

# Technicians (Prod by. Soleternity)

## Tech N9ne

[Intro:]

Is 'tis 1985,  
In KC on a bus ride,  
From the 56th side,  
Not too many knew that it was alive,  
But they spread it so now they tied to Technicians worldwide.[Verse 1:]

Listen!

Trying to recruit is the mission,  
We offer you a position,  
Where Tech will rule and condition your brain.  
To know actin' a fool is the vision,  
Caribou Lou is tradition,  
And the way to be true to your living is strange.  
We come in peace,  
But if you wanna be dumb and beef,  
A gun is somethin' he wanna be young and speak,  
Imma numb his beak.

He's a woman, he the one and brung in meat for the cunning beast.  
Hit a lung and, seep dung, and sleep long in deep tongue, full of gum and teeth.

It's when a Technician do the sets who diss the crew,  
The best thing for you to do,  
Is to let the clique see who the vet is, and miss the new seekers,  
Wonder who the fuck is coming through these speakers.  
Never forget it the medic for you tweakers,  
Ahead of the medicine developed to soothe creatures,  
You're pathetic if you're no believer,  
'cause we all are energetic and eager.  
Come alive when you walking side by side with me.  
Fly the skies and get high with me.

On this ride you won't collide,  
Just confide in me,  
Try denying me,  
Ye dying violently.

That's the way,  
You fakers got to pay,  
My people quick to spray,  
And buck a demon till they lay,

But if he breathing it musta been an angel by his side like Sunday,  
Never would be the case 'cause my clique ready to ride when I say:[Chorus:]

Technicians!  
Owoh! Owoh! Owoh!  
Others ain't got a clue,  
They comin' through,  
Suspicion.  
We do,  
The Shit,  
We do,  
'Cause if you not with the crew,  
Converting you is our mission.  
If you're a born Technician,  
Put your ammunition,  
And your hands up in the sky.  
This is a strong addiction,  
Live to this if ya a Technician till ya die.[Verse 2:]  
My people all know what a Bianca is,  
Most of 'em want to diss,  
Don't come unless you want the biz.  
It ain't nothin' but real women in my circle, not them phony chicks,  
That don't know what I mean when I say elbow macaroni bitch.  
They know what I'm drinking,  
The ladies looking right,  
They know what I'm thinking,  
The babies even hype,  
The oldies be geekin',  
The red, the black, and white,  
The soldiers beef seekin'.  
All of my people's here,  
Tech and the bullies(?),  
Are gonna equal fear.  
Cuz I'm 'bout to (?),  
And get the evil peers,  
Out of my life I never wanna see you,  
YEAH!  
Bitch.  
You ain't a Technician,  
You don't know the pledge,  
But you said that you listen,  
Guess you misunderstood the Shit huh?  
Disrespect that Tech trick get done.  
The moral of the story is we warriors,  
Notorious for the hordes of core,  
Ready to roar he is glorious.  
Technician number 1,  
The Mission leave em sprung,

With a (???),  
And if you listen it's a gun.[Chorus:]  
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We are family,  
That Tech shit we on it.  
We could be damaging.  
To all you punks that want it.  
We bring calamity,  
That snake and bat we flaunt it.  
Unforgettable,  
Tech's formidable,  
Reppin' the mid, the MO,  
Bitch we run it.

You don't gotta know that I really meant it when I said that I was gonna make the mainstream go me.

Still rappin' like I'm poppin' a pillow,  
Off of the killer,  
More like I was taking molly in '03.  
We can take anybody we so deep.  
I bet that you got us on yo' street.  
I'm tryna find a spot that's big enough,  
So that all of my people can meet![Chorus:]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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