# Tech N9Ne "S.I.M.O.NSays" 

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*(Yukmouth)*
Regime Life nigga!!
What!
Speak on it!
Tech 9!(Tech 9!)
Uh.
Phats Boss (Phats Boss)
Gonzoe (Gonzoe)
L.Q. nigga (L.Q.)!

Chorus *(Phats Bossi)*

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out!
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!
Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out!
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!
Verse 1 *(Yukmouth)*
Balla position
Regime niggas fuck all'a ya women draped up in linen
I spit this fly shit since I was 5 years old on some 'ol Osh Kosh Bi'Gosh shit
toss ya bitch, keep it top secret, lock it
Smoke-A-Lot click, walkin around wit ounces in they
pockets
bitches jock it
we ridin Benz's, ya'll still drivin 50 rockets
nigga don't knock it
but you need to stop it
top notch shit

I used to cop bricks
rock it up an chop like La-Bobbitt
pushin the 5 whip through the projects til the led 9 spits nigga you rhyme sick, but you could never fuck around wit my shit
my click my crew nigga
that hard time shit
criminal minded, posted on the grind shit
that cone silencer for one time shit
turnin, pounds into ashes
drinkin Cristal from the bottle fuck ya glasses
smokin Black-N-Milds to the plastic
the last trial was kinda drastic
limo driver got his ass kicked, tryin to sue us
BUT YOU LOST YOU FUCKIN BASTARD!
I'm A-1 Yola juss like the package
delivered in triple wrappin
niggas get blasted an put in a casket
ashes to ashes an dust to dust, when they fuck wit Yuk
plus I got my own record label
SO WHAT THE FUCK IS UP!

Verse 2 *(Phats Bossi)*
When things is usual we pop Christy
an stack them Bentley's
ya pockets empty prete
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