

Why You Ain't Call Me

Tech N9ne

To whom it may concern
(Why you ain't call me?)
You know I'm the hardest, you know that my art is applauded
(Why you ain't call me?)
I'm not broken hearted but I could've been old when I started
(Why you ain't call me?)
You know I'm the hardest, you know that my art is applauded
(Why you ain't call me?)
You sleep on my music and that's a damn shame 'cause I slam my bang
(Why you ain't)
I've been inside every hip hop circle you could imagine
Gangster or pop, even backpackers know that I'm real good at rappin'
I was strugglin' back in the day when my hood was lackin'
Yo so I'm 'bout to talk about what shoulda, woulda and coulda happened
If music was about inovatin' and penetratin' generations
By generatin' musical intergration
It wouldn't be about limitation and demonstration
Imitation within a blatant looks just disintegratin'
It ain't about the music, it's just about the fame
If you ain't popular homie, then you just out the game
If video and radio don't frequently announce your name
They don't know your music even though you blow most out the frame
But a closed mouth don't get fed when it stays shut
Lay cuts with Tecca Nina 'cause he can straight bust
Say what, you ain't heard of me gettin' paid bucks?
Torrent y'all see me rippin' the stage up
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I've been on tour with Hov 'bout 27 shows
Why he ain't have me on a record only heaven knows
Maybe he missed us, missin' the big picture
That this is a fixture, aw yeah, he got Twista

Well, Twista's my homie and we both from the Midwest
And I guess Hov ain't lookin' for another speedy rapper kid yet
Me collaboratin' with them was all in me dreams
Matter fact the only one of 'em called me was Beens
He told me he played you 'The Industry Is Punks'
And you loved it so you know Tech is what the industry would want
I started down at the bottom, got with TOG and then it payed
But I would've loved to been on the third verse of 'Renegade'
They must think I'm a stick of dynamite with no stem
That's probably why I got D12 but no Em
But I burst flame and I bet that y'all know my first name
'Cause I'm the hardest this side of Earth man
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This ain't no hate mail, this a love letter
I love you niggas music and I hope is does better
I just wish you woulda hit a brother that love cheddar
But I'm ballin' now and I'm better than I was ever
Space age flows like Jesse and Primrose
Tin-fold, I used to open-up, now I end shows
Grim road, when you one of the best with slim dough
And you ain't got Dre, Storch, Pharrell and no Timbo
I've met almost half of the DTP
But the couple times I spoke to Luda, don't think he see me
Had never met I-20 but he spoke at BET
Shawna love me, Field Mob and Chingy decently speak me
So I'ma re-inaurate the game, it's all fame
And you don't get no play if you an emcee with a small name
If I wanna get on TV I guess I gotta call Pain
And Nelly, my great grandmother's name is Maud Haynes
Maybe I'm trippin', full of delusion
Maybe it come from all the drugs I was usin'
Maybe I am the best thing that you ever saw
Maybe I'm wrong and you don't know me at all
I guess I'm blinded, I got reminded
That none of you just will ever know who the N9ne is
And you never heard of the homie from the Show me
Punk that, I know you niggas know me

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