

## Tech N9Ne

### "Say What Ya Wanna"

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Say what you wanna say!  
Say what you wan' say!  
Do What You Wanna Do!  
Do What You Wan' Do!  
Be What I'm Gonna Be,  
That's all I gotta be,  
You just a wannabe,  
So, back the fuck up offa me.

[UnderRated]Here we go again, it's the veteran,  
Yo we better than,  
Even ya friends are pickin' me over them,  
Gotcha breeze on the bed,  
On her knees givin' head,  
Wannabe, but ya never be what I been,  
Lyrically, I'ma Ten,  
Never gonna quit, cause I gotta represent,  
Make another hit, puffin a little bit of the incredible shit,  
I gotcha girl on my mind, so I'm fuckin a bitch,  
I'm all up in the beat, you pretend to be,  
And it's better than the yay, 'cause it's meant to be,  
Humboldt County is the place where they blaze the  
weed,  
I betcha never believe, now take a blaze from me,  
We gonna stop, drop, rock and roll,  
Ain't not time to be geekin',  
We gonna do that though,  
Flip that hoe, kick that flow,  
Make it to the top, then we get that dough!

[1 Ton]It ain't funny, you don't wanna play games,  
Ask who's the best, and you better say James,  
Normal thing, everyday, whoop ass and take names,  
Sit ya five dollar ass down, before I make change,  
Get ya poppin' off, stalkin the block,  
All the bitches better know that I'm hot in the spot,  
Poppin' the glock, got me a lot,  
Niggas need to know that I'm walkin' my talk,  
It's on time, my coast gonna Shine, Shine, Shine,  
Can't see nigga, Blind, Blind, Blind,  
1 Ton, and the J.J. boy, fuckin' three hoes, Dime, Dime,

Dime,  
Haters back up,  
Hoes gon' get smacked up,  
Holla at the club when I get that love,  
Hit it from the back while I smoke a fat dub,  
Then I'm done, and I get a back rub,

[1 Ton - Chorus] Say what you wanna say!  
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[Tech N9ne] I'm the nigga with the vendetta,  
So I can be better, bitch,  
A motha fucka that run over competitors,  
No medicine in me, I'm better than many,  
Sick in the cerebellum, tell em a nigga like a sedative,  
I'ma do what I wanna do,  
When I do it, ya gonna be knowin' the second I do,  
Because of the rain,  
Because of the pain,  
Ya niggas, the game,  
The Tecca Nina's vexed and wreckin' ya crew,  
Say what you wanna say, I'ma Real,  
Niggas so give me ya dollar bill,  
Takin' away from me, I'ma kill,  
Givin' it to me, and I'ma chill,  
Can't nobody stop a nigga from makin' a mill',  
If I wanna put the Platinum off in the grill,  
Maybe tryna find a bitch or two I wanna drill,  
A nigga will,  
Be what I wanna be,  
Get from in front of me,  
If you ain't livin' or doin' what ya feel,

Only take a minute for me to get up in it,  
Homie you a lieutenant, homie,  
And I'm a general,

Sendin' you minimal niggas to hell,  
Used to be makin' criminal mail,  
Now I'll be makin' critical sails,  
Never know when I might pop-up,  
Better hope I never let the glock bust,  
Tryna battle niggas, then you got stuck,  
Ain't nobody fuckin' with Tech and the Potluck!  
Take a look around,  
Look at the way I be throwin' down,  
Tecca Nina with the mo' flow,  
Ain't no fake in the track,  
Nigga, we shakin' the rap,  
Look at the tat's, Snake and the Bat logo,  
Gettin' money, fuckin' bitches on the low-low,  
Sit her on my dick, and make her play pogo,  
You can say what you wanna say,  
Nina fuckin' yo bitch,  
Lookin' like a motha fuckin' clown,  
Nigga, Bozo.

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[UnderRated] Who be the best? You gon' bet its me,  
With the sound underground, no MTV,  
1 Ton, UnderRated, we the PLC,  
Best group of the year, and the century,  
You better let me be,  
Ain't no catchin' me,  
All the girls get wet when they mention me,  
When I'm flippin' and rippin',  
And takin' over control,  
I bet ya thinkin' ya better,  
But you a idiot though,  
Get up and go, mayne, You illiterate, bro,  
Don't you ever be thinkin' you can match the flow,

I'm unmatchedable, with a sack of dro',  
When I'm high, talkin' shit like John McEnroe,  
We gon' stack the dough,  
Get a 'Lac and roll,  
Gettin' blown in the back with a naked hoe,  
Came in the do',  
Pack another bowl, move slow,  
Smoke an ounce 'till my brain cells go!  
Buh bye, we fly, the sky, so high...  
And where the fuck we from?  
Don't die, we cry, West Side, Fo' Life!  
And we gon' do it now,  
Blowin' up, news style, Boom-Blowh,  
Fuck you up, with a look like, "Who Now?"  
Got ya whole crew shook, when they go down,  
Flow and grow, we don't know when to slow down!

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