

# Tech N9Ne "Horns"

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[Tech N9ne]

I'm a nice guy, My life's a light sky  
So Much love I might cry, Daaa! Nice Try  
I'm an evil seed, In the day I sleep and the night fly  
G-A-Z-E in my E-Y-E's and you might die  
I'm a horn dog, Got a lot of that porn, y'all  
Warned y'all, I went straight borin raw like Orenthal  
But I'm way worse because he was cornball  
I remember keepin him in my dungeon  
With a leather suit and a orange ball in his mouth  
I had some foreign broads in his house  
How did they get twisted and torn?  
Claws went in 'bout nine inches  
Then I stuff they darn draws in his couch  
For now I let 'em suffer in the mournall then it's out  
I have a devils haircut in my mind  
That's why I be suckin blood and bustin nuts in my  
rhymes, I'm horny  
So don't ignore me if your semi-fine  
Me and Gordy, Prozak love orgies and we in our prime  
and we...

[Hook][2X]

Can't hide the (Horns)  
And I won't hide the (Horns)  
I live with the (Horns)  
So I'll die with the (Horns)  
If you fuck with the (Horns)  
Then you'll get the (Horns)  
So if you want the (Horns)  
Then I'll give you the (Horns)

[Prozak]

Schizophrenic thoughts spin around my mind, Sorta  
like rotisserie  
Spittin this wicked ministry to the beat of this Rebeck  
symphony  
What a sin for me, Suffered about 6 degrees of greed  
for centuries  
And hatred engulfs my sensories like hallow screams  
from penitentiaries

This perpetual cycle of depression intention remains  
bottomless  
And my psychologist said, "Suicide may be the only  
option out of this"  
And while the name Prozak and insane seem to sustain  
synonymous  
One half of me wants to engage in the fame  
While the other half subsides anonymously

A vigilante who sends deadly packages through the  
mail  
Confusing law enforcement agencies cause I write  
death threats in brail  
With somewhat of a God complex sending any reps to  
the depths of hell  
I warned you, You were forewarned, Now witness thy  
horns unveil  
I'm takin you on a hell ride so grab those safety belts  
and fasten 'em  
Through the screams of tortured souls and eternal  
flames cracklin  
Refusin to reap what you sow and wanna stop this all  
from happenin?  
This madness will continue until all of StrangÃ© goes  
platinum

[Hook][2X]  
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[King Gordy]  
I'm in the Desert sands of Bethlehem  
Tryin to get Jesus to rape Mary in the manger and  
molest a lamb  
Don't jerk yourself off Jesus, Use someone else's  
hands  
So where's those damn disciples?  
He'd like to have some sex again  
I guess Young Peter's receiving cause Jesus fucked his  
ass  
Christ is an effin fag, He likes to dress in drag  
But hey I guess his Dad is just as mad  
God would've never had a sissy for a son  
Bet he's regrettin that  
But yet we still aint accept the fact

That he's fuckin his mother  
And at the Last Supper  
He confesses that he's an undercover man lover  
And oh yeah, Heaven's wack  
He don't want the Light  
Now I got Christ wearin black  
See, I'm the Devil on his shoulder  
Yeah I'm that scary fat demon  
That'll turn all you heathens into scaredy cats  
King Gordy, the Anti-Christ, God Killer  
I am before and After Christ  
I'm called a Sinner, Muthafucker!

[Hook][2X]  
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