Kittens "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 ill 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 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

"Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce..."

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