

# This Is Me

## Cold Cherry (i<sup>o</sup>·e<sup>o</sup>·€i<sup>š</sup> i<sup>2</sup>·ēl·n)

In the world of BET, I'm looked at as 'Too Rock 'N' Roll'  
In the world of MTV, my name is 'Too Gangsta'  
Man, Strange Music, we got this, baby, this year we got this one, baby  
Red hair, red everything, it's Tech N9ne, baby, like it or not  
Never been a harder rhymer in my region globally  
That's holdin' me I'm totally hard and bossed up  
Why you think that the majority of the rap musical authority  
Sword me and barred and crossed up?  
'Cause they don't wanna let the crazy kid in then  
Spit his hymns speakin' a grim religion  
Of rhyme, forbiddin' my isms are hidden  
My mind, to written then spittin' the kid in  
The N9ne is playin' you, slayin' you, sprayin' you  
Permanently delayin' you, swayin' through, it's the gay in you  
That's hatin' who somethin' that hella beyond does  
I love Kanye, his shit is bombay but I'm rough  
And you can see it in my retina that I won't be lettin' ya  
Threaten us, better respect Tech, the messenga  
Too dope on 'em for this to be history, listen it's a mystery  
While they spittin' and dissin' me  
This is me, this is me, I'm a king, I'm a clown  
I'm a G, I'm a G, I believe what I want  
Got you singin' my song but you're seein' me wrong  
So what's the matter with me?  
This is the belief, the belief  
The religion has arisen from the deep, from the deep  
Darkest prison, if you listen, you will see, you will see  
If collision's your decision, you will reap what you sow  
So forget what you know, this is me  
This is Tech, brah, for years I've been the next  
To collect a plethora of checks, let's get extra  
Is what I set to, Travis let's go select the baddest  
Rappers, infect the planet, leave 'em in extra  
See I'm a vet, the powers don't really wanna let the best  
Come and wreck your sets and test your sector  
Instead of rawness like Inspecta Deckta  
Eldest rather set they specs on Mason Betha  
Slept on my records, if you knew my music's Hannibal Lecter  
What the hell you callin' for Masta Flex for?

Don't pester me, I won't sweat, you be on a quest to  
Investigate your tech ma, respect the  
Shockra, tease in hop to these  
Hot degrees, me and Mr. O apostrophe  
Never listen to these pop pussies 'cause they suck  
I love 50 Cent, he gritty when he vent but I'm rough  
And you can see it in my demeanor  
The Tech Nina will blast arenas, the grass is greena

Made it ma on top of the world, kiss me, miss me  
This is me, can't you see?  
This is me, this is me, I'm a king, I'm a clown  
I'm a G, I'm a G, I believe what I want  
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So forget what you know, this is me  
The industry treat me like a ride on the short bus  
That's why I'm tellin' the youngstas when you retort, cuss  
And make your fort fuss 'cause you went up to Sam Goody  
On F Y E with they money and you support us  
Strangas, Shadys, psychopaths and Juggalos  
Losers, shootas, college women and ghetto hoes  
Rock it from precious dough, drop it, just lets it flow  
Cop it, don't knock it, you blockers, stop at the record store  
This is Aaron Yates, this Aliyah and Reign  
This is for Little Donnie, this is for all Akoya's pain  
This is for the sickness of Marty Sue  
This is for all the love of Sara, Suzie, Aramay and Izeda Lou  
This is for Ike and Ricky, Rufus, Rhonda, Barbra and Marla really  
This is for B'zle and I know that rest of my family is with me  
This is my friends, this is the end, this is a G  
This is life, this is wrong, this is right, this is me  
This is me, this is me, I'm a king, I'm a clown  
I'm a G, I'm a G, I believe what I want  
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Darkest prison, if you listen, you will see, you will see  
If collision's your decision, you will reap what you sow  
So forget what you know, this is me  
Goodbye

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