

## Tech N9Ne "Come Gangsta"

Visit "[Come Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

The spiked red hair...and the..and the, paintn' his face  
Wha, hold on man, Tech is losein' it man  
He's not as grounded as he used to be  
Tech was a devil worshiper  
You know you see a black dude with red hair  
And a long beard, I mean look he look scary to me too  
Yeah that nigga Tech man he sellin' out man  
That is..that's he's doin' that for the white folks  
That white shit he doin' man

[Verse 1: Tech N9ne]

I've been writing for  
Nineteen years oh so  
Hate rules in these times  
Niggaz don't wanna see me shine  
Stop me, and then try ta tell me (Come gangsta)  
And then compare me to Nelly (What ya bang bra)  
So this songs is gonna tell me ??  
Hey, I've been bustin'  
And fizz knuckin' bitches  
It tizz nothin' for years puffin'  
I've been clutchin' riches from his muffin'  
Heres fuck you niggaz this is toughin' I  
(Don't know what the fuck you thinkin' tellin me this shit  
is hella fake)  
Say, since way back in the days rappin'  
The blaze happen  
I raised raves, craves days would blade packin'  
And stage saggin'  
Theys wackin' Nina stays layed backin' I  
(Laugh at niggaz contantly they never know the money  
Nina makes)  
Hey, this is amazin' how niggaz formulate they hatin'  
You fuckin' fornicate your mistakin'  
We can never coralate cause you fakin', huh  
Who's bringin' in through the bacon, huh  
Who's keepin' this shakin', huh  
(Got any questions Sinister Tech and Tecca Nina  
niggaz know the rest)  
Gay,  
is all you punks and mitch bades diss in your trunk

won't get played on the radio  
Too gangsta for an old lady bro  
Gangsta niggaz don't hate me no  
Wanksta niggaz won't face me though  
(Talkin' shit and books my people people tellin' me that  
I really need a vest)  
Okay

[Bridge 1: Tech N9ne]  
I rep the town harder than any of you niggaz  
Where ever I stand my bills the same punk  
And you got the nerve to tell me

[Hook: Tech N9ne]  
Come gangsta  
Throw your rags in the air  
And know that nobody there  
Will compare to your gangsta  
Sag your pants to the floor  
Every womens a bitch or a whore  
When your gangsta  
Pack ya guns in the club  
If they shrug to them thugs mean mug ya come  
gangsta  
Is what they sayin' to me

[Verse 2: Tech N9ne]  
I shoulda been done come wit a gun  
For the ones who bump they gums who the one  
Said a nigga was'nt gonna make another record said I  
was wack and washed up, done  
Said a nigga might scare, lil' ones  
He's a fuckin' nightmare, here he comes  
With red hair and my face painted  
They said (Gangsta)  
Messy Mob and Colion is a (Gangsta)  
But I really ain't (Gangsta)  
I need to come up wit a (Gangsta)  
Scratch the scratch the nigga fat tone is so (Gangsta)  
You need a bit of that (Gangsta)

You need to hang wit a (Gangsta)  
Mr. Stinky Vigalante so (Gangsta)  
Brother Lynch is (Gangsta)  
The Briggitt Diggitt is (Gangsta)  
57 RDVs are so (Gangsta)  
The nigga fifty is (Gangsta)  
They say  
When you in them streets, creep creep  
Cause some gangstas want a head blast  
Cause I run with the red rags

And try make the feds flash  
Try to swipe my bread stash  
(That's that bullshit I'm gon skip and try to go get the  
money grip)  
Okay, you niggaz kill me in Nosferatu Vampear bit my  
shit  
Cause you niggaz fill me surprised that I got you right  
here with my shit  
So you gotta be thankfull to who?  
By the way homie what's gangsta to you?  
(Money, dope and alcohol and plenty bitches all up on  
your dick)  
I got that  
How can C-Bo be wrong?  
How can Yukmouth be wrong?  
How can Lynch be wrong?  
How can 2Pac be wrong? Bitch!

[Hook]

Come gangsta  
Throw your rags in the air  
And know that nobody there  
Will compare to your gangsta  
Sag your pants to the floor  
Every womens a bitch, or a whore  
When your gangsta  
Pack ya guns in the club  
If they shrug to them thugs mean mug ya come  
gangsta  
Is what they sayin' to me

[Verse 3: Tech N9ne]

I've been nice to you rapper cats for a long time  
I left Kansas City so them other cats can gon shine  
But it seems these punks are confussed because I'm  
my own kind  
But I'm back on deck cause Kansas City is who's  
throne? Mine!  
This ain't no punk shit  
Nigga this is strength at it's finest  
I made this shit so you all you sins can rewind it  
Meaning, you pussys who says this Tech shit ain't hard  
for real  
And try to disregard the real  
You mutherfuckers is hard to feel  
I get your death threats  
Cause I'm the king bitch  
Money, groupies, drugs, and alcohol  
And bling shit  
But I stay a head of da game  
And you punks is so lame

Cause my mobbin' gangsta track will demolish your  
whole tank [A screech of some kind]  
I've been with every rapper who's legendary  
Underground to mainstream know that Tech is very  
hard  
Cause I bring the heater  
Love me cause I'm your leader  
Bitches they suck my peter  
While I drinkin' Margaritas  
Niggaz get layed down  
Seven displayed sounds  
N9ne the crayzed clown  
Lines like sprayed rounds  
This is for all you haters who don't bump my shit  
If you say this ain't gangsta, you can suck my dick!  
I might look like a clown  
But you niggaz sound like a motherfuckin' circus  
Fuck you motherfuckers!

[Outro: Yukmouth]

This nigga is the tightest nigga movin' man  
I mean...Tech N9ne will demolish all you niggaz  
From the stage show, to rockin' the mic you name it  
Thats why I roll wit him he my favorite rapper real talk  
Tech N9ne

Visit [Tech N9Ne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.