

Aw Yeah? (Intervention)

Tech N9ne

Question for the the maker and it's aw yeah?
This the way it's supposed to be huh? AlrightSippin'
On a glass of red wine
Right before bedtime thinkin'
Everybody down here trippin'
If you up there
Upstairs
This is Nina tellin' you to listen
The vision I'm givin' everyday
Life is dumpin' on us like a pigeon
I get many enemies with this Forbes list
But I get rid of energy from piss poor pricks
Can I get to heaven all I get is threatened
Every time I get more chips
Gotta grip four fifths
For the sick forces I gotta fight
All of the night with cops, Crips
Bloods with sore fists
And them Nazi's wanna hem Hadji
Up it ain't too many men godly
Hideous so many cities bust in
Ferguson to Libya, Benghazi
Human equality never been a level playin' field
Man it been wobbly
So many circles of sin rob me
That's why we go angel to grim Cosby's!
Yellin' this to my superior
Degrading of love is inferior
Upon this earth a lot of people jerked around about 300,000 to Syria
Are you serious?
I could never think of burying my children p-p-period
Nigeria, I'mma yell while I'm walking through this hell cause I'm furious!
Zuse know what's up, he said you got to pack a toy
But why you gotta let the bodies dropping at a coffee shop in Aussie (Aussie)
But around here, loving coco's the bomb
Meanwhile so many people are taken out by the hands of Boko Haram
Aw yeah?!They gotta suffer the penalty cause of our education
Nobody wanna say nothing but I gotta call it abomination
Pissed off thinkin' what this cost

What these babies blood drippin' for?
So I say in Latin, listen Lord!
Audire DOMINE! (Audire DOMINE)
Only way people are gonna be able to kill off a demon is
Pick up a gun and be ready to put it between him
My nigga be screamin'
Audire DOMINE! (Audire domine)
No fear the only way
Every day flatten the beast
At least Anonymous is hacking for peace
And yet we gotta bust cause we packing a piece
Choke not another one of us for the snappin' police
Who the hell a brother gonna trust when it's always dishonor
Hate me like Obama
And I ain't even gotta run and askin' you the question: God what about my
Mama!

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