

## Tech N9Ne "Why You Ain't Call Me"

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To whom it may concern

(Why you ain't call me?)

You know I'm the hardest, you know that my art is  
applauded

(Why you ain't call me?)

I'm not broken hearted but I could've been old when I  
started

(Why you ain't call me?)

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(Why you ain't call me?)

You sleep on my music and that's a damn shame  
'cause I slam my bang

(Why you ain't)

I've been inside every hip hop circle you could imagine  
Gangster or pop, even backpackers know that I'm real  
good at rappin'

I was strugglin' back in the day when my hood was  
lackin'

Yo so I'm 'bout to talk about what shoulda, woulda and  
coulda happened

If music was about inovatin' and penetratin'  
generations

By generatin' musical intergration

It wouldn't be about limitation and demonstration

Imitation within a blatant looks just disentigratin'

It ain't about the music, it's just about the fame

If you ain't popular homie, then you just out the game

If video and radio don't frequently announce your  
name

They don't know your music even though you blow  
most out the frame

But a closed mouth don't get fed when it stays shut

Lay cuts with Tecca Nina 'cause he can straight bust

Say what, you ain't heard of me gettin' paid bucks?

Torrent y'all see me rippin' the stage up

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I've been on tour with Hov 'bout 27 shows

Why he ain't have me on a record only heaven knows

Maybe he missed us, missin' the big picture

That this is a fixture, aw yeah, he got Twista

Well, Twista's my homie and we both from the Midwest

And I guess Hov ain't lookin' for another speedy rapper  
kid yet

Me collaboratin' with them was all in me dreams

Matter fact the only one of 'em called me was Beens

He told me he played you 'The Industry Is Punks'

And you loved it so you know Tech is what the industry  
would want

I started down at the bottom, got with TOG and then it  
payed

But I would've loved to been on the third verse of  
'Renegade'

They must think I'm a stick of dynamite with no stem

That's probably why I got D12 but no Em

But I burst flame and I bet that y'all know my first name

'Cause I'm the hardest this side of Earth man

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This ain't no hate mail, this a love letter  
I love you niggas music and I hope is does better  
I just wish you woulda hit a brother that love cheddar  
But I'm ballin' now and I'm better than I was ever

Space age flows like Jesse and Primrose  
Tin-fold, I used to open-up, now I end shows  
Grim road, when you one of the best with slim dough  
And you ain't got Dre, Storch, Pharrell and no Timbo

I've met almost half of the DTP  
But the couple times I spoke to Luda, don't think he see  
me  
Had never met I-20 but he spoke at BET  
Shawna love me, Field Mob and Chingy decently  
speak me

So I'ma re-inaurate the game, it's all fame  
And you don't get no play if you an emcee with a small  
name  
If I wanna get on TV I guess I gotta call Pain  
And Nelly, my great grandmother's name is Maud  
Haynes

Maybe I'm trippin', full of delusion  
Maybe it come from all the drugs I was usin'  
Maybe I am the best thing that you ever saw  
Maybe I'm wrong and you don't know me at all

I guess I'm blinded, I got reminded  
That none of you just will ever know who the N9ne is  
And you never heard of the homie from the Show me  
Punk that, I know you niggas know me

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