

Breathe

Tech N9ne

Verse 1: Never duck another mother fucker repeat it
Never duck another mother fucker
Nigga better delete it
put the cerebellum in killa mode
For real a foe can never get
with what a gorilla know
Killa syllable fillin'
yo biblical ritual the shit to get rid
Of yo pain hearing your pitiful game,
this is political pain
Deep in the pit of yo brain let it rain
with a unforgettable aim
Nigga lookin' for a spot to bust
Cause the homie that you killed meant a lot to us
Buck instead I'm lookin for a cock to fuck
Kill a nigga like he was rockin' a swastika
You can do it but you blew it cause lockin' up
get your ride on nigga is you rock or what?
Lots of luck,
you're really gonna need it hella heated
Mother fucker let the glock erupt, Box him up
I don't wanna be the one
to get a milla meter in the gut
I wanna be the one to hit'em with another milli
cut up In the middle I'm a little sick
And different And I meant it
when I said it you remember that?
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)
you don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if your lookin' like a enemy bust
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we just Chorus: (BREATHE!)
Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?
(BREATHE!)
They come bets to fight every fuckin' one
(BREATHE!)
Say some punks around and some buckin' guns
(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some
(BREATHE!)Verse 2:Never let a hatin' mother fucker
see ya sweat

Bleed the chest no need regret
A fun day caper a Sunday paper
So I can read the rest I can dig it you can dig it
Put a nigga in the grave if he hate or penetrate
The loop of love
a nigga made if you steppin to me
You will never benefit
Nigga if I start it Imma finish it
Run up on a mother fucka
while he fuckin' a chick
Put a bullet in her head while she suckin' the dick
Wasn't a bit of evidence baby it's irrelevant
You got it with yo nigga that's the luck of the grit
Bring pain 2 everyone in your face with the bane
You bury some its mother fuckin' shame
we carry guns

If you don't you're insane or very dumb
Teccanina's too rough (too rough), too hard (too hard), too tough (too tough), you scarred (you scarred)
cause a nigga know

A mother fuckin' round will spit
Fuckin' around with the killa clown and shit.
If you really wanna do it nigga we can step into
Put us up against some mother fuckers
and we runnin' thru it
Fuck a nigga buck a nigga
if he think he's a gorilla
Meant I when I said it you remember that
(hell mother fuckin' yeah)
You don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if you're lookin' like a enemy, bust
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we jus,Chorus:(BREATHE!)

Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?
(BREATHE!)

They come bets to fight every fuckin'one
(BREATHE!)

Say some punks around and some buckin' guns
(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some
(BREATHE!)Verse 3:Get sprayed by the Tech 9 handgun
Now I'm on the out run

Flowin' the beginning hot cooked will done
Fuckin' wit a crazy insane warlord
Punks wanna trip but they know
I'm too mother fuckin' hard
Deadly ticking like a time bomb
Fuckin' with me you think you were in Vietnam
When I explode aint nuttin left
but remains for those who are froze
For fuckin' wit a nigga insane
Mentally minded mad mother fuckin' mad man
is out to attack
Sinkin' punks like quick sand
droppin' and poppin'
Any punk that bucks up bring a body bag
If you wanna get fucked up
There it is you little bitch made
nigga start runnin'
When I'm playin' with the trigga
of an uzi a twelve gauge
Really don't matter many suckas die
When the shot gun scatter
From block 2 block, hood 2 hood
Street 2 street boy you can't fuck with me
So 4 those who chose 2 jump up and talk shit
Admit ya bitch your little ass got lit
I don't wanna be the one
to get a milla meter in the gut
I wanna be the one to hit'em with another milli
cut up In the middle I'm a little sick
And different And I meant it
when I said it you remember that?
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)
You don't wanna get in trouble
With a nigga like the Teccanina
if your lookin' like a enemy bust
We don't ever stop and take a minute
we just breatheChorus (2x):(BREATHE!)
Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?
(BREATHE!)
They come bets to fight every fuckin'one
(BREATHE!)
Say some punks around and some buckin' guns
(BREATHE!)
Spray guns might result in you bussin' some
(BREATHE!)

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