

Ya Killin' Me

Tech N9ne

Intro (Tech N9ne)-

Nigga ya came lame

Trying to attain fame

Making it that damn thang

But Strange bringing you Samhain's reign

Trying to blame game

When you in the lane you can tame on the bang mang

When fame you gonna bring insane pain

Chorus- x2

(It's so easy) God sent me here to punish you

(Believe me) I'm the wrong one to run into

(I'm crazy) They tell me ain't nobody cold as you

But you, you (Ha ha) ya killin' me!

Pill-

Thought that you was nice

But I got news for ya sorta kinda

A deal twice, its nice, its rights with the 49ers

Pain bringer over houses

You softer than Dora's pouches

Smoke a Joker quicker than Batman and torture spouses

Can't believe that you ain't with me

That you ain't as clean and cold as us

Trench a Weed? might crank some speed but ever believe that you froze enough

With the lights on

You think that you tight because you got all of that ice on

This the right song, because I finish beginnings as soon as they turn my mic on

Yeah, but I tell ya this

Fuck, it I package and mail ya this

Better open this letter, ya hope its a fella?

They told me to tap ya and tell ya quick (Bitch!)

This the mixture of a pistol and some liquor

Wrap your mouth around this barrel

Guaranteed you drop quicker

(Damn!) On some Smokey shit

Its Friday with the coldest bitch (poke a bitch?)

Shoulder then shoulder the dough and toe the ditch (holla at ya)

Oh, my bad! I didn't know that was your bottom bitch

I do this shit easy like after eating some cottage cheese

Chorus x 2
I feel vicious
I bust to my meal ticket
I'm up in the ill spittage
I fucks with the Pill nigglets!
I'm real bitches
Be walking I feel livid
Even though my skrillicious
I'm painted up and still wicked
Fuck! My pen just took a big shit
I don't give a fuck cuz I'm gonna rip this
Everybody that called me Devil is gonna get a plague on their family
Dammint its in the muthafuckin' red
Tech is sick of people's lack of acknowledgement
He was rippin' before wack niggas got a scent
To the reaper, the sack when ya dollas went
Bustin (???) cuz I gotta vent
This industry can truly suck a booty
This rap is how a snap and hack a loogie, sucka sue me
Got straps right in the back, I pack it truly for ya newbies
I crack ya niggas ass for acting tooty fucking fruity
Laughin' at you wannabes,
Im'a hang nooses, for dudes thats useless
Nigga its fucking Strange Music (Strange Music)
We bang to the boogie, don't sleep on this
Stoppin' a nigga gonna eat with a beast (?)
Wanna creep up on a brotha, beef ya gonna get
When you rappin' niggas never gonna speak on shit!
Chorus x 2

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