

## Tech N9Ne "Riotmaker"

Visit "[Riotmaker](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

*[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 and body bag, zippers and violence and  
drugs  
Poverty, a bunch of minorities die in the clubs  
They say my music's making 'em lose it, I write it in  
blood  
This is my music for all my people missing my music  
Keep listening to it, ain't 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 pumping it's something  
Maybe in the music when it be pumping  
it's crunk and it's hella haterific  
Throw your set up in the air is all the DJs really wanna  
play  
when it's over it's looking bloody and Satanistic  
Killas from everywhere listen to me when I be bussin  
shit  
I'm turbulent, some 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  
nothing!

Slide faker... 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 thats sitting in prison  
this is for you so wont you listen to the shit that I'm  
spitting?  
Fuck the law and the government they'll hem 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  
Bet you find out, when you bind out, when you bond out  
you can be free if you money long  
Ever been to one of my shows? Yeah, it might be crazy  
In Ohio, a chick 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 signed poster to the hospital  
Bet when Travis told me we got papers, I thought he  
was playing..  
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  
nothing!

Slide faker... I'm a skyscraper..  
Riot maker

Stand back if you frightened!  
Yeah! Get back cause we fighting!

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

*[Skatterman]*

It's Skatterman, cat, Strange Music's black sheep.  
(Why?)  
Cause I'm still counting 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 nothing 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 busting out the windows of Impalas on you  
A made man in the streets, I made grands  
Wrote lyrics about my life, dropped an album, and  
made fans  
Now I'm chilling on tour with the redhead wonder  
Did 57 shows in a three month summer  
On the deuce bitch ass nigga fucking with Tech  
gonna be found in Swope 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, fifths  
You Suzie Q's ain't no excuse for the sick  
So watch your tongue, if you're whooping  
I'll get to shootin' over you and your bitch  
You just assume you tried the shoes, and they fit  
You never knew that I lose you off in the section with  
your dude in the ditch  
Whether it's rapping dog, or moving them bricks  
I keep it gutter little homie, look my records, see I'm  
doing it thick  
As you can tell I ain't no regular nigga... I'm filled with  
star quality  
Blow indo with bitches that's naked... and watch your  
broad swallow me  
It's only so long you can fake it.. so don't try ta follow  
me  
And still can't get back up on your feet... found right  
back where you ought to be  
I see you frowning 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 your paper  
You can see me now or later, motherfucking Riot  
Maker.

Cause I'm a...

*[Tech N9ne]*

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  
nothing!  
Slide faker... I'm a skyscraper..  
Riot maker

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

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

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.