

## Tech N9Ne "Riot Maker/Enjoy"

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[Tech N9ne]

This song is dedicated to Brian B'zI Dennis  
And all of the 57th Street Rogue Dog Villians  
Real Riot Makers.

This one right here's for the Riot Makers!  
The moshers! The stompers! The jail breakers!  
We gon start this shit off right!  
We got KCMO in the house tonight!  
We gon start this shit off right! (Off right!)  
We got Tecca Nina in the house tonight! (Come on!)

This is the moment for riders and thugs  
Strippers in body bags, empassin violence and drugs  
Poverty, a bunch of minorities die in the clubs  
They say my music's makin 'em lose it, I write it in  
blood  
This is my music for all my people missin my music  
Keep listenin to it, and like I said, get a pistol and use it  
Satan shot my homie Maintain with a missile and blew it  
For the industry, 'cause he was one of the truest..

I don't know why they keep pumpin it's somethin  
Maybe in the music they wanna be bumpin  
It's crunk and it's hella haterific  
Throw your set up in the air is all the DJs really wanna  
play  
When October is lookin bloody and Satanistic  
Killas from everywhere listen to me when I be bustin  
shit  
Then turbulence, don't get nervous when I wreck  
arenas  
Concert promoters in Honolulu don't wanna see me  
'cause they say that Somoans will riot on Tecca Nina  
'cause I'm a..

RIOT MAKER! That's if you don't know... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! They mosh at my shows... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! And I come out bustin... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! RIOT MAKER! I don't give a damn about  
nuthin!  
I'm a sly drinker... I'm a skyscraper..

Riot maker

Hop in a mosh pit fa sho!  
You push, you shove, you get elbowed!

Back on 'cause this for Fat Tone and Mac Dre  
All of the soldiers who got gone on that day  
All my people's that's sittin in prison  
This is for you so wont you listen to the shit that I'm  
spittin?  
Fuck the law and the government they'll hymn yo ass  
up  
They'll do everything in their power to get a fast buck  
No right or wrongs, just killer bees out for your  
honeycomb  
But you'll find out, when you bind out, you can be free  
if your money long  
Ever been to one of my shows? Yeah, it might be crazy  
In Ohio, that shit got a little too hyphy, baby  
Stage diving and crowd surfing couldn't hold back  
But they dropped her, now she's unconscious with her  
skull cracked  
Now when this happened, it wasn't even during my set  
They wanted me to give a sign to post up the hospital  
debt  
When Travis told me we got papers, I thought he was  
playin..  
This bitch is suin Tecca Nina for a hundred grand!  
'cause I'm a..

RIOT MAKER! That's if you don't know... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! They mosh at my shows... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! And I come out bustin... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! RIOT MAKER! I don't give a damn about  
nuthin!  
I'm a sly drinker... I'm a skyscraper..  
Riot maker

Stand back if you frightened!  
Yeah! Get back 'cause we fightin!

I'm a skyscraper..  
That's why everybody in my path is trynna get a little  
piece of my paper  
Man I swear, the Nina will never love them, plug them  
When I'm rollin with Skatterman and Snug Brim!

[Skatterman]  
It's Skatterman, cat, Strange Music's black sheep.  
(Why?)  
'cause I'm still countin money off the back streets

Every city, every show, I got to pack heat  
This ain't no fucking rap song, check my rap sheet  
I'm one of a kind, turn one into nine  
Blow your head off your shoulders, dog, it's nothin but  
time  
And I never raise my voice. You a bum, why should I  
holler on you?  
With a whisper I can drop a couple dollars on you  
Sss..sss... sick them rottweilers on you  
Killers bustin out the windows of Impalas on you  
A made man in the streets, I made grams  
Wrote lyrics about my life, dropped an album, and  
made fans  
Now I'm chillin on tour with the redhead wonder  
Do 57 shows in a three month summer  
Any deuce bitch ass nigga fuckin with Tech  
Gonna be found in some park with his nuts in his neck

[Snug Brim]

Like you ain't know, we put it down like this  
Snug Brim, Kansas City, Missouri,  
uzi, groupies, doobies, and fins  
Suzy Qs ain't no excuse for the sin  
So watch your tongue, if you movin we come to shootin  
up at you and your bitch  
You just assume you tried the shoes, they ain't fit  
You never knew that I lose you off in the section with  
your dude in the ditch  
Whether it's reppin dog, or movin them bricks  
I keep it gutta little homie, look my records, see I'm  
doin it big  
As you can tell I ain't no regular nigga... I'm filled with  
star qualities  
I hang out with bitches that's naked... and watch the bra  
swallow me  
It's always solo, you can't fake it.. so don't try ta follow  
me  
You still can't get back up on your feet... You right back  
where you ought to be  
I see you failin 'cause Strange Music got it locked boy  
Invest yo stock boy, Kansas City hot boy  
It's really fuck a hata, some some weed, get ya papa  
You can see me now or later, muthafuckin Riot Maker.  
'cause I'm a

[Tech N9ne]

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RIOT MAKER! They mosh at my shows... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! And I come out bustin... I'm a..  
RIOT MAKER! RIOT MAKER! I don't give a damn about  
nuthin!

I'm a sly drinker... I'm a skyscraper..  
Riot maker

We will... shut this muthafucka down  
We will... tear up your muthafuckin town!

Since 1985... Six, six, triple eight, forty six, ninety nine,  
three..  
Welcome... to Everready..  
Enjoy

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