

# Speedom (Wwc2)

## Tech N9ne

I get to busting like I'm a thirty ought six  
When I'm ripping the beat up, but then I heard he got pissed  
When I got at the top and they made him pretty hot  
'Cause he knowin that Tecca Ninna's a dirty chopper  
He's handle, holmes, here's a handful  
How in the hell he hovering having hella go H.A.M. Though?  
I said to Seven, "Richard Havens'll be the man"  
So we put it together thinking Eminem was a gamble  
Guess not, cause he be the guest spot  
Kaliko said, "what we doin'?", I said to I'm, let's chop  
So now the people finally get three of the best locked  
Never be another choppers comin' so let's rock, nigga  
You're on, people got to wondering if it's a for sure song  
Yes, I got another killer making a tour strong  
If you thinking of battling, you're gone! Nobody can catch up, meet the Speedy Gonzalez  
The beat is the problem  
And if ya got your feet in your mouth  
You gon' have to beat it up out of him  
It's a lot of 'em and I mean a lot of 'em  
And me and Nina used to follow them  
I've got to audibly body them  
And this is it man, the hitman, the Ip Man, karate 'em  
And the fans will lift hands, we'll be dancin' out of 'em  
And in Kansas advanced to withstand a pile of 'em  
Who stands with two hands to move in the crowd of 'em  
If I ain't makin' sense  
Then you better sample the amp of it like the bass  
It ain't ever been a gift for me to heat 'em, I beat 'em, I burn 'em  
Then I let 'em melt  
They never heard of us, but look at me, I'm turning up  
I slap the shirt off a stupid simpleton makin 'em be impotent  
If and when I be flipping niggas be feminine  
I said the purpose to pimp a pen  
And reverse the conditions I'm living in  
And do bigger numbers than Eminem  
Gotta be fast so I smash on a nigga  
With half the cash I'm a little sicker, quicker than you figure  
(Ice cold) I make 'em shiver bigger than the winter  
If you half ass delivering I'mma eat your dinner

Better than mine, oh no, not me, I mean other guys  
I jump around so do that mean that I'm rubberized?  
Me and N9ne master meaning we murderize  
We bleed 'em, beat 'em 'til they be gone feed 'emSpeedom!

(If you wanna go with us)

Speedom!

(I'mma leave 'em in the dust)

Speedom!

(I must be the one to bust)

Speedom!

(And I'm gonna hit the clutch)

Speedom!

(If you wanna go with us)

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(I'mma leave 'em in the dust)

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(I must be the one to bust)

Speedom!

(And I'm gonna hit the clutch)Sometimes, I feel

Like I'll never slow down

(Worldwide Choppers)

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(Worldwide Choppers)Wait! Before I wreck this beat, let me just check to see

If Stephanie Mills left any extra refills of ecstasy pills next to me

In the seats spilled or she eat 'em all with a breakfast drink

(You inspect the sink?)

In the habit of grabbing a mic and babbling, I dabble in the Vic's

But I might just swallow my fucking Ritalin tablet after the night

I'm grabbing it right from the medicine cabinet

'Cause that's what it's like and attack it like a Dracula bite

Jetpack in my backpack when I write

All this anger pent up inside

I went up inside a Bennigans diner with a cigarette lighter

Figured I'd try to set a big enough fire

That'll trigger the sprinkler system

And I'd escape, but the getaway driver screwed up my limo

Collided with the center divider

I went through the window and ended up being

Pinned to the side of a semi

Offended beside a friend of the guy's wife

Friend of the flight attendant from Idaho

That took an antenna in the vagina hole

'Cause when I pick up a pen I'm venomous

And I'm as thick as Dennis the Menace

Like an evil dental hygienist sinister  
You've been yelling dementedness  
I invented this, I'm the genesis  
Eminem is a nemesis to a feminist  
Fuckin' smart alec degenerate  
I got Ellen DeGeneres  
Tryna tell me these men are just full of jealousy  
Envious of female independence  
Hell with a clitoris, hit or miss  
You will never consider this a bitter disappointment  
I'll never fail to deliver this  
Whatever the weather in this'll be  
Just like a certificate of authenticity That I'm thinkin' about  
Just tryna think of the quickest and sickest way for 'em to picket it  
I pick a day to be picked and I'm picking the wickedest shit to say  
Spin it back on a level, incredible, head of a rebel, unforgettable  
Better believe these beats are edible  
I consider loose leaf a vegetable  
And I stalk my prey  
You think you got away, uh-uh not today  
Murder you on a song and then I'll just say  
I was with Dr. Dre and Robert Blake  
Eatin' lobster, steak and coffee cake  
At a restaurant with Drake  
And Tech just got to make sure that our stories corroborate  
I'm a lot to take like Kanye  
Walking up on the stage for Beyonce  
Like it's my job to say  
That you're not a real artist, but it's my obligation  
Honest Abe is on his way, you will not escape  
Ammunition, replenish the Punisher  
With his gun at your hundred words  
And a clip on that which motherfuckers better run  
If you're not lookin' to get run over by the roadrunner  
No wonder no one don't wanna go  
And jump in front of a fuckin' runaway locomotive  
Or get thrown up under it just tryna fuck with the Speedom!  
(If you wanna go with us)  
Speedom!  
(I'mma leave 'em in the dust)  
Speedom!  
(I must be the one to bust)  
Speedom!  
(And I'm gonna hit the clutch)  
Speedom!

(If you wanna go with us)  
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(And I'm gonna hit the clutch) Sometimes, I feel  
Like I'll never slow down  
(Worldwide Choppers)  
Sometimes, I feel  
Like I'll never slow down  
(Worldwide Choppers) I'm the fury, the final fight  
I flip it on fraudulent fellas for feelin' fright  
I flick it on fire, finish him when the flow in flight  
Feminine fakers fall, I'm floggin' a foe with a fife  
Never forget it, I severed the head of a critic  
I sped up and did it, you tripping to be a dead epidemic  
Or wet up a clinic, and make a bloody redder percentage  
Of an addict who's having to get the lead of a cynic  
I was never the Devil, I put up a fight up in the industry  
Peddle the metal, we giving the light, a lot of energy  
We repping, beat checking he that be Koba  
If he's the evil enemy it'll be over  
Wanna get down in front of your town  
You ever making fun of the clown, I'm gunning you down  
We doing it under the ground, a wonderful sound  
If anybody come at the hound, don't wanna be found, bitch  
Would never be chopping without Slick Rick  
I got it from the record, lick the balls and this dick  
If you never listen to me, you musical misfit  
Nah, cause every time I be dropping I get bit  
I'm hearing a lot of rappers, they trying to spit quick  
But the Middle West got 'em, and we killing 'em in this bitch  
If you ain't in my circle of choppers you missed it  
'Cause me and my nigga Twista ruler, and that's it Speedom!  
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Songwriters

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