

Tech N9ne

"We Kixin' It"

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"We Kixin' It"

(feat. Ron Ron, The Popper)

(Big gasp) I feel like I'm about to throw up. (ugh!)
Gang sighns cause I'm kixin' it! (oh)
Guess I never grow up. security! ease up, let a big star
enter.
I just want to drink and flirt with the female bartender.
Kixin' it, You up tight but I'm in a loose mood.
Mixin' it, not much ice its a vodka and juice booze.
Mixin' it, which one might be the vodka and boose
boose.
Fixin' it, my home slice yellin out 'coose dude'
Heh, dont do the same old two step throw it up I want to
see what city you in.
Dancin with a beezy, got my hands where the cushion
at.
Yellin at the squares 'what the hell is you lookin at?'
Booty I'm gripsen it. know that I'm gunna be twisten it
Never could tell me to cool it because I'm a villain and
baby we kixin it!

[chorus]

I'm cleaned up, my greens up, I'm teamed up.
The tea must be steamed up because we kixin' it.
We got the liquor in the door we mixin' it.
We lettin everybody know we hate fakes, frauds, false,
foes.
We dont want to see 'em. we let everybody know we
kixin' it.
We got the liquor in the door, we mixin it.
Come on everybody ooohh!

Kicken its automatic once I bit into this tablet probably
never quit kicken it 'till I kick my drinking habit.
I doubt it will ever happen but never is what you never
say.
Matter of fact I havent had a drink well since yesterday.
My dictions a lil slurry and visions a lil blurry
Stomache bubblin a lil bit, chickens a lil curry
The club fin to close so sippen this in a hurry
And plus I'm temperarly fixin n gettin merried

The party's in the parking lot, loomin the mac world
Sobered up and noticed I was stroken on a fat girl!
Ohh ohh no no sin the clubs please say it aint so!
But I'm still in to kick it though, cup empty get some
more
Say I shouldnt drink and drive, I party at the liquor
store!

[chorus]

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Come on everybody ooohh!

Done dealer tech n9ne, ron ron, got these chicks
waving they hands in the air like they pom-poms.
Pop the military mind it but I'm calm niggers ask for a
little bit of war but I'm nam.
Hit the club for an hour then I'm gone to the after party
twenty missed calls from von-von.
I'm on some shit way over your head, swear to don if I
get pissed I'm probally goin faaade
We's big time, you's hardly major. we spot bad chicks
and fill em up with party favors.
Yeah all the haters we skrillin get stilla grit. get an
empty cup and fill it quick.
'Till its six in the morn, in the tel, killen slit lay my
perpes, till the day I die who spit it real as this.

[chorus]

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We dont want to see 'em. we let everybody know we
kixin' it.
We got the liquor in the door, we mixin it.
Come on everybody ooohh!

Take yo phone an shine your light an with your left
cause te liquor id in your right hand.
Put your phone up, turn your cup up. grap a lady put
your hand right on her butt.
Now squeeze it squeeze it come on squeeze it squeeze
it.

Thats your gal now ya'll can go on home and lay that
ass on the couch and get your bone on

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