

Solé

"Ain't Nobody Fuckin' Wit It"

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[intro - tech]

Ha ha ha ha, we bout to do this
Tech niner, sole'
Bout to make that ass hot baby
Like this, yo

[female singing]

I heard the party didn't stop
'til tech niner got ill one man crew, runnin' through you
Niggas let their cash drop, ladies made that ass hot
Make 'em say "ooh", that's what we do

[tech]

This one's for the niggas' in the club
Fucked up, full of liquor
Fittin' to let the tech n9ne feelin' hit ya
Everybody respect mine when I step up
Insane (ish)
Killa, killa, doin' damage to a nigga brain (ish)
Haters can't maintain

[sole']

Killin' everybody with the murderous flow
I'mma let a nigga know 'bout fly sole'
Bad to the bone with the fucked up jump
So we all get drunk and crunk all day
We hard, let's keep all this marvelous shit
We killin' everything
And tricky started all of this shit

[tech]

Ay yo, get paid, never get sprayed
Takin sole', be the brainiacs

[sole' and tech]

Warner brothers and dreamworks
So I guess we're animaniacs
All the niggas in the back get with the ladies in the front
>from side to side, we gon' survive and get what the
fuck we want
That's right

1 - [sole' and tech]

Ain't nobody fuckin' wit it, y'all niggas forget it
Ain't nobody fuckin' wit it, 'cause we kill 'em
And these hoes and niggas know we keep it rough
And make it rougher
'cause all we wanna see is you dancin' in the
mothafucka

Repeat 1

[tech]

I'm dancin' with this bitch with an ass so fat
Had to dash to the back, hit that ass from the back
With that ass in my rap, put that ass on the map
I come from 6-6, triple 8, 46, 99, 3's
All of my killas can't see, fill the niggas on the drive-by
ki's
Ask me to bomb and I will
Ask me to be calm and I kill
I got that bomb style and your shit ain't real
Your shit is simply - unrealistic
Your bitch seek this, gets dismissed with a quickness

This lip sick, get the lipstick, kiss this dick
In a minute, i'mma bust this flow
I'mma let these suckas know
Nine millimeter is about to blow
And I'm out to get your ho
Punctuate the first to shake that ass and get that cash
stack
All the playa haters better stand back when I flashback
Ish hot, knowin' ? ? ? in your club and I'm kinda scold
dragon
Yo, I thought you heard tech niner got that ground
control
All up in your bitch's roll with that ass exposed, yo

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[sole']

Na na na na na
You can not fuck with tech n9ne and sole'
Comin' with the rough shit
Off in the club, me and my girls lookin' lovely
Lots of killa thugs be wishin' they could fuck me
If you's a hustle man, throw your hands up
Throw my hands up, I did it 'cause this ho just ran up
The way you bustas try to step to me, it's killin' me
Stank breath, mackin' law thrown out, 3 mil be drillin'
me, no

Yellin' about ki's and dope, broke
I hope you take notes and shove this cake, about 20
down your throat
Scope, wash your mouth out with soap
Ladies dressed with power, awfully remote
Time, nigga it's wine, throwin' rhymes, killa be mine
Blowin' nine, and i'mma shine, growin'
Hella ass I'm showin'
I see you in the back freakin'
Everybody in the front tweekin'
While me and tech be peakin'
Off in the club scene every weekend, we the shit
Throwin' rough ride full of grit, ass that you wanna get
Twit, beware my bite it truly venomous when I spit
Beauty and the beast, you hear in the club or the street
On the back seat of your jeep, over peak rollin' deep
'cause...

Repeat 1
Repeat 1
Repeat 1
Repeat 1

[outro - tech]
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
This nigga tricky got me drunk
Off this mothafuckin' hennessy and alize' baby
We off in atl kickin' it for sole' baby, you know what I'm
sayin'?
Too much ass in one room baby
Shake what your mothafuckin' mama gave ya
Tech niner in this bitch
For the year 2-thou baby
It's all delicious, tech n9ne
Bitch

"bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce..."

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