

## Tech N9Ne "World Wide Chopper"

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(Turkey)

[Ceza]

Sen kalk, bir minik mikrofonunu getir (Get up, get your microphone)

Bak jak burada mikrofonuna tak (Look, here is the jack, connect you mic)

KaÄŸÄ±t kalem bir de ilham alÄ±nacak (And here is the paper and the pen, we're gonna get inspired)

Tam gaz choppers, havada dÄ±ÄŸman avÄ±na ÄŸÄ±kalÄ±m (No stop Choppers are in the air, Let's hunt enemies)

AkalÄ±m, haydi bu battle'Ä± kazanalÄ±m (Let's go, let's win this battle)

(We started in the Midwest)

(Now we 'bout to take it)

(All over the world, baby!)

(This is the pinnacle!)

(Yeah, Tech N9ne!)

[Tech N9ne]

Follow me, all around the planet, I run the gamut on psychology

They could never manage, we do damage wit' no apology

Pick 'em out the panic, a little manic 'cause I gotta be Frantic, I'ma jam it 'cause I'm an oddity

Down for the trackin' like I'm grabbin' at my binoculars  
I could pop at you, papa, 'cause I'm partners wit' Waka Flocka

Gimme the top of hip-hop and watch 'im make 'em rock  
With a show-stopper, chakras poppin' off the  
(Worldwide Choppers)

If you anybody, you notice it

Tech is the pinnacle, now the ideal nickel solos it  
Little coders to pull again, wrote it quick and they quoted it

Yo, when it exposed, the flow be hold it, 'cause when that motor spit

A-bi-de-a, bi-de-a, never to get free of the rear  
Better to get just near the mirror, ready to get near my heirs

Gimme the knock and I'ma chop it, he came and it went tomorrow

But I'ma lock it down and hop in the pocket like  
empanadas  
Hit 'em up and get 'em up, I ain't done, I ain't did  
enough  
Trippin' when I rip it, I be the X when I split 'em up  
Sorta like I was liquored up and backin' up in the cup  
Everybody be knowin' I be actin' up when I buzz  
From Missouri to Canada, I be keepin' the stamina  
If you never been a fan of the man, the planet's  
unanimous  
Killa Kaz'll fuck anybody, Tech is calamitous  
Leave 'em in the dust, anybody, Tech when I'm standin'  
up  
Tech is hostile, he's awful  
He really be wicked when he off in the bottle  
You wit' it, you dig it, you never lost the apostle  
He's thinkin' he can give it the Poe and toss it Picasso  
Killin' everybody off is the motto  
And I be the only chopper that's tossed in the brothel  
You said it's pathetic, my head is off in the taco  
I sped and you bled and you in the convo when I go  
[Hook]  
I'm light years  
Ahead of my peers  
Want some, you can come bring it right here  
Can't clown me  
Don't come 'round me  
Bow down, I was crowned when they found me  
(K.C.)  
[J.L.]  
Check it, I'm ahead of 'em, chop it up with the veteran  
A legend developin', they gotta tell 'im it's evident  
Gotta notice an elephant, none of you niggas relevant'  
You delicate, I'm lovin' every second of this  
(Denmark)  
[Uso - Translation in brackets]  
De vil alle tjekke nÅr vi ligger det (They will all check it  
when we lay it)  
kommer ind og smÅkker det beatet jeg vÅkker det  
(coming in and smashing it beatet i'm waking it)  
i ved hvad der kommer ud af min mund (you know  
whats comming out of my mouth)  
hanger med de vildeste gutter (hanging with the  
coolest guys)  
det minder mig om vi stikker det af (it reminds me we  
stapping it (set on fire))  
for de kalder mig alle vild worldwide chopper (cause  
they all call me wild worldwide chopper)  
(Alabama)  
[Yelawolf]  
What if I ran into you wit' a Pogo stick?

Hopped up on top of you rappers like a Jehovah's  
Witness?  
Wit' a photo of Jesus and a paper pamphlet  
And I threw up more tracks like I was playin' Hamlet?  
Syllable burnin', that internal damage  
Swing, batter, batter, but then I lay back on a hammock  
Under an oak tree, like I was peelin' pecans  
But instead, I'm peelin' rappers' heads, makin' a sam-  
a-wich  
Think I'ma turn into and put a bullet inside of a  
Motherfucker from Westside, a 1987 box  
I'm headed up, yeah, headed for bucks  
Fuck 'em all, make 'em feel my dread like I had a head  
of locks  
Feelin' rebuffed, like you had that shot  
But I hopped on the fuckin' beat and I worldwide  
chopped  
Wanna I fuck wit' Tech N9ne, well, then fine  
I smoke a beat wit' Mr. Busta Rhymes, well, sure, why  
not?  
Really don't need to show any more of my cock  
But I run across the stadium in a pair of your socks  
In a trenchcoat wit' the pencil and a watch  
Then drop a verse before you can focus to beat the  
clocks  
Slumerican is out of control  
Heat it up, beat it up, then I gotta go  
But I'm a dump truck, just send another load  
Peter Piper dump a pile of peppers in your throats  
Wit' an alien probe  
[Hook]

I'm light years  
Ahead of my peers  
Want some, you can come bring it right here  
Can't clown me  
Don't come 'round me  
Bow down, I was crowned when they found me  
Twista! (Chicago)  
[Twista]  
Like I gotta focus up in my rhythm  
Or loosen the venom and hit 'em and give 'em astig-a-  
ma-tism  
And then I'ma spit 'em somethin' so full of vengeance  
That everybody'll wanna devour the pieces of my  
enemies 'cause of cannibalism  
Breakin' 'em off into particles, they get in a  
predicament  
That be never reversible 'cause a nigga be too versatile  
Makin' you nervous, you could never compete with the  
colonel

I burn you, I'm an immortal, and that's the reason I  
murder you  
Focus on my hocus pocus and make a likkle magic  
After I wreck and check ya, then ya best pick a better  
habit  
'Cause I'm an anomaly, able to give a lobotomy  
To any motherfucker challengin' my astronomy  
Hoppin' out, I don't stop when the flame stone  
Now one of the most popular choppers and my name's  
known  
Throwin' it up in the air, takin' it there  
We W-W-C, if you can't keep up, shoulda stayed home  
My-my-my alien knowledge be makin' other  
astronomers  
Welcome to Los Angeles, a discovery of palentology  
So play me and I'ma be shinin' on them haters  
I'm finna be usin' it as energy, watch how radiant I'ma  
be  
Like a helicopter when the words fly  
Entire families all the way out to you girl die  
If I catch you fuckin' with the most intricate lyricists  
Or even try to stop us 'cause we choppers and we  
worldwide  
And I'm  
[Hook]  
I'm light years  
Ahead of my peers  
Want some, you can come bring it right here  
Can't clown me  
Don't come 'round me  
Bow down, I was crowned when they found me  
(New York)  
[Busta Rhymes]  
See how they ask when I'ma stomp on my dude  
And when I'ma cock it and pop it, and what I'ma drop  
on my dude  
Inevitably, instead I'ma be the most incredible dude  
To ever spit on the record and put it together, my dude  
And then they ask "What in the world is you provin'?"  
What, when you already the best? And what the hell is  
he doin'?"  
Well, I'ma be choppin' and cuttin' and breakin' and  
beatin' and shakin'  
And fuckin' everything up 'til there ain't no further  
mistakin'  
And bustin' everything up like a fuckin' angry Jamaican  
And shuttin' everything up, 'specially the ones who be  
hatin'  
They lovin' everything until I got 'em stutterin' stupid  
You hear 'em now? "D-d-d-d-don't do-do-do-do it!  
P-P-P-Please? Wh-wh-wh-why you gotta t-try us?"

W-w-w-w-we already know that you be the nicest!"  
And now I'ma come and kill 'em, get 'em, hit 'em, and  
finish 'em  
And bang 'em in the head and diminish 'em, and then  
I'll  
Hit 'em again at a minimum, repeat comin' to kill 'em  
Then he be gotta be drillin' 'em, thinkin' "They gotta be  
feelin' 'im!"  
Spittin' lithium, see the way a nigga be spillin' 'em?  
And gettin' 'em stupid to the point where there's no  
forgivin' 'im?  
Hopin' you're listenin' and you're payin' attention  
And you're witnessin' the way that I be crushin' on the  
mic  
And gettin' in the zone, I be flattenin' and packin' in  
People from the front to the back and  
They got me actin' a fool, I'm blackin', nigga  
Now I'm home!  
[Hook]  
I'm light years  
Ahead of my peers  
Want some, you can come bring it right here  
Can't clown me  
Don't come 'round me  
Bow down, I was crowned when they found me  
(Kansas City)  
[D-Loc]  
â€¦make (something) retire instantly  
I'm choppin', don't call me Michael Myers in my vicinity  
The way I be killin' 'em with rhythm, it get illegitimate  
The Yela will finish and end any predicament  
And the enemies in the vicinity, I gotta mack up  
They know they can never get wit' me whenever they  
mention me  
The hands of a lyrical criminal, more deadly than  
chemicals  
Check my resume, they say that your boy's biblical  
(California)  
[Twisted Insane]  
..I dead 'em, I set 'em, and you can feel me  
Diggin' up in your brain and bringin' the pain, and y'all  
fin' wanna kill me  
Fillin' 'em with that fury, get up and hurry, you can feel  
the Remy  
Comin' in wit' that shit, I'm havin' a fit, and you will  
never peel me  
I feel you when I'm on top of you, look at the W  
You been poppin' off, I'ma hit 'em up wit' a bullet to the  
(Brain!)  
You can look into the eyes of a heathen, breathin',  
you're fiendin'

And dreamin' to find a demon, I'm insane, I'm a  
worldwide (Chopper)

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