

Tech N9Ne

"Words From the Nutcracker"

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Sick thoughts on my mind with no self-control
Uplift your soul and make the brothers wanna roll
Sixteen years old with heart that's gold
Yo check it check it out like this, here we go
Run around the streets cold strapped like an alley rat
But now I'm gettin much props like a fat cat
A young mack but I don't think I'm all that
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack
So what the fuck, y'all movin on up
Gonna swim in big bucks, like Scrooge McDuck
And if ya don't like and you wanna step up
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts
Melachi the Nutcracker, I'm always gettin blacker
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter
I'm from the Bronx, New York City
The big fuckin Apple where the niggaz get busy
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops
Peace to the niggaz goin out bustin shots...

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