

# 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 whatWelcome 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 everyoneMisery 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, mouthWe 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  
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That you came and got drained  
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 faceGive 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 dangerousCame 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 itWell 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'  
We can sing or we can bang  
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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) 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 off 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 what's 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  
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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 wheelsTalk 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 ChoppersWe can sing or we can bang  
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And listen man, stay in your laneNigga 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 severalDiggy, 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, stopI 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 gunThat 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

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