to get strange with it, bang with it
Stop and get a little untamed with it
Get the chopper like a fully' ya bully with a hoodie
Soon to get up and take him out or split cane with it
Well the answer is right before your eyes
Who do you despise? Killers who chop you
We gotta stop you, pop you partner, you gawfin'
Get up outta the way when Techa N9ne be bustin'
Gotta give it up I'm a veteran like Edison
I'ma light 'em up and get in your head again
I'm better than ever, never let 'em feather
Invest it, be fed it since it separated
Hit the mic and then we buy a little medicine I'ma
(Choppa, Choppa, Choppa)
Automatic kickin' the ammunition
Killin' the competition know it ain't nobody
(Hotta, Hotta, Hotta)
Damagin' everythin' and everybody you know we on a mission
Listen to me, how can I make you understand I'm a general?
Even if you poppin' the competition in minimal
Can't see the killers
And you can bet that we criminal
The thing inside of me keep on tellin' me when to go
So I'ma keep reppin' the Midwest Choppers freakin' flows
And I'm about to be up on top of this and truly be bustin'
Beggin' for mercy you punk I ain't givin' you nothin', nothin'
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And listen man, stay in your lane

(Midwest Choppers)

Never worry we be the best whenever somebody take the bite
Ain't talkin' about women, I'm talkin' about paper
Be caught in a dilemma after the sin, already coded
They're wounded, they're competition would for sure
The killa must be like a fully damn brettin' made company
Tough with or with the Baretta tucked right under my sweater
And we hide it in the lot where the blood of my killas
Be keepin' the apartment, partner you tight but my dealers are better
We keep a chopper like a blender eatin' boys up for dinner
The Guillotine will chop your hands of and throw 'em out the window
We're too critical for you well your walkin' away lookin' so ridiculed
Why ADDB we be the number one contenders
When they come to the street whats the post on the block
For the killa I'ma liftin' my middle finger up to the cop
So on the way to the studio we go 'bout makin' another hot track
They be lovin the way that we spin it when we try commentin' lots
And approach to the definition of a soldier
My opposition is the my cultural future
I split like atomic and anybody MOY I'ma fond of make
Me and my killer guerrillas willin' 'cause we're the corner boys
They tryin to battle 'cause they want our position
But they ain't never gettin' in it, because the music is bigger here
Like I told you we're number one competitors dealin'
We'll connect with them to the top
And then we'll stop till they get the millions
In the hone of the century they been walkin' the limbo
Chemistry you can never cross with them
Thinkin' inside that they either be as a mean ever polite
[Incomprehensible]You can try to read us, you can try to beat us
Try to get your speed up but it ain't gon' matter
'Cause after we get bendin' bustin there gon' be no laughter
We takin' over the network, Tech N9ne is the master, master
We can sing or we can bang
It ain't no game we untamed
Whether it's fame or we can aim
Release your brains, it ain't no thing

(Midwest Choppers)

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We livin' in pain and it's a shame
That you came and got drained
And listen man, stay in your lane
(Midwest Choppers)
(Yelling my voice out loud)
I get to representin' the city, get the cane
Holla your brain 'cause I'm a disaster
Dalima get ready, get decibel comin' atcha
Leave 'em in a predicament 'cause I'm a style master
And I'm impressionable now, just so ya know
I make 'em sweat 'cause I'm best with the flow
Whenever you wanna flex, we can go, keep stressin' your code
And I'd rather make you dance on the floor
Midwest's gonna flow like, she'll flow with the more strike
'Cause the energy is the bomb
I can tell that you fascinated by the way we rhyme
And we glow like with the more strike with the fire
Baby, now you need to say it off
'Cause I'm sippin' on heindig and bustin'
Like your sendin' your enemy's now
Irritated with the haters that be comin' around
So I kick it like a brother but with a African style
Meetin' with them I' really sure so, I'm too sick for a cure so
And no need for a doctor my bod won't work
Late in makin' yo nerves straight 'cause they caught ya
Hands down when I popped ya, now
Let's take a trip to the back of your real guilt
Strange individual with the mettle to ill skill
Public outnumber howlin' with the bro's was real screwed
Get down 'cause the talks could be farce and big wheels
Talk with it, let me act like you get tough with it
When they talk, come out of truck's bitichin'
Often there's crane's, you know
Killers gonna be devoted to leavin' yo bodies smokin'
But really you can't get down, what is it? An exchange problem
'Cause whenever I'm bustin' it's like a full heart stopper
Dalima, Tech N9ne, Kaliko with D-Loc
Rippin' up with the flow 'cause we Midwest Choppers
We can sing or we can bang

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That you came and got drained
And listen man, stay in your lane
Nigga nigga you better act right, get right
'Cause I'm the baddest nigga hookin' up with the fastest bad-ass's
Hit you with the lyrical, lyrical miracle whip incredible
Like to knock the head of a several
Diggy, diggy down what'cha piggy found
At the c-c-clownin' house Is bound for your town diggy, diggy, diggy
And if you lookin' for the sound it can be found
With the nigga wearin' the crown, are you really with me?
And when you hear it then nigga then zip it
De-zip it, make you want to reposition your pivot
When we write it and spit it we makin' somebody get it
And if they wont' hear it then go live and forgive and forget it, stop
I write and keep babblin' on or rapplin' off at the mouth
While we travelin' when were diggin' it
I'll speakin' about the things that I'll be doin'
Couple a scoop and I pop my mouth free stylin'
But the road with you and you and you
And I can stop with the drop of the Caribou
And if they see me pop and their still with you and you
And I won't hesitate to chop you until you, what they do with you?
And if you lookin' for the betterer the betterer to combust
You got the Cali gun for fun
And if you throw people some black attitude
When you attack 'em on the check-amo, they putting down the gun
That Dalima is a chopper, D-Loc a chopper
That Tech N9ne's a chopper
Kaliko will knock your block off

You never see it come and hit you
When we gonna get runner, we walk off
'Cause is more than breath we want
And we come in here headhuntin'
But we won't stop till we get to the top
Givin' the way that we're Midwest Chop, ya
Strange music bitch, seven years of excellence
T on T and N, 9 and E, real numbers bitch
Now from us to you, Tech N9ne collabo's
Welcome to Misery Loves Company, and for all the haters
Fuckin' peasants, suit you, mother fucker, figure it out

Lyrics provided by

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