

# B.I.T.C.H. (feat. T-Pain)

## Tech N9ne

No, you ain't supposed to put on your devil suit  
When you come up in the church, young man  
Now they ain't about to think you a rebel  
You 'bout to make them think you birthed from flames  
La la la-di-da-da, wanna be on TV just to show out for mi mama  
But breakin' into colored houses, admit  
That it's a bitch when you sick like this Puttin' all the face paint I can put on  
Put my black jeans and black hood on  
That's your TV I just stood on  
With a faded habit this brother swerves when I sip vodka  
I'm the latest rabbit, in other words; I'm a hip-hopper  
You disc jockers never played me, you said my shit stopped ya  
2001, I mixed opera now every cliques' got the  
Sick caca with lots of rippin' about they chips, oughta  
Listen to this quick chopper flippin' and poppin'  
With the spirit of Pac and Big Poppa!  
Ya! This for your motherfuckin' rap quotes  
My shit is surprisin' and shockin' like Barack votes  
The traps broke when I rapped with Tunechi and Stacks though  
OG Mug said I'm gonna be the first rapper to cross over to black folk  
Ya, I'm breakin' into colored houses  
Polo boots and hella dark-colored outfits  
Ya, I'm breakin' into colored houses  
Fellas better put a chastity belt on your spouses Man, it must suck to be you niggas  
Cause it don't suck to be this rich  
If you not fuckin' with me, brethren  
You can suck upon this dick  
Man I just get it how we get it where I live  
Somebody better call 911 (Call 911)  
I'm breakin' in these niggas cribs!  
Yeah, we out here workin'  
One things fo' sho', two things for certain  
I'm for real! That's how I live  
Somebody better call 911 (Call 911)  
I'm breakin' in these niggas cribs!  
Since 2001 my people dodged me like Durango  
Now at my shows I see more N-words than Django  
(From Missouri) like Nelly, Chingy, and Chain Hang Low  
But Kansas City somewhere over the rainbow  
I'm in yo' house baby, I'm in yo' living room  
Lookin' down yo' blouse lady, and everybody is in tune  
To Tech Ninna, sex fiend a threat to his and whom

They got a beautiful woman and givin' poon  
 They want it cause I'm bout to be big and BOOM  
 Breakin' into colored houses is hard, mane  
 Cause everybody got guns  
 And they got dogs  
 And they got bars mane  
 But I'm comin' thru that TV  
 All the ghetto is gon' see me  
 Sippin' the KC Tea  
 Now you know Tech N9ne now everybody want a freebie! Ya, I'm breakin' into colored houses  
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 Somebody better call 911 (Call 911)  
 I'm breakin' in these niggas cribs! My people missin me, like Diana Ross  
 No this ain't MMG, but I am a boss  
 Although I'm wicked see, I'm fly and I floss  
 So why am I lost  
 Like my jam is off  
 Yes you a day late  
 Better late than never I'm a veteran  
 My cheddar been truly silly like Stevie J face  
 Every last one of these evil haters they see me vacate  
 Tip to the crib, turn on the television and see my face like, "Hey, wait..." Man, it must suck to be  
 you niggas  
 Cause it don't suck to be this rich  
 If you not fuckin' with me, brethren  
 You can suck upon this dick  
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