

Tech N9Ne

"Come Gangster"

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[Intro: Guys talkin about Tech N9ne]

"And the spiked red hair, and the, and, and paintin' his face..."

"Whoa, hold on man, Tech is losin' it man..."

"He's not as grounded as he used to be,"

"Tech was a devil worshipper,"

"You know you seen a black dude with red hair and a long beard,

I mean look, he look scary to me too,"

"Man that nigga Tech man, he sellin' out man.

That's, that's, he's doin' that shit for the white folks,

That's white shit he doin' man..."

[Verse 1: Tech N9ne]

I've been writing for

Nineteen years for sure

Hate rules in these times

Niggaz don't wanna see me shine

Stop me, and then try to tell me (Come gangsta)

And then compare me to Nelly (Where ya bang bra?)

So this song is gonna tell the

(So-called gangsta niggaz who the fuck has always been the bigger G)

Hey, I've been bustin'

And fizz-knuckin' bitches

It tizz nothin' for years puffin'

I've been clutchin' riches from his muffin'

Here's fuck you niggaz this is tough, and 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 the days was blade packin'

And stage saggin'

They's wack and Nina stay laid back and I

(Rap 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 correlate 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 booshwa people tellin' me I really need
a vest)
Okay

[Bridge 1: Tech N9ne]

I rep the town harder than any of you niggaz
Wherever I stand my bills the same punk
And you got the nerve to tell me

[Chorus: 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 woman's a bitch or a whore
When you're gangsta
Pack ya guns in the club
If they shrug and them thugs mean mug ya
Come gangsta
Is what they sayin' to me

[Verse 2: Tech N9ne]

I shoulda been done come for the gun
For the ones who bump they gums who the one
Said a nigga wasn't gonna make another record
Said I was wack and washed up, done
Said a nigga might scare: little ones
He's a fuckin' nightmare: here he comes
With red hair and my face painted...
They say (Gangsta)
Messy Marvin Coleone is so (Gangsta)
But I really ain't (Gangsta)
I need to come up wit a (Gangsta)
Scratch the scratch on my nigga Phat Tone is so
(Gangsta)
You need a bit of that (Gangsta)
You need to hang wit a (Gangsta)

Mr. Stinky Vigilante so (Gangsta)
Brother Lynch is (Gangsta)
The Bigga Figga is (Gangsta)
57 RDVs are so (Gangsta)
That nigga 50 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 tryin to make the feds flash,
Try to swipe my bread stash
(That's that bullshit I'm gon' skip and try to go and get
the money grip)
Okay, you niggaz kill me in Nosferatu vampire bit my
shit,
Cause you niggaz feel me, surprised I got you right
here with my shit?
So you gotta be thankful 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!

[Repeat Chorus]

[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 go on shine
But it seems these punks are confused 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 all you simps can rewind it
Meaning: you pussies who say this Tech shit ain't hard
for real
And try to disregard the real,
You mothafuckers 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 the game
And you punks is so lame
Cause my mobbin' gangsta track will demolish your
whole tank
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 pito,
While I drinkin' Margaritas,
Niggaz get laid down,
Seven displayed sounds,
N9ne the Crazyed 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 mothafuckin' 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,
That's why I roll wit him, he my favorite rapper, real
talk.
Tech N9ne

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