

Tech N9Ne

"Big Bad Wolf"

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Big Bad Wolf

(Hook)

I've got my gun on spray, so don't try to run

(Pop! Pop!)

Run away! Hit em with the big bad wolf

sick streak inside of me

(1st Verse)

I'm giving em a dilemma

The coming of a killer, the phantom of all niggas who
wanna be "Nina" But listen

I kill a bitch in a vision of "Milli-Vanilli"

Motherfuckers who's being murdered by the big bad
wolf

Computerism! I'll give em a push

Ripped you and your mocking crew, what you gonna do
when I pop at you, glock at you

Fill em with the venom! Who the fuck are you
talking to?

Betray me? you crazy! The kind of souls say Kevin
Spacey

Niggas hate me, cant face me! Bitches like
Cagney and Lacey, basically! You can't ace
me

I put that on school is the Lil Tracey, ya better mace
me, cause I'ma fuck up a niggas career

If you think you trying to bite me, taste me; listen to
me

Like guerilla monsoon! I'ma a wolf, so I howl at the
motherfucking moon

I can smell a rotten fella, cotton dwella; hella props to
the jella, my nigga loom

2 little pigs! Niggas who wanted to be the big bad
wolf! Tecca Nina clone

That's why this little piggy hit the carpet and the other
little piggy stayed home

Chrome! Huff and I'll puff! And I'll blow that
fucking mic down and stuff

Hit me with a silver bullet and get it outta me, cause a
weak bullet is only a mini-technicality! Follow me
nigga!

If you gotta be "Nina" to get a bigger salary
motherfucker!|
To bust flows like Joe's or like those who make relish
and throw midwest blows at foes!|
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been
peeking in my book nigga, look!|
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been
peeking in my book nigga, look!|
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been
peeking in my book nigga, look!|
You being a bitch as in Brooke, you're nothing but a
crook!|
So you niggas can't fuck with the big bad wolf!|

(Hook)

I've got my!| Gun on spray, so don't try to!|
(Pop! Pop!)
Run away!| Hit em with the big bad wolf!| 86
sick streak inside of me!|

(2nd Verse)

You thought you built yo rhyme!| Outta some
brick!|
Tech N9ne!| Blew em away like sticks!|
Let's find!| Who got the way tight licks!| I bet
mine!| You'll get em, cause they like this!|

The real shit!| Mama Mia!| Disagree-A!| I
really better see a!|. Then be a!|
Cause when a nigga flowed what he wrote, sorry!|
That's all folks!| Ah-Ba-Dee-Ah-Ba-Dee-Ah-Ba-Dee-
Ah!|

You little niggas!| You can't fuck with the wolf, you
a devil with hooves and death books!| Came to a
Tech N9ne show and got took!|. By the lyrical
angelical voice that's shook!|

Satan, the lord rebutes ya!| The power of Christ
compels you!|

To get the "Haff" away from the "Ish"!|
I'm spitting; you're losing, I'm sorry to tell you!|
Who the man now? Who the man now?
Motherfucker!| You a student, put ya hand
down!|

Trying to growl like a wolf!| Trying to pop like a
Tech N9ne!|

Little nigga, you can't peck mine!|

I'ma hairy motherfucker with whiskers and I flips a hella
script from here to Lamaviska!|

Kiss the fist of a nigga who walks so hard on niggas
like you, I'll get a goddamned blister!| Nigga!|
I'll huff and I'll puff!| And I'll blow that fucking mic

down and stuff
Hit me with a silver bullet and get it outta me, cause a
weak bullet is only a mini-technicality
Follow me
nigga
If you gotta be "Nina" to get a bigger salary
motherfucker
To bust flows like Joe's or like those who make relish
and throw midwest blows at foes
Take another look, you ain't off the hook, you been
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You being a bitch as in Brooke, you're nothing but a
crook
So you niggas can't fuck with the big bad wolf

(Hook)

I've got my gun on spray, so don't try to
(Pop! Pop!)
Run away
Hit em with the big bad wolf
86
sick streak inside of me

(Outro)

I've got my gat on ya tongue, so don't try to
(Pop! Pop!) Duck and run
Cause I'ma let ya know that wolf in reverse says
flow
I gotta big bad flow and I'ma let ya nigga know that I rip
it, Cause I believe
Six, six, triple eight, forty-six, ninety-nine three
Do ya know
Big
Bad
Wolf
Smash
Chrome
Dome
Long
Gone

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