

# Tech N9Ne

## "Misery"

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[Intro]

Aye fam,  
Man, you need to stop being so nice and modest  
To these jugga head ass niggaz out here  
They ruunin around like they don't Strange is the lions  
den  
Nigga we the muthafuckin kingz of the jungle  
I'm in the resturant chillin with this new piece of  
bootany the other night  
You know a nigga gonna give me a cd  
Talkin about,  
Mackzilla, tell Tech he better come to the studio  
And fuck with us, or else...  
I said, don't you punk brother ass niggaz know  
This is Monopoly, don't nobody pass go and collect 200  
dollars  
Unless we say so

[Tech N9ne]

This merciless  
This is musical massacre  
Mammoth, imagine my motive, mane  
No murkin us  
Mimicin muthafuckaz may mock  
But on my momma millimeter  
My miscous mo murda make millions mack mommies  
and mosh  
This is pain, This unforgettable thang  
Is my talent untamable?  
Tech is the tyranny  
Bang on you niggaz who never have respect for who  
ever  
Pullin you pussies apart, My competitor's plain  
In the dark when they sleep  
On my incredible heat  
Fuck you, I'm fed up  
My fist for faggots and freaks  
Go tell your industry peeps that fuck peace released  
B is for blood  
We bangin and blastin at beef  
This is ignorant  
Get a whiff of his lyrics

So rigorous, niggerous, carnivorous delivery  
Come with me, it'll be bitches and thizzery  
Fuck with me  
And believe that we niggaz will put you out of your  
misery

[Chorus]

If you ever disrespect  
I'll put you out of your misery  
Put you, I'll put you, I'll put you, Put you out of your  
misery  
If you run up on my set  
I'll put you out of your misery  
Put you, I'll put you, I'll put you, Put you out of your  
misery  
I'm a muthafuckin vet  
I'll put you out of your misery  
Put you, I'll put you, I'll put you, Put you out of your  
misery  
'Bout to make me cock (cock) back (back) aim (aim)  
My mission is to pop (pop) that (that) brain (brain)

[Journalist]

My split is psycho like Michael's knife  
I admire your Freddy Crouger then dream your life  
My brain is too deep, I can think alive  
And kill death itself in one of freestyle lines  
Lyrically, rappers aren't better than me  
Cause I'm hard in this rap game

You lighter then a feather to me  
So come with it  
It's the devil in me that'll blast at your afterlife  
Until your ass is restin in peace  
Muthafucka, you don't want it with a gangsta  
16 shots and have my little brother shank ya  
Thank ya, No thank ya  
Boy rearrange ya hands with ya head  
Heads up and I'll bang ya  
I hear you barkin but you aint bit shit  
My shot's dig through  
They call 'em hollow tips  
It's a killa season and you aint killed shit  
Misery Loves Kompany, now a complimaent bitch

[Chorus]

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[Yukmouth]

This is misery, misery artillery for the killin spree  
Hit the block, see the enemy, Kill 'em off like a Kennedy  
Ecstasy, Hennessy and a lemon squeeze  
You niggaz finna be put on obituaries and white tees,  
that's misery  
Rome to Italy, ridin on chrome literally  
Yuk Godzilla, King Kong ain't got shit on me  
Riddle me, riddle me, Which rapper gone snitch on me  
When I shoot up his Bentley and put him out of his  
misery  
They asked about the beef with Game and The Unit  
Squashed my beef with The Game and do my thang  
with The Unit  
Bo signed to Cashville  
I'm makin it rain in Houston, Rap-A-Lot for life  
You'll find you body slain in Houston, bitch  
I'm on the block with that Praline  
Until the cop's jumpin out the van like the A-Team, I  
slang cream  
The West Coast Don and Kansas City King  
You ain't know? Tecca Nina, General in The Regime

[Chorus]

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