

Tech N9ne f/ K-Dean, Krayzie Bone

"Midwest Choppers II"

Visit "[Midwest Choppers II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro] We scoured the globe on a quest to find the most elite Most intricate tongues of all time California, New York, Denmark, Australia Then a cold wind from the Midwest brought the hardest Fastest, most accurate tongues ever heard in our lifetime These are the Midwest Choppers [K-Dean] I got a message for any one of you muthafuckin niggaz That wanna talk 'bout the Mid-Midwest We dangerous, Aim to bust any little nigga with a big-big chest Anybody that wanna be comin thinkin they hotter I'm a type of nigga that'll really kill ya for dallas Fuck everybody that want a piece of a killa For real, Me and my niggaz will leave you floatin in a river So fuck all you haters, You heard what I said My flow a little bit over your head Act like a pencil, I'll fill you with led If you afraid, Then tell me you scared Cause imma little bit out of my muthafuckin mind The hardest rapper that Tecca N9na could fuckin find Who that? Who that? That's me Who that? Who that? K-Dean When I was comin up in the game everybody was tellin me 'I really be killin a lot of you niggaz, I'm mean' Fuckin with my niggaz D-Loc and Dalima They told me, 'I be really gotta be a muderer killin machine' I didn't care about nothing but rappin my way to the top Fuckin with my nigga Tech, He told me I'm hot Anybody got a problem with any one of my niggaz I'll pulled out the 9 milli up to a pop Bring the heat, Bring the noise, Bring the flames Anything that you bring, Imma tame Puttin dirt on the top of my name Pull back and I click-click, bang Ask Tech, He'll tell you I'm strange If you ever wanna talk about me Imma run up, Gun up and leave you with no brain Then you'll know my flow is insane [Chorus] I be on the West Coast, I be on the East Coast I be North, South, but I reside on my side, Midwest Chopper Even though I'm all up in the Northwest All across the U.S. Overseas, Midwest Choppers Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Yeah, Midwest Choppers) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch us) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Nigga, Midwest Choppers) [Krayzie Bone] Come, come get some of this Midwest murda music, murda music, murda music

Come, come get some of this Midwest murda music,
murda music, murda music Let me hit 'em When I get
'em, Imma split 'em, Imma kill 'em I'm the nigga with
the lyrical venom finna get up in them When they give
me the instrumental I finish 'em, diminish 'em I
guarantee the murda music is a minimum But lately I
been givin 'em hell They don't really wanna see me, I'm
so damn swell Call me a monster, Verse Designer, First
To bomb ya Leathaface pullin up in that hearse beside
ya Murda, mo murda, mo murda, mo murdered 'em
all, kill 'em all Krayzie kill 'em all, they fall It's a lyrical
execution We snap faster, We the rap masters Squeeze
the gat, Blast it, If that's how it gots to be So they better
get it ready Cause I'm heated like an AK-47 spittin
bullet deliverence out of me Well that's somethin,
That's crazy, Jackson He's amazin action, Stay in action
Rap singin at ya, I'm blazin at ya I'm kinda like an
automatic aimin at ya And I don't want a little bit of
flame to ashes You know you really truely insane to
madness You're never gonna find other niggaz more
scandalous Than this Midwest blastin famly [Chorus] I
be on the West Coast, I be on the East Coast I be North,
South, but I reside on my side, Midwest Chopper Even
though I'm all up in the Northwest All across the U.S.
Overseas, Midwest Choppers Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh
(You can't touch us) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Yeah,
Midwest Choppers) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You
can't touch us) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Nigga,
Midwest Choppers) [Tech N9ne] I am the definition of
murda The N9ne is now coming to serve ya You're
running but you can't go no furtha Cause I'm running
through you with no sign of inertia Gimme the mic and I
bet that you duck It's what you betta do when I'm bussin
I be flippin, I'm incredible, Never get on my level I'm a
killa with the pedal to the medal You're edible and ya
death is so inevitable I can take it to ya momma, Ya
daddy, The back of a caddy You cut up in the sack with
a baggy and I wanna... Take it out and make it patty
You gotta be patty Cause that'll be bad if you decide to
mad, Is you gonna? You can listen to me and see I'm
the nigga with the ammunition I'm givin the livin a
vision of death Makin 'em sick and depressed Cause I
be givin everything I'm a rebel and I'm still with the
quick and the best Makin 'em walk in the business I get
up in it to rip and diminish ya Trip and I finish ya Dig it,
You really get me livid, I'm bout give it a pivot Imma
stick it so we can differ to sinister I be the chopper that
got ya little boppers goin off us Better not let me up on
the premises Cause I'm a doctor that's out for the
shotaz when I brought ya Be cautious never talk of this
nemesis We on top of the hill when it come to the skill

Other rappers are damn jokers They be givin the
people comedy But the Tecca N9na misery shit is Bram
Stoker [Chorus] I be on the West Coast, I be on the East
Coast I be North, South, but I reside on my side,
Midwest Chopper Even though I'm all up in the
Northwest All across the U.S. Overseas, Midwest
Choppers Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch
us) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Yeah, Midwest
Choppers) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (You can't touch
us) Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh-Ay-Oh (Nigga, Midwest
Choppers)

Visit [Tech N9ne f/ K-Dean, Krayzie Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.