

# Tech N9Ne "Breathe"

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Verse 1:

Never duck another mother fucker repeat it  
Never duck another mother fucker  
Nigga better delete it  
put the cerebellum in killa mode  
For real a foe can never get  
with what a gorilla know  
Killa syllable fillin'  
yo biblical ritual the shit to get rid  
Of yo pain hearing your pitiful game,  
this is political pain  
Deep in the pit of yo brain let it rain  
with a unforgettable aim  
Nigga lookin' for a spot to bust  
Cause the homie that you killed meant a lot to us  
Buck instead I'm lookin for a cop to fuck  
Kill a nigga like he was rockin' a swastika  
You can do it but you blew it cause lockin' up  
get your ride on nigga is you rock or what?  
Lots of luck,  
you're really gonna need it hella heated  
Mother fucker let the glock erupt, Box him up  
I don't wanna be the one  
to get a milla meter in the gut  
I wanna be the one to hit'em with another milli  
cut up In the middle I'm a little sick  
And different And I meant it  
when I said it you remember that?  
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)  
you don't wanna get in trouble  
With a nigga like the Teccanina  
if your lookin' like a enemy bust  
We don't ever stop and take a minute  
we just

Chorus:

(BREATHE!)  
Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?  
(BREATHE!)  
They come bets to fight every fuckin'one

(BREATHE!)

Say some punks around and some buckin' guns

(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some

(BREATHE!)

Verse 2:

Never let a hatin' mother fucker

see ya sweat

Bleed the chest no need regret

A fun day caper a Sunday paper

So I can read the rest I can dig it you can dig it

Put a nigga in the grave if he hate or penetrate

The loop of love

a nigga made if you steppin to me

You will never benefit

Nigga if I start it Imma finish it

Run up on a mother fucka

while he fuckin' a chick

Put a bullet in her head while she suckin' the dick

Wasn't a bit of evidence baby it's irrelevant

You got it with yo nigga that's the luck of the grit

Bring pain 2 everyone in your face with the bane

You bury some its mother fuckin' shame

we carry guns

If you don't you're insane or very dumb

Teccanina's too rough (too rough), too hard (too hard),

too tough (too tough), you scarred (you scarred)

cause a nigga know

A mother fuckin' round will spit

Fuckin' around with the killa clown and shit.

If you really wanna do it nigga we can step into

Put us up against some mother fuckers

and we runnin' thru it

Fuck a nigga buck a nigga

if he think he's a gorilla

Meant I when I said it you remember that

(hell mother fuckin' yeah)

You don't wanna get in trouble

With a nigga like the Teccanina

if you're lookin' like a enemy, bust

We don't ever stop and take a minute

we jus,

Chorus:

(BREATHE!)

Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?

(BREATHE!)

They come bets to fight every fuckin'one  
(BREATHE!)  
Say some punks around and some buckin' guns  
(BREATHE!)  
Spray guns might result in you bussin' some  
(BREATHE!)

Verse 3:

Get sprayed by the Tech 9 handgun  
Now I'm on the out run  
Flowin' the beginning hot cooked will done  
Fuckin' wit a crazy insane warlord  
Punks wanna trip but they know  
I'm too mother fuckin' hard  
Deadly ticking like a time bomb  
Fuckin' with me you think you were in Vietnam  
When I explode aint nuttin left  
but remains for those who are froze  
For fuckin' wit a nigga insane  
Mentally minded mad mother fuckin' mad man  
is out to attack  
Sinkin' punks like quick sand  
droppin' and poppin'  
Any punk that bucks up bring a body bag  
If you wanna get fucked up  
There it is you little bitch made  
nigga start runnin'  
When I'm playin' with the trigga  
of an uzi a twelve gauge  
Really don't matter many suckas die  
When the shot gun scatter  
From block 2 block, hood 2 hood  
Street 2 street boy you can't fuck with me  
So 4 those who chose 2 jump up and talk shit  
Admit ya bitch your little ass got lit  
I don't wanna be the one  
to get a milla meter in the gut  
I wanna be the one to hit'em with another milli  
cut up In the middle I'm a little sick  
And different And I meant it  
when I said it you remember that?  
(Hell mother fuckin' yeah)  
You don't wanna get in trouble  
With a nigga like the Teccanina  
if your lookin' like a enemy bust  
We don't ever stop and take a minute  
we just breathe

Chorus (2x):

(BREATHE!)

Hey son what the fuck are you duckin' from?

(BREATHE!)

They come bets to fight every fuckin'one

(BREATHE!)

Say some punks around and some buckin' guns

(BREATHE!)

Spray guns might result in you bussin' some

(BREATHE!)

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