

Tech N9Ne

"Get Paid"

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[Intro]

Tech N9ne in this bitch (Tech N9ne, Tech N9ne)
Bout to make em dance once again baby (once again baby)
But this time, I'ma talk about one of my friends baby
(Yeah) yo it's been long overdue baby (that's right)
Long Overdue (how we do it)
But you asked for it
So now I gotta give it to you, (give it to you)
Get Paid

[Verse 1]

Let me tell you a little story about this nigga I know
From the M and the O
A chemical nigga who says I got criminal flows
I'ma set the record straight for a second
Everybody knows this nigga is hot-headed
And due for a mic checkin.
You drew first blood in '94
Trickin with my baby momma
You know the one you called a ho
I'ma let you know
That if you take it back to the past
When I was squeezing hella ass and playin hookie
You can ask my bro, He will let you know
Back then I shared my pussy.
You was using music as a form of pursuing
Pussy sneakin in her bed and beggin for a screwin
Who the fuck is you foolin?
I can still make her make you put yo muthafuckin mic
down
Straight interrupt yo show
And serve yo ass in her nightgown
Right now
Fuck the rappin, we can fight now
Tight style, Sell for miles
Change the name Vell to Vall
Call him Dame or Gal
Cause the way he came was foul
Nigga that's bitch shit
Tech N9ne you dissed it

But they missed it
Told me that you sold 200, 000 with pride
But you lied, I don't mean to hurt yo feelings inside
But you sold 5, 000 Nationwide
You a clown man
You niggaz think I jokin, go check the SoundScan
All I wanna know is.

[Chorus]

Why this nigga steadily savin his flows for me?
(He wanna get paid)
And why this nigga basin his whole life on challenging
me?
(He wanna get paid)
Fuckin with 56 Villain get you shot up
Midwest side will chase em down with a choppa
Motherfucker thinking Teccanina gonna chop up
Something wrong with his medullah oblongota.

[Verse 2]

Yo
This nigga struggling to be the better man
Why fuck around with a tech milla meter
When you know the nigga is a clever brand
Naw, I ain't never ever seen the niggaz video
Cause It never ran
And you got the audacity to say Tech N9ne ain't a
veteran?
Nigga, I wrote my first rhyme in '85 right
'86, '87, '88, name me Tech N9ne right
'89, '90, I was rippin hella shows, don't you even try cat
'90 through '99 equals 15 years and I done rapped with
some of the best
Motherfucker can you buy that?
We recognize you wanna be the best rapper in Kansas
City
That's small time
That's why yo shit will never be in the hands of many
My shit is clean and packs a punch pal
And yeah you right, yo shit's a sloppy hurl and drunk
style
This nigga is failin in the biz
Bets step behind this
Don't know where his mind is
That's why the Nina's bout to tell it like it is
Tech Tech N9ne is
Kansas City's Finest
All I wanna know is.

[Chorus]

Why this nigga steadily savin his flows for me?

(He wanna get paid)
And why this nigga basin his whole life on challenging
me?
(He wanna get paid)
Fuckin with 56 Villain get you shot up
Midwest side will chase em down with a choppa
Motherfucker thinking Teccanina gonna chop up
Something wrong with his medullah oblongota.
Yo, the fact is we both ain't makin no real money
And I'm blastin a nigga which makes the situation real
funny
I'm beginning to see real deals, real scrill and real
honeys
And you don't wanna get with a nigga that's sick makes
you a real dummy
He said I worship satan and he worship god that's why
we can't work
Nigga that's a cop out, bout to make yo eyes pop out
When I whip my cock out
And say I seen you comin out of Roc house
This is the third round knockout
When you die and all ya piss, cum, and feces drop out
Tellin motherfuckers we bit (Let's Get Fucked Up)
From yo just locally hit (Bounce, Bounce, Bounce,
Bounce)
Knowin the shit that we spit (Make bitches wanna fuck)
And make niggaz get on they grit (And yo shit don't)
We officially bumped heads at the Lou Ou
Niggaz are through now
Who growled at the Holy Temple Bandits Crew style
Niggaz are too foul
Sole and Tech, and you can bet you'll never see em wet
You sound like Chuck Rock, with a little bit of DMX
Now I'ma end this by sayin Regime Life and 56 Vil
Said Tech rappin on his shit payin for him and his kids
meals
I feel bad for the nigga, so I'ma let it out
A gift from me to you, Ex-Cousin, Retalliate and go get
breaded out...

[Chorus]

Why this nigga steadily savin his flows for me?
(He wanna get paid)
And why this nigga basin his whole life on challenging
me?
(He wanna get paid)
Fuckin with 56 Villain get you shot up
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Fuckin with 56 Villain get you shot up

Midwest side will chase him down with a choppa
Motherfucker thinking Teccanina gonna chop up
Something wrong with his medullah oblongota

[Outro]

NIGGA

A gift from me to you, this what you wanted, retaliante
and go get yo bread

(Blows kiss)

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