

## Tech N9ne "Yada, Yada, Yada"

Visit "[Yada, Yada, Yada](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Huh, my nigga Don Juan  
Damn, been knowin' you for a long time, nigga  
We did a lot of shit together, man on this music tip,  
man  
Beautiful shit we did, dog

Remember when we went out to LA, man  
With Quincy, man made all that shit pop  
With Yuckmouth and everybody, Dub C, everybody  
We had a lot of good times, dog, know what I'm sizzlin'

But that shit's about to come to an end, dog  
Ya know never have I ever crossed anybody, y'all  
niggas know me  
The sands of time have already started to pour against  
you, dog  
So listen hard 'cause I'mma speak real softly like this

Just think, what if I could just  
Just blink this shit away  
Niggas think because a nigga bust  
I got grips and grips of pay

The pain grows in fame and Kangols with change  
And strange hoe's who bang in range roves for thangs  
Same shows with lames, the rainbows will stain  
Insane foes who drain and hang bro's with brains

If you caught it that means you got it  
And if you brought it that means you should've shot it  
'Cause I'm about to drop the real nina  
Ya need a lot to kill a leader prop the nina  
Nigga or pop the milli meter

De'marco I'm 'bout to spark flow  
Your bark so harsh but parts gon' make you heart blow  
Blood and don't be buzzin' me, cuzzin' me, buggin' me  
'Bout dubs, I'll be mud till these clubs really lovin' me

It hurts my nigga to hurt my nigga, but hurt my nigga  
Is what's inspirin' these spurts my nigga  
At first my nigga, used to be my homey, used to be my

ace

Yellin' you gon' slap the taste out my mouth

Nigga, I never scare, sebwafares everywhere  
If you need me, believe me it's easy  
To put holes in Shakra teasy, watch the weezy  
These glocks'll talk for sheezy

Some say I should worry  
And watch where I walk  
(Yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada  
Nigga, that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door

Some say I should worry  
And watch where I walk  
(Yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada  
Nigga, that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door

The industries faulty, industry salty  
Man  
The industry cost me, industry brought me  
Pain

The industry taught me, industry caught me  
Strange  
And you niggas know that the industries awfully  
Vain

I ain't a snake, nigga, all I did is make niggas  
Money was sunny, now it's funny, you playa hate  
Niggas, over some cake the fate of a show me state  
Nigga in my face will be Don Juan the great, to late  
nigga

I don't speak a lot, I peep a lot, I creep a lot  
And people who speak are usually weak and out four  
Peace and don't beef a lot remember we used to kick it  
like bros  
Now you niggas act like bitches and hoe's with your  
licorice souls

Tecca9 I got the wickedest flows  
No kid in his mold on misery  
Never will get wit this rogue, I'm pissed  
At his whole little facade of crip that is sold

Instead of a rap I should've twisted his nose  
Who kept short nitty from killin' you? Me  
Who kept Dyamund from drillin' you? Me  
Who kept villain niggas from vill dealin' you? Me

So now you can take away me and keep on talkin'  
Crazy and I'mma let 'em know  
Where you keep yo baby  
And where you stay D

Some say I should worry  
And watch where I walk  
(Yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada  
Nigga, that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo front door  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door

Some say I should worry  
And watch where I walk  
(Yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada  
Nigga, that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door

You can't turn enough mutha fuckers against me  
You can't find a harder rapper that'll convince me  
I'm wit the Canty's, the Ashby's, the Whitebears  
LeJeunes, the Harrises and the mutha fuchkin' Timley's

The Theorys, the Byers, the Kennedies  
You know the families that are known to be bad for  
humanity  
Can he be bad? Can he be tough? Can he be rough  
No cream puff suckas end up be rough enough

Nobody likes you, not even yo bitches, imma witness  
They sick of yo disrespectful way of speakin'  
Explicit always talkin' about how big yo dick is

Better hope Anghellic go multi platinum  
And then get your riches  
Blood, this is the end of men who were once friends  
And then, one asshole thought he was somethin'

When punks bend over they get fucked  
Get fucked  
Hand over them Tech tapes or get stuck  
Get stuck

You must think I'm soft for talkin' to Icy Roc  
Bout knockin' the nina out, I'm trippin without a doubt  
Imma tell you who really is ya friends Vell Barkardi  
And maybe you and him can get together and tell it like  
it is again

It's over, man, I hope you brought ya Novocaine  
I know the pain is slowly taking over brain  
So calm that muthafuckin' wombat  
I don't need no Don Juan tracks to come bomb on raps

Some say I should worry  
And watch where I walk  
(Yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada  
Nigga, that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door

Some say I should worry  
And watch where I walk  
(Yeah)  
Yada, yada, yada  
Nigga, that's just talk

I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock  
Knock, knock, knockin' at yo' front door

That's what I'm speakin' on dog thats real shit  
Nigga once said to me, nigga walk around like his shit  
don't stink  
Gonna cut ya nose off and stick up ya ass  
So you can smell that shit, man ya know what I'm  
sizzlin', dog

You drew first blood man that was dog shit  
You know what I'm sizzlin' that ain't no friend  
Talkin' bout knockin' me out nigga

Ya know what are we, yo

Dr. Dre, here I come  
Timbaland, here I come  
Neptunes, here I come  
Rik Rok, here I come

Alchemist, here I come  
Sick Jack, here I come  
Boscoe, here I come  
Swizz Beats, here I come

Trackmasters here I come  
Don Juan be done  
Â© MUSIC OF QD3; EGN ARTS MUSICK; MUSIC OF  
WINDSWEPT;

Visit [Tech N9ne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.