

This Ring

Tech N9ne

Da da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Da da da da, come on Do you take this man to be you lawfully wedded husband

In sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer

For better or for worse, 'til death do you part? I do Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife

In sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer

For better or for worse, 'til death do you part? I do From the words of a patriot

I often fear that the sins in my past

Will come back to haunt me

But the consequences are more than I can bare I feel that shit, this piece right here

Is about what comes with fame

And the struggle to keep family within a family

I give you, this ring This ring got me a top notch, straight hot fox, we sought rocks

And the Ewok Slot, was caught, got dropped two, playing hopscotch

On the block, ought not twat plot, yo for hops knot I brought dots This ring, helped me remain sane, no dame
games, came from bane

To a changed man, no cane thang, refrain from gang bang

Slang a praying brain, reigns family fame, then came pain Say hello to Tech N9ne, everybody wanna be down
with a nigga

Women get a whiff of the money, thinking of taking it from me

They get up in the club, giving the love, throwin' the pussy

Full of liquor and bud, booty hopping around up in the MO Get to looking around, every ho wanna lick a nigga
low

Infatuated, with niggas with dough, get 'em in the sack

And try to make 'em let it go

Tech N9ne, be autographing bitches, in front of rappin' niggas Who think of having figures, they get to grappling
triggas

They can't imagine villians, when they come back and get us

We get to whacking niggas, I ain't never wanted no parts of this I don't ever wanna break, another heart for this
Why the Devil gotta make it

Why the Lord gotta make something that'll kill

Something so marvelous This ring, brings demeaning demons in

G-strings, songs we sing, make 'em fiend semen

And green things, clinging, dreaming

Thinking of being Miss Thing with this ring But if I wasn't Tech N9ne

Bitches wouldn't even wanna be with Tech N9ne

If I did no music, then would you respect mine

This wedding band and music draws a line

Between life and Tech N9ne This ring was supposed to protect a nigga

Best for niggas, who couldn't stop having sex
With bitches, bless the Mrs
Who stress to kiss us, even though we spend on
Checks with strippers, obsessed with clitorises This ring made a nigga feel macho
Cry fo, lie fo, die fo, my ho, nigga, I go face, diablo
With a hostile gospel, if I can't have tres or cuatro
Little vatos, I'm a let a lot flow What the sell, up in Osco, up a nostril
That sound like Tech N9ne, nigga, where the weed
Where the muthafucking, blow and the hoes, yes, yes
Next to me, is ecstasy, asking me if I wanna roll, yes, yes Bitches never gave a fuck about a fling
Make's it exciting, when a married nigga, wanna fuck around
And a bitch know he down for a fling, yes, yes
I've been tested and alot of times
Been invested didn't know this Tech shit
Would constantly, get a nigga molested Been aproached by some of the best tricks
In the game and they came strong
But I hanged on to this ring
And I hope my son don't sing the same song This ring, brings demeaning demons in
G-strings, songs we sing, make 'em fiend semen
And green things, clinging, dreaming
Thinking of being Miss Thing with this ring But if I wasn't Tech N9ne
Bitches wouldn't even wanna be with Tech N9ne
If I did no music, then would you respect mine
This wedding band and music draws a line
Between life and Tech N9ne Quincy J told me, super stars are good providers
But 2 times outta 10, when we on tour
Family's not besides us, what can a nigga do
When he make ends, add more to the time they spend While he make ends, everything else breaking
And the bond at the house may end
And your wifey steadily yellin' bout quality time
And you think with all the fame and fortune shit outta be fine But what happens when, the divorce papers just
gotta be signed
And you lose half and your children, 'cuz you gotta be N9ne
I wanna relax wit 'em and spend time to the maximum
But if silence is golden then me making noise is platinum I gotta be Tech and Daddy and Hubby
But music, women mixed with family's ugly
I know and you know, that hell will be
Hot for a nigga's infidelity But until then God forgive me for any, promises that I broke family
Can I be forgiven for all the, liquor and weed that I smoked
When I succeed, will I cope? Will I still breathe without both?
This ring Tech N9ne, I dunno, but when I go, I'm leavin' out dope This ring, brings demeaning demons in
G-strings, songs we sing, make 'em fiend semen
And green things, clinging, dreaming
Thinking of being Miss Thing with this ring But if I wasn't Tech N9ne
Bitches wouldn't even wanna be with Tech N9ne

If I did no music, then would you respect mine
This wedding band and music draws a line
Between life and Tech N9ne This ring, Tech N9ne, this ring, Tech N9ne
This ring, Tech N9ne, this ring, Tech N9ne
This Tech, this Tech, this Tech, this Tech ring
Tech N9ne

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