Soldiers of Jah Army "Ain't Nobody Fuckin Wit It"

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Intro - Tech]
Ha ha ha ha, we bout to do this
Tech Niner, Sole'
Bout to make that ass hot baby
Like this, yo

[Female singing]

I heard the party didn't stop

'Til Tech Niner got I'll one man crew, runnin' through you

Niggas let their cash drop, ladies made that ass hot Make 'em say "ooh", that's what we do

[Tech]

This one's for the niggas' in the club
Fucked up, full of liquor
Fittin' to let the Tech N9ne feelin' hit ya
Everybody respect mine when I step up
INSANE (ish)
Killa, killa, doin' damage to a nigga BRAIN (ish)
Haters can't maintain

[Sole']

Killin' everybody with the murderous flow I'mma let a nigga know 'bout fly Sole' Bad to the bone with the fucked up jump So we all get drunk and crunk all day We hard, let's keep all this marvelous shit We killin' everything And Tricky started all of this shit

[Tech]

Ay yo, get paid, never get sprayed Takin Sole', be the brainiacs

[Sole' and Tech]
Warner Brothers and DreamWorks
So I guess we're Animaniacs
All the niggas in the back get with the ladies in the front
From side to side, we gon' survive and get what the
fuck we want

That's right

1 - [Sole' and Tech]

Ain't nobody fuckin' wit it, y'all niggas forget it Ain't nobody fuckin' wit it, cuz we kill 'em And these hoes and niggas know we keep it rough And make it rougher Cuz all we wanna see is you dancin' in the mothafucka

Repeat 1

[Tech]

I'm dancin' with this bitch with an ass so fat Had to dash to the back, hit that ass from the back With that ass in my rap, put that ass on the map I come from 6-6, triple 8, 46, 99, 3's All of my killas can't see, fill the niggas on the drive-by ki's

Ask me to bomb and I will
Ask me to be calm and I kill
I got that bomb style and your shit ain't real
Your shit is simply - unrealistic
Your bitch seek this, gets dismissed with a quickness
This lip sick, get the lipstick, kiss this dick
In a minute, I'mma bust this flow
I'mma let these suckas know
Nine millimeter is about to blow
And I'm out to get your ho
Puncuate the first to shake that ass and get that cash
stack

All the playa haters better stand back when I flashback Ish hot, knowin' ??? in your club and I'm kinda scold dragon

Yo, I thought you heard Tech Niner got that ground control

All up in your bitch's roll with that ass exposed, yo

Repeat 1 Repeat 1

[Sole']

Na na na na na
You can not fuck with Tech N9ne and Sole'
Comin' with the rough shit
Off in the club, me and my girls lookin' lovely
Lots of killa thugs be wishin' they could fuck me
If you's a hustle man, throw your hands up
Throw my hands up, I did it cuz this ho just ran up
The way you bustas try to step to me, it's killin' me
Stank breath, mackin' law thrown out, 3 mil be drillin'
me, no

Yellin' about ki's and dope, broke I hope you take notes and shove this cake, about 20 down your throat Scope, wash your mouth out with soap Ladies dressed with power, awfully remote Time, nigga it's wine, throwin' rhymes, killa be mine Blowin' nine, and I'mma shine, growin' Hella ass I'm showin' I see you in the back freakin' Everybody in the front tweekin' While me and Tech be peakin' Off in the club scene every weekend, we the shit Throwin' rough ride full of grit, ass that you wanna get Twit, beware my bite it truly venomous when I spit Beauty and the beast, you hear in the club or the street On the back seat of your Jeep, over peak rollin' deep cuz...

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[Outro - Tech]

Ya know what I'm sayin'?
This nigga Tricky got me drunk

Off this mothafuckin' Hennessy and Alize' baby

We off in ATL kickin' it for Sole' baby, you know what I'm sayin'?

Too much ass in one room baby
Shake what your mothafuckin' mama gave ya
Tech Niner in this bitch
For the year 2-thou baby
It's all delicious, Tech N9ne
Bitch

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[&]quot;Bounce, bounce, bounce