

# Speed of Sound (Acapella)

Tech N9ne

i becomin like an auto but im murdering everything im a killa wit a mission to flip it im sick wit the given the  
lip and i be inchin to give it the way for the wicked i stick it with the cricket and they're diggin it,  
nigga  
like i said it befo' ima get up and go and get it because im mr malignant and keepin you rivetin, livin it  
paligament sin a bit, and a chick in a minute tecca nina be kickin it  
i flow for the middle west, go for your little neck, don't lemme get it, but your hoe ima get it wet  
stop and drop on top of twat in your kitchen, not the guap i pop without an admission  
hailin from mizzery, you can smell out the hell in thizzery, just remember me,  
bussin deliveries and im makin them shivvery, im takin my little city to lyrical liberty  
i go for the gusto and lead the ground  
no bush to beat around  
all the midwest choppers on this track and yes oh we are down  
tecca nina wit bone everybody gets on and the MCs we are clown  
and we do it like a bullet from a gun, a betta yet the speed of sound

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>