

Tech N9Ne "Now It's On"

Visit "[Now It's On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oops
Oops
Wicked Wicked
Now it's on (echos)
Oops
Oops

[Lejo]
I'll murder your whole city
Nigga, like Frank Nitty
Hideous the city is
Niggas betta give me this respect when I flex
Cause my Tech flows like amphibians
From here to the Carribeans
Unexplored territories like Venus
Niggas never seen the team it seems keenest
Impairing ya mind like Zimas
Infared beamers
Keep ya posse on my penis

[Tech N9ne]
Now it's on
Wicked shit is the lick
A Middle West flex
The abyss
Who this bitch who dis this cl-ick
Bliss is hangin that bitch by the clitoris
You get spit on
Shit on
Hit on
Get on the dick of this
Sl-ick niggara
But you can always call the Nina
A killer in America
Amerikilla

[Lejo]
I got skills to kill
Like overdosin pills
Blood spills for million dollar bills
You can't try to peel this
Or feel the illness

Of a nigga that's comin out real (real)
I don't know why
Nigga you livin a lie
A plus I despise those who try
A nigga like I that's high and fly and sly
Midwest side so you just might die

[Tech N9ne]
Check it out
I murdered these ho's Hercules flows
My shit carries on like hepatitis
The weak biters
Mean nothin ta me
Gimme no fuckery foul like (what)
Non-ghanacocle Urithritis I might just
Make a nigga bite dust
When I bust plus
Clamity feels great
Can it be ill? Yes
Sanity kills a real nigga
But still I'm wicked like Amityville
The best, The N9ne, coresh burned
Now it's your turn
You must learn
Misery niggas are crazed
Like 24 gang niggas on sherm
When it's on I'll be heated like a hot comb
Tell these punk muthafuckas to leave me alone
When I'm in the zone you get blown away
Get the clones away
Mitch Bade niggas cause it's on today

[Chorus][4X]
Now it's on
Now it's on
Now it's on
Wicked Wicked
Now it's on
Now it's on

[Lejo]
Now let me smoke and choke
Let these niggas know
That Lejo ain't bout no jokes
Nigga betta learn the ropes
We like costra nostra
And'll fuck around and cut yo' throat
Decapitation facin devastation nations
When they ragin can't stop this
Nigga you can catch a fist
Or you can rest in piss

For that diss that you thought I missed
I'm indestructable and untouchable
Ain't givin a fuck about what you know
I don't love no hoe, I don't mug no mo
But I'm still collectin my other dough
Now peep the rawness my rhymes is flawless
Fools get tossed for tryin to floss like bosses
People can call this the clique wit no losses
Cause a nigga can flow from September to August
Deeper than seven seas, colder than no degrees
Niggas is easy to get down on their knees
When you fuckin wit rhymes like these
I always find that he's bitin my shit
It's me he's tryin to be
No more chances understand this
I'm the man wit the plan I stand from Kansas
And this weed enhances scandalous dances
What is in my hands will take yo last glances
Fuckin wit a technicality, that's what it gotta be
Nigga sittin on the side of me
My mentality makes fatality reality
Split yo anatomy, assault and battery
Niggas pray to God we stop, we won't though
Askin who's on the top, they don't know
But don't no muthafucka
In the muthafuckin western muthafuckin hemisphere
Really want Jo
Associated with a deadly force we got codes
Deeper than morse
Sounds like (oops)
And needle points bullet shoot through a horse
So of course
I'm leavin niggas dead like a corpse
(Gun shot then a pause...)
Damn... Shit

[Tech N9ne]

Don't test me biatrice
Another collorialism
I came up wit for
Bitch deep this twist
People do pitiful shit I do unforgettable hits
And niggas submitted to Amerikilla
Did it and got aquited
I flip in a minute I'ma get them relish lips
You can't sell us dip
We gettin high off K bombay (bombay)
Packin hella heat like Pompeii (Pompeii)
Itch-may Ade-bay Igga-nay anyway
I gets I'll when I feel like, gettin biz
You know what that is?

I know what that is
When I be rippin eveybody know what that is
Rewind, kcuF snomed ni eht dog tip
If anybody wanna catch this
I just said fuck demons in the god pit backwards
And that's bomb futuristic attack shit
Match this
Takes hella practice
To rip scripts nigga gotta be thorough
I gotta make this shit make sense so I can say
"Made it ma top of the world"
Gimme life or give me death
Death becomes evil like asmodeus
I gotta a melodious flow
It becomes proteus
Changeable
Untameable angel
Anghellic
Bustin like a Magnum, Tom Selick
Missouri terror
Sick of loosin money in Harrah's
Mic assassin like Anotonio Banderas
How many niggas you know I bust style
So ambidextrous and I mean I'm buck wild
When it's on
I be heated like a hot comb
Like I said in the first zone
Accident prone
But these niggas don't wanna flex wit Tech
When the heat is on
Nigga
Now it's gone

[Chorus][4X]
Now it's on
Now it's on
Now it's on
Wicked Wicked
Now it's on
Now it's on

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