Give It All (feat. Audio Push & Krizz Kaliko)

Tech N9ne

I wanna give, give it all
I said, I said, I said, I said
I wanna try to kill everything in my way
Everybody say, hey, ey, ey, ey, ey!Yep, I'm the one ya heard
Reppin rojo on Jimmy Kimmel had some disturbed
But niggas know that we ruff and rugged so mums the word
Tech N9na face painted look like he come ta purge!
Real Scorpio, shoot this thing like a torpedo
Rock the rip, no remorse we go
Dummy like Mork from Ork, we know
And I say that with the utmost respect
I bust low to death, I must bode the check
It's never enough, no for Tech
So I get sick with it, I make a bitch dig it
Even when I wanna speed it up and I quick-spit it
I get a bit wicked up in a battle
Tryin to bite a buck, I blabber in his fitted
Killin' music get me spiff sitted, I can't piss when it become hard
So I need a chick to hit it when I kick a lyric
And I'mma murder 'til I'm on the yard (Murder)
My verbs are like birds that jerk up and merk the weak twerps
You can't hurt the gurka
First to, insert the work inside of the earth
I disperse the curse to reverse ya to the worst of ya venomous
Squirt ya mercer (Ugh)
Trip not, you see I got the advantage in hip hop
Cause rappers sound identical so when N9na's shit drop
I do numbers, I'm the pinnacle so never will it stop
Y'all can't beat me doin' nothing, except for
Stalkin' these thoughts I spew and suckin'
We run this independent game, it ain't no screwin' us
When we runnin' everything except our mouth while they blue and sufferin'
This on the Bible, I kill any life with a script from this rhyme
Music's done divine, this is my rifle
There aren't any like it cause this one is N9ne, is a gift from his mind
Yo, I Got the call from Tech N9ne
He needed assistance from the group with the best rhymes
That spit the heat up off of yo ass and grind
Fuck all of them flex rhymes
I get love in every city I sack in cause I rep mine
Around the world, the girls give me head on tour cause I headline
I gotta get fed, I'm fed up, my homies is doin' fair time

I look at that clock and all I see is "Go get that bread" time
Lost too many soldiers so tears, I gotta shed mine
Turn on the radio, hear yo shit, and oh, it's bedtime
I fall asleep, it all is weak, most y'all shouldn't be called MCs
Bro, ya discography, you ain't sale cause all of ya talk is cheap
Smoke up all the tree, my whip look like it got a fog machine
My crib look like a pharmacy, that's prolly why you wanna haul my team
Livin' facetious, what the hell, why the weed lit
I make change where I see fit
I don't play like I don't see shit
Yeah, one hunnit, one hunnit, keep it that way and it's a poem
And stay away from the hate and keep all yo plays right in motion
Bust it, I'm down after the sun and up before it, better know it
MVP, most valuable poet, been the coldest, kept it focused
Cause you miss every goal that you don't shoot for
And every time you cut a corner, you make two more
The rich is in my life, so I don't have to have the things
And listen for the whispers so I don't have to hear the screams
And I go hard for what I want, so it's just colors when I dream
And then you realize, it's not as scary as it seems
Molly's for pussiesAin't nobody handle me, heated like a candle be
Kissin' dirt, ya man'll be for tryin' to dismantle me
Music is my weapon, true, loud enough to deafen you
Never trip with Tech and crew, be careful who you steppin' to
I remember when I was young and I got scars through
Right in back of the paddy-wagons and cop cars too
Now that I'm flyin' high from a rockstar view
Security level let Allahu Akbar through

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