

Tech N9Ne "Bitch Sickness"

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TECH N9NE:

(chorus) i will mistake your bitch sickness gets
dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick
kiss this dick... x2

1st verse:

this is the beginning
i only been it for winning
through every inning
till the ending chase g's these pretty women
are just here to make my ride a full course with all the
trimmings
women in my water tank and drinkin henn and lemon
its realistic you got ur twisted lifted off the feat i keep 6
clips with my heat like im enlisted, nigga this is far
from the army navy or marines, we forming the gravy
newly recruit criminal team,
to make the green, fuck u fakers my eyes dreamy, for
that
2000 years we doors like lamborghinnis or carrera
porche, still enforced ones with flava, bitch save the
royal playas dont hate an innervator...

TECH N9NE 2nd verse:

u gotta disease nigga, so please ease away from me's
nigga, my feas ease be's about that cheese nigga,
your PH balanced for a man but made for the woman
lets understand this, niggas backwards ish hop when
do the shit stop nigga like a land lets live and learn,
about to playa hate when a nigga get his Gs, flippin
hella keys, fuckin bitches money got the riches when
the other mitches working miccy d's, i done seen
niggas straight hate me, mean mug me, wanna slug
me, currency thickness due to the bitch sickness, this
tecca nina, niggas hate me thinking that they're grass
is greena, they the tortoise and im the huffin hyeena,
never dealin witta bitch, nigga this one goes to the
bitch ones hoes this one flows like a quick gun blows
when the bitch shit unfolds

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3RD VERSE:

when the bullets fly squat knee high, like magnum P.I.
lace my chucks up vest up this life is messed up they
the fake on a playa hata, low like snake beat a snitch to
beat the cakes its straight laugh at your wake, ur outta
shape to take the H u been losing the race couldnt keep
the pace butta hates just seeling ur fate, talkin wut u at
wut u gone do, like u the man, bumpin two bazooka
tools in a dented trans am you living dreams, like a
crack fiend who say he clean, when we riding beams
you steam we drunk off lean, life for riches, gold
diggas havin finesse, put a slug to ur chest with that
bitch sickness

4th verse:

i hit it high i got it so go get this with the quickness, im
anti biotics for that bitch sickness a few (?) i spot it the
scope made them open they mouth to see if mah (?)
dick fit bitch nip this shit in the butt split or split twist
above flick the bic light let my lips hit the but aint no
trying.... the bud brains on drugs, investigate a over
resperator rain unplugged, since im ballin rhyme they
all in mine for this one love, u aint knowing this R&G
prodegy is building flowin dope selling to the paper
touch the ceiling...

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TECH N9NE 5TH VERSE:

a menace in this business for this village stack of
papers, ghetto chemist get us biggest spittas for this
pack of haters, we roll with fat ?teenay pom? for those
who hate we stay bomb we come back poppin like
bigwom fayzon, playa hate on, this midwest side nigga
we road dogs on the ride killa with the nutthouze so
aint no need for us to hide scrilla, this 9 milla wrecks
like the princess leavin hata rappers defensless, like
forest they keep running, tech n9ne, gunning, watch
your back for the bitches with the sickness, come and
get this pistol grip, hit a nigga with the milli gets, on the
level with a nigga with the silliest, mind state,
unrealistic, your bitch sickness gets dismissed with the
quickness this nipsit get the lipstick kiss this dick...

6TH VERSE:

these niggas copy cat practicing, yo shit is has been, u
get choked blade horse roped, open ur throat with a
razor blade no prints, die in slow shit change the livin
looking hopeless, u turn to codice, just cuz i got the
nuts to roll natural, u wanna be phat where the boss at
my gucci linkin learn to floss that, its best that, u get ur
own dude, and where ur own shoe, do wut boss do, i
catch u, its gonna cost u, this small world, get ur own
shit, im trying to fit raymond tech n9nes spit for money
grip, we makin hits, trip this im from the city where
guns aint shit, hundreds think back ur hated fast but
now i done it done it...

TECH N9NE:

(chorus) i will mistake your bitch sickness gets
dismissed with the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick
kiss this dick... Repeat

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