

## Tech N9Ne "No More Music By The Suckas"

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Young intelligent brotha gangsta demeaner
The game done changed dog eh tell me have you seen
her

I'm used to brothas gettin fluent with the pen and pad Not niggas talkin bout what they should a coulda would a had

So homie watch my flow and yea I dabble in it I'm puttin words all together like ima scrabble winna These suckas dead on the track yea they cadavas Nigga abracadabra now these wack cats are no contendor

These rap cats in the game sweet I call 'em splenda I'm the realest nigga you ever know, no pretendor So if you ask me the game need a renivation So we ain't gotta hear they wack lines on every station Yo they be like who that is, it's B.v. the god rippin on that whoo kid shit

Ima new breed of emcee on a M-I-C on stand by the resurected game from D-I-E

So if you answer back homie yo just think twice Cuz fuckin with the guys like blasphemy just no christ But if ya'll do decide to step up yo homie bring your A game

Spittin lyrical zombies rhymes eatin through they brains

No more music by the suckas (Yea Yea Yea)

If you want it, got it for ya (Yea Yea Yea)

No I don't wanna be the one to tell ya (tell ya)

If you ain't one of us, it's a failure (failure)

No more music by the suckas

Eh good morning and good night We lickin em up and puttin em back to sleep Cuz they been actin like they got sleep apnea up on they beats

But it ain't their fault, sure I didn't have ain't come quick enough

And in order for how to be hip enough is gon' take these three niggas to come and lift it up, easy Without a damn bone without a dance song I know you can't trust me white man but believe me Slave ship comin I think ima hide

You can save them slave deals for them monistads Om hovi like twenty nine ramadon

Ain't nothin like bein with family in a ryhme-a-thon Lookin at the time it says mine oh nine

Which means I'm comin to invade you like taliban Hi, hello, didddat, exit,

Couple more thidddats because the stanky leg was flexin

My words my words I know they quite vexin But I know they more annoyin thean freestylein while textin

Geez, Capiche, but before you capiche, at ease And plant your allegance to the double 0 You wanna get up on this track nigga double no (rookie)

No more music by the suckas (Yea Yea Yea)
If you want it, got it for ya (Yea Yea Yea)
No I don't wanna be the one to tell ya (tell ya)
If you ain't one of us, it's a failure (failure)
No more music by the suckas

Mother fuck the P.D, smile at me when they see me But they wont play my cd's even though they know it's so demeely

Really cuz they greedy feeding shit on radio and t.v. See, I'm surprised their never been a kill a P.D spree N9nes trippin yes I'm bitchin when they act like I ain't rippin

Rhyme spittin I'm line stickin like I designed diction And this is my mission when I'm in they eyes Vision Minds quicken entire ripsman of this on the grind strippin

The plot thickens when record executives sign fiction
Align this with his and his fizzles and mind sickens
Rewind this and give it to whomeva's behind listenin
And try an fix 'em meticulous with this n9ne grippin
No more music by the suckas, word from Chuck D
BDS will see me yet rotation will bust free
From media to mediately dissin like fuck me
But when weezy got with speedy tech, the nina's a must
see

Thanks weezy it ain't easy to slang cd's and make a bank

When blank pd's spin it but it ain't meaty And the dj's they be puppets for them motha fuckas I'm sure they had it nothin like us guess they want no more music by the suckas

No more music by the suckas (Yea Yea Yea)

If you want it, got it for ya (Yea Yea Yea)
No I don't wanna be the one to tell ya (tell ya)
If you ain't one of us, it's a failure (failure)
No more music by the suckas

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