

Tech N9Ne "Bout Ta' Bubble"

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Dedicated to all the DJ's all over the world, man
One for the treble, two for the bass
Come on Techa Nina, let's rock this place

Tech's in the place, everybody get mainy
Punks betta' cuff yo lady, can't nobody tame me
Blame me for keepin' her runny eyed rainy
Ladies used to hate me, now they comin' out they
panties

Girls on the jock, pocket full of socks
Got a fat knots, somethin' gone squat
Down, ducka ducka, down, down for the block?
Tryin' to be hot, but you flop
When you shot to the top but you not, dwam

I ain't never seen so much green
Than when I seen when my team hit the scene
It must be a dream, hit the stage, everybody holla
Gettin' throwed, rippin' shows, 'fo a bigga' dolla?

Father, I don't wanna leave nobody to blessed
'Cuz they greedy in the middle of what I do best
You finna' see me in the TV with a few guest
We bout to bubble baby, get ya waterproof vest

Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble

Bout ta' bubble baby, bout ta' bubble baby
Bout ta' bubble baby, we got ya lady
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it

Yo, get ya ID, passport, state skippin'
All around the world, busy with the bass hittin'
We ain't come for bustin' heads, yo we hate trippin'
When we through rockin' the shows, man we chase
kittens

J's on my feet, car full of beat
Trunk full of heat, Caribou in the seat

Frown, you can make us all clown in the street
Gimme the beat and we leakin'
No mercy for the haters that weep

On to the next, Minnesota to the Netherlands
Veterans, caravans, gettin' cheddar man
'Round the world in a day, off in LA
Oklahoma, Dallas, Kansas City to the Bay

Everybody hyphy, the South really like me
Ill Bill got it where the East Coast invites me
Tech's in the air when the mood really strikes me
Hey, we bout ta' bubble so embedded in your psyche

Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble

Bout ta' bubble baby, bout ta' bubble baby
Bout ta' bubble baby, we got ya lady
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it

Aye, B boys hit the flo' wit' it
Off in Jamaica let me see ya heel toe wit' it
Clown and crump wit it, A-Town stomp wit' it
At the set, jugglettes make they double D's jump to this

House on the hill, hella tip drills
Paul Wall said he'd do me up a red grill
Busta' Buss circlin' the 5-6 'ville
Forty water, he told me a lot in this business for real

Stormin' in Salt Lake City performin' for Mormons
Out of they garments before the mornin', I'm charmin'
Leavin' 'em torn, mess with the bull you get the horns
Nina gets with a beauty best, it's armin'

Misery's behind me, labels tryin' to sign me
Ain't too many who don't know just who the Tech N9ne
be
If she lookin' for somethin' with a future so shiny
Kansas City, Missouri is where she gon' find me

Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble

Bout ta' bubble, baby, bout ta' bubble, baby
Bout ta' bubble, baby we got ya lady
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it
And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it

Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble
Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble

And drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it
(Bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout ta' bubble, bout
ta' bubble)
Bubble

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