# Mizzizy Gets Bizzy

## Tech N9ne

(Tech N9ne)
I the angel of rap, say pack yo shit/
Look back at the mic, n turn brick bloods n crips to clips/
The city is cool, we bout to make the plates shift/
When floatin ya open, n Mizzery is on Tech, I Pac a flips/
You ready for demons creepin through your homes/
Is you got the stomach for blown domes?/
Turn me on, I'm in'a zone/
Medusa looked at us n said "wassup?!"/
The Midwest staired back and plus now that bitchs stick as kcuf/
Gimmie that foe foe, gimmie that nine millimete gun bust/
I'mma get em with a flow, just a little bitta Mo/
I'm like Micheal, a psycho approach/
I rage most, rollin like the sage coach, givin the KO/
Swollen pockets, but robbin on Roe Dayo/
I'm very krooga, if you hurt my love I'm breakin out the scary rooga/
When I get ta bus'in thats my free Larry Hoova, maneuva/
Whos a rappa Yakuza, whacker than any/
You loose'a, rap or refuse'a, ac'a like emmy/
Rock so vest, we got yo checks/
Who jocks yo flexs? You heethan/
Thinkin'a gettin richer, receivin taco neck/
The bigga the flow-a the bigger the kill/
The bigga the foe foe, the bigga the pack'a niggas runnin down the hill/
Rogue Doggs rule, we told yall foo's/
Now its time to kill, haters just chill, n peel the lyrical Denadryl/
I can not, and shall not, and will not fall!/
The opposite of Rue Paul/
The Rogue Dogg bus'in all'a yall!/

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

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