

Tech N9Ne

"Heavy"

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Intro

Deformity, a botteley mouth of notion check
Distortion or disfigurement check
A Deform, person or thing check
Gross, ugliness check

Verse 1

I don't wanna take this, I don't wanna carry this, I don't
wanna lift this
Everyday, when I wake, wish there was I way that I can
rip this
Off of my shoulder off of my back, like a big boulder
got me off track
I don't wanna be seen lookin like that
I'm looking at it, it's mean lookin right back
Ugly, bloody, pussin, heavy.
Way more sinister than the face of Jason or fucking
Freddy
And that shit ways me down, got me going crazy now
Lazy round me place, cause I got shit right side of my
face
How did I get it? how did I grow it? how do I cock back
and just blow it
Off? Surgery yes you know it cost and I aint goin out to
show it off
I'm just stuck in here, with this fuckin weird stuff in near
Crushin, pussin, bustin till it up and clears
I'm ready, it's wicked, it's gotta be, deadly
It's everything you could imagine, bad, twisted, evil
and medly
Down into eternal fire, this is where it lead me
Can hardly hold it up because this thing is so fucking
heavy

Hook

Ewww, that's gross, yuck, what's that? oh my god,
Disgusting, repulsive, what
The fuck?
It's not a tumor, fuck the rumor, I need more to go, stop
Staring at this
Muthafucking side show

HEAVY

Everyone you love got needs

HEAVY

I'll shove start to buckle at the kness

HEAVY

My lord said this slow heal carry and if it don't then it
might get scary

HEAVY

Verse 2

Cha!

Gotta cover it up, gotta go outside to get food

How when the smell is like shit stew?

The way people are staring and lookin it gets cruel

Bad when I'm shoppin, at the walmart

They be laughin, then a brawl starts

Cause they wanna pick on a muthafucker with
deformities, bless yall heart

I'm sick of it, when it's on my back I can't even get a
women to kiss on this,

Face

I don't even want to live on this, place

Because all people givin is, hate

And your really gonna get it bad if your, disfigured

The more these sick gigglers, pointed my heavy load it
gets bigger

They call me hunchback and I wish they wouldn't taunt
that

They be lookin at a nigga like I woke up and showin
straight up shittin in

They lunch sack

Kids, grown ups, dogs, cats

All be lookin and pointing at this deformity on my back

Taking over me, I'm slowly, turning into it

This repulsive, nasty, heavy, sick, humongous pile of
shit

Under my skin, infecting my blood like I have some
kind of disease, it's

Big and bulgin out of my jacket and everybody sees it

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Verse 3

What is it? with this load I carry there's problems in my
life

Got big problems with the IRS and problems with my
wife

Got a lot of problems with this music career, problems
with my mom

And I gotta solve em quick they fallen on me

It's a problem with this shit on, and it's heavy

When everybody depends on you to be the shot caller

And you pushin, tryin to get all of your people over the
wall, but the shit

Got taller

But you tough and determined, you rough and you
learnin, you cannot do if

You baller

So you get it and hit it one after another and look, the
lump got smaller

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