

Tech N9Ne "Like Yeah"

Visit "[Like Yeah](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(verse 1)

ay, it's time to get into some sin
you been listenin' to gibberish hits in the interum
them are done, 'cause here me come
so make you stand up, stand tough
hands up, damn ya
if you don't get it get rid off it, trip if you diggin' it*
i guess i got more than my balls and my word
i got broads in a herd, chasin' this and all on my nerve
they the illness, they feel this*
realness, chill bitch
i got this bed it's too crowded for you to come get in it
i spit that tech shiza off to yall
it's crazy, even michael jackson said "it's off the wall"
i'm with the sickness, big checks
live less, midwest
i be the best, don't forget that nobody can get with this
so when you see me in the spot, bow down trick
i eat, drink, sleep, dress, look and sound rich
so jump up, get pumped up
crunked up, everyone must
stop with the jealousy with me the haters be riveted

(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L
E to the R uh dot
just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer
it's the gorilla
an if they feel ya*
they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah
mister, mister
quick to get witcha
chick if she get off quick for this*
she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

(verse 2)

i'm back with the heat and yes young fire produced it
with true spit i get lots of relish with strange music
my crew's thick, deuce click and guess who's with two
chicks

(tech n9ne) in my lou of caribou sick

it's super-doo lips

everybody in the party will lose it

vodka and mountain dew is the new shit

thanks to icy rock and demonica, we honor ya

and get so much money sometimes i feel like im

wearing a Yamika

you cannot monitor, my money i monetarily astonish ya

so what's with the bad comments and all the drama for

i can produce a picture,

stop with them truce and hitcha

i'm at the top but i can be mobbin' and shootin' witcha

chip on my shoulder now,

mr. nice guy is over wow

to a ritzy and older style*

from ditzzy and gomer pile

look at my check swell

chicks with wet tails

ready to rock it in my pocket

got the trojan magnum XL

(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L

E to the R uh dot

just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer

it's the gorilla

an if they feel ya*

they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah

mister, mister

quick to get witcha

chick if she get off quick for this*

she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

(verse 3)

Yeah, I think they with me mane,

yeah, yeah, this is Kansas City mane.

the industry still punks

that's why they real slum

but when we indie's drop all our records we will dub

having a good time's a stackin' with travis be laid back
tour' about a hundred and fifty per slap and i made bat
haters of course you doubt,
that im makin' a warped amount*
i got ozone, murderdog, double XL and source
accounts
(so whats all the fuss* about) Killer in and remorse out*
fuck on ceramia you heard that from the horse's mouth
it ain't comin' from RBC, it ain't comin' from fontana,
it's comin' from strange music's dontana in a clown
manner
i take it from baritone, record this it's on chedda
hunting you in your dreams, you wake up screamin' in
falsetta*
MTV clipped me, birthday bash show
i got fans like cat castro, that'll boost my cash flow
MTV completely we sick of it,
won't give a bit
Just look in my eyes, and my blood and my ligiments*
you can see that tecca nina don't give a shit

(pre chorus)

K.I.L.L
E to the R uh dot
just ain't fair that when i pop up the spot be "like yeah"

(chorus)

killer, killer
it's the gorilla
and if they feel ya
they screamin' like yeah, yeah, yeah
mister, mister
quick to get witcha
chick if she get a whiff of this
brother, she be like yeah, yeah, yeah

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