

Mösser & Olias

"Tec-9 What Ya Like"

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Chorus

Tec-9 what ya like
I like a nasty bitch
Tec-9 what ya like
I like a freaky bitch
Tec-9 what ya like
As a matter of fact
i like a I bitch who ain't afraid to suck the bozack

Verse One

{Tec-9}

Back on that ass with a grove to make you move
Best believe what I say is what I prove got no time for
playin'
If ya know what I'm sayin' because an nigga can't be
have steppin'
For them stanky ass hos who hate me for what I do
Shout goes out to you!
Givin' them hos what they like on a rainy night
I'm a nigga with enough nut for everybody
If ya want you can get it because I got it
Now break a nigga off and let me hit that cat
Don't act like that cuz I know you know me from way
back
People from the neck say my shit so fat!
I never fell off and changed my style like them other
clowns
Just another grove for my niggas and my bitches
If ya down with the three repeat after me
Kickin' it on them hos them dog ass hos
I'm kickin' kickin' kickin' on them dog ass hos
Now how many bitches remember that
I'm bringin' it back because ya hit it when I put ya on the
map
I'm like a dealer pullin' chips out my shoes
mutherfucker!
It's that grove part two

Chorus

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Verse Two
{Tec-9}

Now I'm a keep rollin' because I'm stayin' on my feet
And it won't be long before I make another creep
The stanky ass hos who try to take what I have
Is walkin' around the same neighborhood lookin' bad
Fuckin' anything that walk just to get another hit
I'm feelin' for a nut so you can suck upon my dick
I remember them times I kept yo pockets fat
If you was in trouble I was slangin' the gat
Bustin' heads cuttin' throats all that for that dog ho
I'm breakin' her off proper and she still wanted more
Givin' her everything I had plus a lil' extra
I couldn't believe this bitch want to fuck up
The minute I dump ya I made the right move
So baby you can dry yo eyes I'm still rollin'
With my Tec-9 Crew!

Chorus

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Verse Three
{Tec-9}

Chillin' at uptown where all my love at
Nigga be dissin' the "U" not expecting' us to diss 'em
back
To tell you the truth I thought shit was real funny
Ya got nothin' but an laugh and I'm still makin' money
I got no love for an weak mutherfucker
Who try to make an name for they self reppin' on
another nigga
So I'm a flow on and go on that nickel bitch asked for
the dick

I Guess I have to get my serve on
But in the mean time I got to sell tapes
Money to be mad then money I'll make
I don't ask no broad and don't give none
Bitches be all up in my shit thinkin' I'm a break 'em off
some
So Holla at a nigga if ya comprehend Mutherfucker
The grin I'm in

Chorus

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