Tech N9Ne "Mitchell Bade"

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Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung? There's a lot of slinky niggas where I come from There's another missile catcher just like him His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitchell Bade

What up Mitch? Is it an everyday thang for you to act just like a bitch?

How does it feel, to have a nigga that will kill ya for the foul shit you spit?

Number one snitch, a bitch with a dick I found the remedy for the enemy

What? Bust at the nigga like shootin' at the Kennedy's 'Cause Mitch Bade ain't really no friend of me
To be exact, he's that nigga that talk, but he really can't back

That shit that he talk, so he gotta walk around with a gat

But a nigga like me, I'll knock him out with the force of a hurricane

The penalty for the path if you disrespect the game

Now what goes on inside the mind of a nigga like this? The nigga pissed as I pumped off four rounds up in the trick he was with

But it ain't my fault you a little ole' bitch without yo click Nigga run with a quickness get away quick, but you bet not slip

Better of with a Bianca then be stuck with a AK 47 on your lip, right

Even if I'm lifted I can scope em' from a mile away Niggas fakin' like intisapating they domes day Camouflagin' but I can see you actin' like a bitch Which are the symptoms of a nigga named Mitch

Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung?
There's a lot of slinkin' niggas where I come from
There's another missile catcher just like him
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade,
Mitch Bade

If a Mitch is yo mix, you best's ta check this one And get ret to go for Milli, when the next one come If a nigga got a foot off in his rectum His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade, Mitchell Bade, Mitch Bade

Late night I got a page from Bianca

She told me her man was trippen, so swoop her bout a block up

So I um, got prepared, my conscience told me grab the gat

But all I could think about, was hittin that kitty kat from the back

All about that hustle, but tonight I gosta kick it Deep conversation, but it's her first time letting a nigga hit it

But I'm not alone, it seems this nigga was on the phone He heard the spot, the topic, whicked whicked, now it's on

As I continue, continue creepin', creepin' it's apparent That I'm dealin with a Mitch Bade, I guess that's why he keeps on staring

But I'm well equiped to handle a fleet, so nigga don't think

I'm sleep, we can talk like men or we can get grim And handle this shit And the streets, don't ever trust no coch

Especially when, a nigga like me is rollin up your block Bitch Made nigga couldn't see that you was played So we just changed your name and called you Mitch Bade, Mitch Bade

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Cruisin' down the 'spect with five spliff's roll roll
Passenger seat seat, Sunday the Hoe Stroll
Went to park with major loot, dippen up on bitches
But the jealous Mitch is ready to shoot, peep
But it ain't complete, the day is foul without a big butt
and smile

I need a chick that's running wet like Fury of the Nile Bumped into, stepped into, this chick that's thick and photo genic

In a minute, I'ma get up in it, with a jimmy to avoid that

AIDS epedemic

Get it, got it, good in the hood, shit's all good, so I knocked on wood

Got to her crib, drank some crown, laid me down, showed me the goods

Then, knock knock, "Who's that?" she said her man and he might

Be strapped with a gat, put back on my shit, time to show this fool

Just where it's at, ret to get wet, she opened it up enough so I can see

She cracked it a bit, but that nigga pushed her, then came after me

Extended arm, and bodily harm he should acaught trigga, chiggas

Bitch bade, Mitch made niggas!

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