

# Mitchell Bade (feat. Bakarii)

## Tech N9ne

Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung?  
There's a lot of slinky niggas where I come from  
There's another missile catcher just like him  
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitchell Bade  
What up Mitch? Is it an everyday thang for you to act just like a bitch?  
How does it feel, to have a nigga that will kill ya for the foul shit you spit?  
Number one snitch, a bitch with a dick I found the remedy for the enemy  
What? Bust at the nigga like shootin' at the Kennedy's  
'Cause Mitch Bade ain't really no friend of me  
To be exact, he's that nigga that talk, but he really can't back  
That shit that he talk, so he gotta walk around with a gat  
But a nigga like me, I'll knock him out with the force of a hurricane  
The penalty for the path if you disrespect the game  
Now what goes on inside the mind of a nigga like this?  
The nigga pissed as I pumped off four rounds up in the trick he was with  
But it ain't my fault you a little ole' bitch without yo click  
Nigga run with a quickness get away quick, but you bet not slip  
Better of with a Bianca then be stuck with a AK 47 on your lip, right  
Even if I'm lifted I can scope em' from a mile away  
Niggas fakin' like intisapating they domes day  
Camouflagin' but I can see you actin' like a bitch  
Which are the symptoms of a nigga named Mitch  
Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung?  
There's a lot of slinkin' niggas where I come from  
There's another missile catcher just like him  
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade  
If a Mitch is yo mix, you best's ta check this one  
And get ret to go for Milli, when the next one come  
If a nigga got a foot off in his rectum  
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade  
Late night I got a page from Bianca  
She told me her man was trippen, so swoop her bout a block up  
So I um, got prepared, my conscience told me grab the gat  
But all I could think about, was hittin that kitty kat from the back  
All about that hustle, but tonight I gosta kick it  
Deep conversation, but it's her first time letting a nigga hit it  
But I'm not alone, it seems this nigga was on the phone  
He heard the spot, the topic, whicked whicked, now it's on  
As I continue, continue creepin', creepin' it's  
apparent  
That I'm dealin with a Mitch Bade, I guess that's why he keeps on staring  
But I'm well equiped to handle a fleet, so nigga don't think  
I'm sleep, we can talk like men or we can get grim  
And handle this shit And the streets, don't ever trust no coch

Especially when, a nigga like me is rollin up your block  
Bitch Made nigga couldn't see that you was played  
So we just changed your name and called you Mitch Bade, Mitch Bade  
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If a nigga got a foot off in his rectum  
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade  
Cruisin' down the 'spect with five spliff's  
roll roll

Passenger seat seat, Sunday the Hoe Stroll  
Went to park with major loot, dippen up on bitches  
But the jealous Mitch is ready to shoot, peep  
But it ain't complete, the day is foul without a big butt and smile  
I need a chick that's running wet like Fury of the Nile  
Bumped into, stepped into, this chick that's thick and photo genic  
In a minute, I'ma get up in it, with a jimmy to avoid that AIDS epedemic  
Get it, got it, good in the hood, shit's  
all good, so I knocked on wood

Got to her crib, drank some crown, laid me down, showed me the goods  
Then, knock knock, "Who's that?" she said her man and he might  
Be strapped with a gat, put back on my shit, time to show this fool  
Just where it's at, ret to get wet, she opened it up enough so I can see  
She cracked it a bit, but that nigga pushed her, then came after me  
Extended arm, and bodily harm he shoulda caught trigga, chiggas  
Bitch bade, Mitch made niggas!  
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